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# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# COUNTESS DE GENLIS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

WRITTEN BY

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# MEMOIRS

OF

# MADAME DE GENLIS.

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The first month of my residence at Berlin was passed in an enchanting manner; I saw once more all my acquaintances and friends, who discovered even more anxiety about me than on occasion of my first journey; all occupied themselves with endeavouring to amuse me; I was taken to theatres, and parties of pleasure were made on purpose to show me the neighbourhood. We went as far as Sans Souci, where I gathered many recollections of the great Frederick; and as I went over the apartments, of which even the furniture and the ancient ornaments had been left standing, I felt confirmed in the opinion which I had long held, that the sketches and pretended philosophical reflections of certain authors, in which their partisans see so much profundity, are in general

nothing but a heap of follies and falsehood. M. de Volney in one of his works says, that in order to judge properly of the disposition, the inclination, and the character of mind of a person who no longer exists, of whom he had never heard any thing, and with whom he had never had any connexion, it would be quite enough for him to be present at his inventory, and to examine with *philosophical attention*, his furniture, his clothes, his ornaments, his books, &c.; because all these things by their solidity or their frivolity, would give him a complete idea of the personage. Consequently, if M. de Volney, that profound thinker, had been transported into the apartments of Frederick the Great, as he would have seen nothing there but furniture and draperies of rose colour and silver, engravings and mythological pictures, a collection of the most fragile ornaments, and all the trifles of the French shops; as he would have found in the library an infinite number of licentious works and frivolous poetry, he would certainly have imagined the defunct, of whose name we will suppose him ignorant, to have been a young Sybarite, altogether destitute of merit and talent; and yet this young Sybarite was an old warrior, the greatest Captain of his time, the most vigilant and laborious of monarchs, who, even amidst his rose-coloured

draperies, slept always in his boots. This is the way in which these gentlemen have judged so often, and judged without appeal!

Most of our modern travellers have adopted this method of judging, which in truth is very convenient; for if a superficial glance is sufficient to enable them to judge of a subject in all its bearings, much time and fatiguing research are necessarily spared. It results from hence, that a journey is only a collection of conjectures. To ancient travellers nothing seemed requisite for their task but good sense and veracity; but ours require a penetration which is quite admirable. It is not astonishing that we should paint faithfully what we have thoroughly examined; but it is wonderful to give a just and precise idea of what we have only guessed at. For myself, who am only a very ordinary traveller, I am resolved never to judge by induction; I shall give an example of what happened to me in consequence of doing so. I had heard that the Protestants, who were enemies of all decoration in their worship, never adorned their churches with vases of flowers. Having been a few days before at Hamburg, I was walking alone one evening in the environs of that town; I saw about me several pretty gardens belonging to the peasants which were joined together, and bounded only by

a little hedge. I entered one of these gardens, which was filled with vegetables with the exception of a little square plot covered with charming flowers, very carefully cultivated. I knew enough of German to ask a few questions, and to understand a few phrases. I congratulated the honest woman who received me on her taste for flowers; to which she replied, that she reared them for the church. Surprised at this, I cried out—" What! for the church?"—" Yes," replied she, " these flowers are intended for nosegays for the church, and you will find the same in all our gardens." This was positive enough; however, in order to leave no doubts on the subject, I entered five or six other gardens. I saw every where the same plots of flowers, and from every one I received the same answer with regard to their use. On returning home, I wrote in my journal that the peasants of this country had a pious practice, which I should like to see among Catholics, and that the churches of Hamburg as well as our own were adorned with flowers. If I had left Hamburg the following day, I should have always maintained that opinion and left the error standing in my journal. Some days afterwards I went into a Protestant church, in the persuasion that I should there see many vases of flowers. I saw none,

but there were a great many country girls who carried nosegays in their hands. I was with a native of Hamburg, to whom I addressed some questions on the subject. The Hamburger replied "All these peasants carry bouquets to show that they have *a property*, that they possess at least a little bit of ground. Accordingly in every garden they cultivate a plot of flowers as *bouquets for the church*. Those among them who have no property, would not venture, in this solemn place of assemblage, to wear a bouquet; and the proprietors would not allow them to do so. Accordingly, flowers here are marks of honour, and those who wear them do so to gratify a singular kind of vanity." After this explanation, I effaced from my journal all my fine reflections on the piety of the Hamburg peasants, and all I had written about the church bouquets. This proves how much travellers should be on their guard against appearances, and how easily, in a foreign country, we may be deceived and pronounce erroneous judgments, even in cases where we believe ourselves to have made all the necessary inquiries.

I return to Frederick the Great. The person who conducted me to Sans Souci was granddaughter of M. Jordan, the intimate friend of Frederick the Great, and whose fortune the prince

made through gratitude for the proofs of interest he had shown in his fate during his exile and disgrace, while as yet only Prince Royal. This great prince was on all occasions the most grateful of men. We heard several traits of the monarch and his court of another description. The three following seem to me so pleasant as to deserve to be related. When the king made short excursions he was in the habit of carrying Voltaire with him. In one of these Voltaire was alone in a post-chaise which followed the king's carriage. A young page whom Voltaire had some days previous caused to be severely scolded, resolved to have revenge; accordingly, when he went before to cause the horses to be prepared, he told all the postmasters and postilions that the king had an old monkey, of which he was so very fond, that he delighted in dressing him up like a person belonging to the court, and that he always made this animal accompany him in his little excursions; that the monkey cared for no one but the king, and was extremely mischievous; and that, therefore, if he attempted to get out of the chaise, they were to prevent him. After receiving this notice, all the servants of the different post-houses, whenever Voltaire attempted to get out of the carriage, opposed his exit; and when he thrust out his hand to open the carriage-door, he

always received two or three blows with a stick upon his hands, accompanied with shouts of laughter. Voltaire, who did not understand a word of German, could not demand an explanation of these singular proceedings; his fury became extreme, but it only served to redouble the gaiety of the postmasters; and a large crowd constantly assembled in consequence of the page's report, to see *the king's monkey*, and to hoot him. Throughout the journey, things passed off in this fashion; but what completed the anger and vexation of Voltaire was, that the king thought the trick so pleasant, that he refused to punish the inventor of it. Thus the vengeance of the young page was complete.

The passion of the king for music is well known One evening when he had just gone to bed, he thought he heard a charming symphony played at a distance. He rose, opened the window, and found to his surprise that this *pianissimo* music in two parts, proceeded from the watch-box of the sentinel on duty below his apartment. He called the sentinel and questioned him; his astonishment was redoubled on hearing that it was this soldier who produced the illusion by playing at once, and in the most beautiful manner, on two

Jews' harps. The king, astonished at such a prodigy, commanded the soldier to come up to him. To this the soldier replied, "I cannot—I must wait for my countersign."—"But I am the king."—"I know it; but I can only leave my place by order of my colonel." On hearing this the king was at first angry; but the sentinel told him that if he obeyed, he would cause him to be punished next day for a breach of discipline. The king then praised his firmness, shut his window, retired to bed, and the following day sent for the soldier, listened to him with admiration, and presented him with fifty fredericks and his discharge. This musician of a new description made a great deal of money by going over all Germany. Some years afterwards I heard him at Hamburg. He went to play in the houses, and when he played he required all the lights to be put out, and then you thought you really heard a fine symphony sounding in the distance.

Another trait of a less generous kind, but which proves also the passion which this monarch had for music, is an anecdote relating to our famous Duport, the first violoncello player in Europe. Being sent for to Berlin by Frederick, he counted on remaining there five or six months only. The

king hearing that he was preparing to depart, charged several of his musicians to give him an entertainment and to make him drunk. When in this condition, he was made to sign with his own hand, an engagement, by which he entered one of the king's regiments in the capacity of a drummer; so that he could not leave Prussia without exposing himself to be punished with death as a deserter. It was thus that this great artist was fixed in Brandenburg. He was at first excessively enraged; but a large pension and an excellent marriage soon consoled him. He was an inhabitant of Sans Souci together with his family when I went to visit that royal residence. He returned to France after the revolution, a few years after me, and I heard him play on the violoncello at the *Concert Spirituel* with the most brilliant success. He was then seventy-seven years of age.

It was in the course of my second visit to Germany, that I saw represented for the first time a German tragedy, called *Octavia, the wife of Mark Antony*. The following is a narrative of this singular representation. The curtain drew up, soft music was heard, and you saw in a beautiful Egyptian, or Roman, or Grecian bed (I am not sure which)—but a bed with curtains elegantly raised on festoons, and half open; you saw, I say,

Antony and Cleopatra, in bed and asleep in each others arms, under a superb covering of purple. In a moment Cleopatra awakes ; she looks at Mark Antony, kisses his forehead, and rises. The music then ceases. It would appear that the queens of Egypt were in the habit of sleeping with their clothes on, for Cleopatra gets out of bed, lightly attired it is true, but wearing the dress in which she appears throughout the first act. She calls her women, not however that they may assist at her toilette, but in order to talk to them about love. During this conversation Antony, who, as it would seem, sleeps very soundly, at length awakens, and on getting out of bed, begins to talk to Cleopatra of his passion. Such is the exposition of the piece. The third act presents a scene equally decent and a great deal more singular. The virtuous Octavia comes to seek her faithless spouse; and penetrates to the apartments of her rival, whom she finds tête à tête with Mark Antony. The latter, instead of discovering any embarrassment, harangues his wife and mistress at once, and melts the hearts of both. He then takes both of them into his arms. The two rivals in this situation, melt into tears, and mutually embrace. Antony, as spouse and as lover, enjoys with transport that noble and touching union ; he presses

them to his bosom, and embraces them both in his turn. This is a novel scene, and embellished with sentiments of no ordinary kind!

I ought to mention, that the bed * of Antony and Cleopatra shocked the public, and was omitted at the second representation of the piece; but no other part of the scene was changed. However, instead of a bed with curtains, a sofa was placed on the stage, still covered with the purple coverlid: the lovers, as before, lay in bed asleep; but as there was no bed, all the spectators were satisfied, only the prudes murmured *sotto voce* that they would have been better pleased with an armchair than the sofa. This outrageous rigour would have been carried too far, if it had been yielded to; it would next have been demanded that Antony and Cleopatra should pass the night together sitting on stools. True wisdom never lies in extremes—so *the sofa remained on the stage.*

I once saw at Paris the first representation of an

* The following is an interesting anecdote on beds:

The King of Sweden, a short time before his tragical end, fell from horseback, and broke his arm: when he was cured, the middling classes of Stockholm devoted a sum to maintain for ever at the Royal Hospital a certain number of beds, where fractures of the arms and legs were treated gratis. These beds were called beds of *Loulais*, in memory of the Camp of Loulais, where the king's accident happened.—*(Note by the Author.)*

*Octavia* by M. Marmontel. There were some fine scenes in it, but towards the conclusion, a personage, telling Augustus, in speaking of Cleopatra—"*Sire, she is alive!*"*—the audience burst into laughter, and the piece failed. Perhaps, had it not been for this ridiculous speech, the tragedy might have had a run. I can easily conceive, that a very clever man may write a very weak piece; but I cannot conceive a clever man of letters leaving in his work a line absolutely ridiculous, at a time when our taste and tongue are completely formed: such a thing might have happened to Corneille, but hardly to Racine. The *Thébaïde* failed, because the tragedy was weak in style and interest: but even in it is to be found the germ of the admirable talent of its author; his elegance, his nobleness of manner, and his sensibility; and it does not contain a single ridiculous expression.†

The affection of Mademoiselle Bocquet for me seemed to increase daily, and lasted all the summer, and part of the autumn. My *Little Emigrants* ap-

* *Seigneur, elle est vivante.*

† There are some ridiculous expressions to be found in Corneille, but the language was not then formed. This kind of creation was owing especially to Racine, Pascal, Bossuet, &c.—*(Note by the Author.)*

peared, and met with the utmost success. My health nevertheless continued languishing; I had in my head the plan of the Rival Mothers, but I had not strength enough to begin the work. I wrote during this time my *Heures à l'usage des jeunes personnes*. It was at this time that there arrived at Mademoiselle Bocquet's from the extremity of Russia, a pupil of such a singular description, that I cannot avoid speaking of her here. She was six years old, and had an air of vivacity and intelligence: she could not utter a single word, excepting some infantine phrases in the language of her country. She was examined by the first surgeons of Berlin, who unanimously declared, that nothing but her own will prevented her from speaking; and that their opinion on this head was confirmed by the absence of all deafness. She was so intelligent, that she could express all she wished by means of her gestures and the features. Mademoiselle Bocquet bethought her of converting her into a spy, and learned from the child in great detail all that passed in the class in her absence: this produced among the scholars infinite disputes, for each accused the other of being the informer, being far from suspecting the *little mute* of being the real criminal. As at this time Mademoiselle Bocquet told me every thing, she entrusted me

with this secret, and I found great difficulty in keeping it, the rather as I was convinced that the little girl indulged herself in exaggeration and malice in the reports she made. This infant so extraordinary in her way, represented to my mind a *little enchanted princess;* she furnished me with the idea of my tale called *le Maillot sensible et raisonnable,* which I first wrote for Mademoiselle Bocquet, to whom I gave the MS. and afterwards, on the same foundation, I wrote a second, which I published.

Mademoiselle Bocquet had sent me a physician, who gave me great quantities of drugs, which did me much harm. One of my friends, uneasy at seeing the condition to which I was reduced, and my daily declension in health, took me to M. Zell, the first physician to the king, whom I consulted: he told me that if I had delayed two or three months longer, I should have fallen into a condition from which no treatment could have relieved me. He advised me to throw all my medicines out of the window, and to eat no other thing than carrots for two months, taking daily a spoonful of horse-radish in my soup. This regimen in fact, which I had the courage to prolong for two months, saved my life, and restored me to health. I saw that Mademoiselle Bocquet was angry with

me for having quitted her physician; but another cause produced a great coolness between us. I have already mentioned that she had a sister-in-law, called Madame Bocquet, the wife of her brother. I easily remarked that Mademoiselle Bocquet did not love her; and when she saw that I was pleased with her, she told me many bad things of her: she could say nothing about her conduct, which was that of an angel, but she assured me that she was excessively deceitful, which was a most unworthy falsehood. On the other hand, Madame Bocquet never spoke to me of her sister-in-law but in terms of eulogy. This different conduct began to give me a very bad opinion of Mademoiselle Bocquet's disposition: a very trifling incident made her break with me. It is usual in Germany to make mutual presents at Christmas: Madame Bocquet, who had already conceived a lively friendship for me, presented me with *Young's Night Thoughts*, on the first page of which she had written the words, "*I love them enough to offer them to you.*" She gave me besides a charming little cane, (then called a *badine*,) with ornaments in gold and enamel, which, like her own, was adorned with a little crooked chamois horn, and a band of gold, enamelled with blue round the cane, on which were engraved in letters

of gold, the words *Doux présage*, in allusion to the following fact: the first time I saw Madame Bocquet, when she advanced to salute me, her little cane fastened in my hair so firmly, that we could not separate ourselves: this was the origin of the pretty device on the cane which she gave me. I was delighted with these two presents; I spoke of them and praised them with the vivacity which is natural to me. Mademoiselle Bocquet abused them with a fury which was quite inconceivable, and her jealousy was heightened by seeing that Madame Bocquet came twice a day to visit me. This ridiculous conduct did not lead me to forget all the kindness which Mademoiselle Bocquet had shown me. I wished to explain matters with her, and tried to soften her anger, and recall her to reason; but she replied to my endeavours with a fury which confounded me. Never was there a love more exclusive and less reasonable: I requested M. Mayet our mutual friend, to speak to her, but nothing would make her hear reason; she required me to break abruptly with Madame Bocquet, and to refuse distinctly to receive her at my house. I was far from disposed to yield to a whim of this kind, and from that moment Mademoiselle Bocquet looked upon me with horror. I still persisted in thinking that with a little patience I

should succeed in restoring her to reason; besides, I could not quit her house on the instant, because by our agreement, I was bound to pass three months more with her. She went so far in her fury as to excite dissensions between Madame Bocquet and her husband; and had become altogether so bitter and so violent, that under pretence of the austerity of my regimen, I determined on eating in my own room. Upon finding this, she thought it unnecessary any longer even to keep upon decent terms with me, and went all lengths in her ill treatment. She caused several pretty articles of furniture which she had purchased from me to be removed from my room; and a large and handsome coverlid, quite new, made of silk and stuffed, she replaced by an old one of cotton full of patches. I was then living on carrots and soup, which till this time had been cooked with all possible care. The soup was now changed into water with a little grease in it. But, it would be too long to detail all the persecutions of this kind which she made me suffer: there was one however to which I was more sensible than to all the rest; she desired Jenny to quit me, and ordered her to take the place of school mistress in her house. Jenny was well qualified to fill such a place: I had completed her in a knowledge of writing and orthography, and

she owed to me the talent of reading aloud admirably, and reading even verse well. I had given her lessons in history and in flower painting, in which she made great progress. Jenny replied firmly, that nothing on earth would ever induce her to quit me voluntarily. "Well then," said Mademoiselle Bocquet, "you shall quit her by force." Jenny was a Catholic in her heart, as I have stated: and it has been seen, that faithful to my promise, I had no share in her conversion: she had as yet given no public proof of her Catholicism: it was still a secret between us. Nevertheless, Mademoiselle Bocquet assembled a family council, in which it was juridically decided that Jenny should be removed, because her religion was endangered by remaining with me; this resolution was communicated to Jenny, who courageously replied, that if her family persisted in removing her from me, at least they had no right to prevent her from returning to Magdeburg, her native place, to the care of her two elder sisters, of whom the youngest was twenty-six, and who lived by working embroidery. Mademoiselle Bocquet now got into a fearful state of fury; Jenny, in spite of her natural mildness and timidity, showed no symptoms of terror; her vexation at the thought of quitting me, gave her super-

natural strength. Mademoiselle Bocquet ended by telling her that she would not give her money to go to Magdeburg; upon this I gave her what she required, and moreover all the furs and lined clothes I possessed, for we were then in the midst of winter: and she quitted us, to the great surprise of Mademoiselle Bocquet. This separation cost us both many tears; and I only found consolation for my loss in the friendship of Madame Bocquet. I was truly unhappy; having no attendant, deprived of my dear Jenny, being no longer, as I may say, waited on by the servants belonging to the house, who had orders to do nothing for me but to light my stove twice a day, and to bring me a large piece of bread, and a plate of raw carrots for my daily food; for I had now given up the greasy soup furnished me by Mademoiselle Bocquet. I myself dressed my carrots with plain boiling water, and except for Madame Bocquet, this would have been my sole food; but she came to see me twice a day, and brought me potted meat, jellies, and delicious little rolls. So many disagreeable things, in spite of my excellent regimen, rendered me very unwell for three weeks: I was troubled with painful boils, which made me suffer cruelly; one of them I was unable to attend to myself, but the angelic Madame Boc-

quet charged herself with dressing it twice a day. Mademoiselle Bocquet would not allow me to have a waiting maid or companion.

I had another friend who was very agreeable and interesting; her name was Mademoiselle Itzig; she was twenty-eight years of age, and had been blind from fourteen, in consequence of having had an operation for the cataract ill performed. Having had all the best masters up to the age of fourteen, she had retained a passionate fondness for music; her voice was charming, her style of singing most agreeable, and she accompanied herself on the piano. We performed a great deal of music together; and as she was endowed with uncommon intelligence, I undertook to teach her to accompany herself on the harp, and to play little airs; in this I perfectly succeeded. It was for her that I invented the little harps of ten and twenty chords, to exercise the fingers in a carriage, and on all occasions; this produced a rapid progress in her. Madame Bocquet often brought with her one of her friends, the Countess of Thadden, lady of honour to the queen, who was young and handsome. She had a husband, fifteen years older than herself, who was subject at every change of season to fits of raving madness. Madame de Thadden had been married seven

years, yet no one suspected the malady of her husband. She herself waited on him, along with an old valet-de-chambre, without being afraid of his transports; it must be said, however, that he always recognised her, and that she could appease his fits by speaking to him. No one suspected his disease; it was only thought that he was often ill; when his fits were over, he was extremely quiet. But the malady afterwards increased so much, that towards the end of my residence at Berlin it had become publicly known; and once he had so furious a fit, that after having broken his bed in pieces, he attempted to throw himself out at the window. Madame de Thadden and the servant, being unable to restrain him, cried loudly for assistance; all the servants immediately rushed in, and beheld him in that condition. It was thus that the admirable conduct of Madame de Thadden came to be discovered; all the rest of her behaviour accorded with this heroic devotion to her husband.

Mademoiselle Bocquet knew only a part of her sister's attentions to me. There were two entrances to my lodging, the one through the rooms belonging to Mademoiselle Bocquet, and the other by a little private staircase belonging to my cabinet, which led into a little corner of the court, out of sight

of the windows of Mademoiselle Bocquet. We conducted our connexion with great mystery. Madame Bocquet came to see me when she called on her sister two or three times a week, and only once in the day. At other times she came to me by the little staircase. For a long time, Mademoiselle Bocquet, who now paid me no visits at all, thought that her sister-in-law only saw me when she came to pay a visit to her; but afterwards she learned, through some of her spies, that we passed almost the whole of our days together; she then did all in her power to persuade her brother that this was improper, but, fortunately, in vain. The spring came to free me from all these persecutions, of which I have not recounted the half. I received money for my *Dialogues or Itineraries*, which I had composed for the use of the emigrants; the only answer worthy of me, to all the anonymous libels of which I was the object, and which appeared to every one so noble and touching, that from that time no one has ventured to write against me. This work was esteemed so useful in Germany, that it was determined to employ it as an elementary work, for teaching French in all the schools.

In speaking of anonymous writings, I had written one myself, but the motive of it was esti-

mable. I had read in the public newspaper, that Messrs. Suard and de la Harpe were persecuted, and obliged to conceal themselves, in order to avoid death or deportation. Messrs. de la Harpe and Suard were by no means my friends: I had rendered several services to the former, and we had quarrelled a long time before—that is to say, six years previous to the revolution; but the situation of these two persons touched me so deeply, that the desire of being of some use to them led me to conceive the idea of composing a little work, called *The Friend of the Arts and Talents.* The name of a woman would only have had the effect of diminishing the weight of my reflections: I therefore concealed my name. The work was printed and sold at Paris, in order that it might be ascribed to a French citizen. I took for the motto the following lines of M. de la Harpe:

Beaux-arts, c'est pour vous seuls qu'aujourd'hui je vous aime!
De mon cœur, de mes jours, vous êtes les soutiens,
Je jouis des travaux qui surpassent les miens.

I subjoin some fragments of the work.

* * * * *

"A sanguinary despotism has for a long time deprived us of the greatest part of the useful and

agreeable talents which once embellished France. Her artists exiled themselves. The muses, friends of peace, went to seek her under foreign skies; it was thus, that in former days, chased by the Furies, they escaped from Greece, and fled to seek for refuge in another climate. In France, Robespierre, with the poignard in his hand, forbade them to return, denouncing them as *Emigrants*, and depriving them of all their possessions; but their real property is their glory, which cannot be confiscated, which is carried with them into all countries, and of which persecutions only serve to heighten the lustre.

* * * * *

"At that fearful epoch, what were my terrors for the artists and the men of letters I once knew! Alas, I trembled even for those who have since given me proofs of their hostility! when I reflected on their danger, I thought only of their talents. *The Friend of Literature and the Arts*, in these days of proscription, had no right to think of his enemies, and could only regret his judges. Where is he who would enter upon his career with enthusiasm, if he were sure to find himself without antagonists? It is the fear of being surpassed, which gives wings in the course; and the

palms of victory derive all their value from the hands which distribute, and the rivals who dispute them.

* * * * *

"In these disastrous times, I wept for the harmonious poet who celebrated our gardens! . . that illustrious poet who was inspired by the genius of Virgil, as Pope by that of Homer! I saw Delille dragged to prison; I fancied him plunged into the depths of a subterranean dungeon, and my imagination represented him to me, deprived of the light of day, and of hope, reciting his admirable lines on the *Catacombs of Rome!** . . . Thanks to heaven, he has survived the tyrant, and I have since seen with joy, a name so dear to the muses, on the list (alas! how short) of the men of letters who remain to us.

* * * * *

"If the conquerors and chiefs of nations, who have shown no respect to the material monuments produced by the arts, have in all ages been reckoned barbarians, what shall be said of the fero-

* This poem (as well as several others of the same author) was not yet printed: if he had died, we should have lost at once the poet and his works; for, trusting to his memory, he never wrote out the verses he composed, till he sent them to the press.—*(Note by the Author.)*

cious men, who destroy the very inventors of these arts, and those who cultivate them with success labour to advance them? In the most remote periods, great talents were always so fortunate as to have the power of disarming anger, hatred, and resentment. Ancient fable and history equally prove how far the ancients have carried this sentiment of respect and admiration. Homer, in tracing the blood-stained scene of the vengeance exercised by the implacable son of Laertes, represents this cruel and vindictive prince, as softened by the sounds of the lyre of Phemius, and sparing in his wrath only that famous musician. In history we find the workshop of Polignotus protected even by the enemies of his country; the house of Pindar respected by pillaging soldiers; Marcellus, entering as a conqueror into Syracuse, yet honouring the memory of the man whose genius had rendered the siege so perilous and so difficult,* and appearing inconsolable at the news of his death; and the all-powerful Augustus, outraged in the most sensible manner, but limiting his vengeance to the exile of the seducer of his daughter. To this indulgence we owe the best works of Ovid, which were composed after that period.

* * * * *

* Archimedes.

"In modern history we find a number of similar traits; we know with what generosity Charlemagne, the admirer of the talents of Paul the Deacon, forgave the boldness of his answers, and his attachment to the family of Didier. Every one knows the touching testimony of esteem and admiration which the enemies of Louis XIV. and of France bestowed on Fenelon, when having penetrated into our provinces, and ravaging agreeably to the horrible rights of war, the country they had overrun, they spared nothing but the lands and possessions of the author of *Telemachus*.

"The man who possesses great and well-directed talents, does not belong only to the country which witnessed his birth; every place where the arts and sciences are cultivated, have a right to claim him, when his life or liberty is menaced in his own country; if he is guilty towards her, exile should be his punishment! but what barbarity there is in an attempt upon his life! What! the glory which surrounds him, his past labours, and those which are to come—all these motives for admiration, gratitude, and hope—are they to have no weight in his defence or acquittal?... Benefits which will be transmitted to the remotest posterity, from the *chefs-d'œuvre* which he bequeaths to you, and which you will see revived in your theatres,

in your monuments, in your museums, and your libraries! . . . If the great Corneille engaged in a conspiracy, had perished on a scaffold, what sentiment would you feel at the representation of *Cinna, Polyeucte,* and *The Horaces?*

"All learned and literary men, and all artists distinguished for their successes, have a right to the same indulgence; and even without having attained this high point of reputation, it is sufficient for them to have entered with honour into the career. Who knows to what point they may not arrive? Milton, when he had only written some agreeable works, entered into the service of the Usurper, Cromwell, and profaned a pen destined to immortality, by writing a disgraceful apology for the assassination of kings. Charles II. on ascending the throne, generously granted him a pardon, and Milton afterwards wrote the *Paradise Lost.* Of how many delightful works and admirable discoveries should we not have been deprived, if in all ages men of letters and learning had not received more respect than ordinary persons? Without such clemency which public gratitude seems to render a duty, in England, Prior would have died in prison, and the famous Chancellor Bacon would have perished on a scaffold. Finally, would our age have profited by

the greatest and most useful discovery which has been made in physics, if at the beginning of the American war, the English government had put a price on the head of Franklin, and had found assassins in consequence?

"Let us observe besides, to the honour of literature and the arts, that in general the acquisition of great talents is a pledge of good morals; so much time is necessary for perfecting and cultivating them, that none is left for vice and intrigue. Can we separate from sound literature the study of morals? Ah! who can love virtue better than he who has passed his life in reflection upon the duties of man? An excellent moralist and writer may doubtless err; but there will be nothing in him to pardon, but venial errors, not a long series of criminal or vicious actions.

* * * * *

"Virtue, when joined to genius and talents, is the genuine support of power. . . .

"It is the arts that have immortalized the grand ages of Pericles, of Augustus, of Charlemagne, of Francis I., of the Medicis, and of Louis XIV. Let us remember, that it was neither by means of terror, nor by according new privileges to the patricians, that the second of the Cæsars appeased the fury of the triumvirate; a warrior without

talent, and even without courage, a barbarous tyrant, stained with the blood of his fellow-citizens, he subjugated his country, he sacrificed without remorse to his ambition, public virtue, liberty, and humanity; yet he obtained pardon for all these crimes—what do I say? . . . he was even beloved! He usurped the glory as well as the empire of the universe. It was because, when seated on the throne, he knew how to pardon, and because he chose for friends Mecænas, Virgil, and Horace.

* * * * *

"Ah! for the happiness of my country, I pray that those who now govern it may restore to literature and the arts, the dazzling splendour with which they shone under the famous prince, who owed the surname of *Great*, not to his conquests, but to the enthusiasm of grateful muses!"

* * * * *

I still form the same wish, and with better reason for hope, under the reign of a monarch more justly beloved than the Roman Emperor, since his life was always as pure as his disposition is magnanimous. What friend of the arts desires not to see restored to his country an old man, who would always have been the honour and glory of the French school, even if he had produced no-

thing but the inimitable picture of the vow of the Horatii! I may venture to say, that I blamed him loudly at the period of his errors; but he is unfortunate, he is in exile, he is groaning under the weight of age and infirmities; and I now see in him only his misfortunes, and his sublime talent. Every thing, in short, recalls him to my fancy, when I admire the great talents of his scholars; yes, the numerous *chefs-d'œuvre* of Gerard, of Guerin, of Girodet, and of Gros, seem to entreat his recall; and the glory, the conduct, and the sentiments of these illustrious artists give them, on a question of this kind, the most touching right to be heard.

Among the most ardent of my enemies, ranked a personage who was not at all my enemy through party feeling, but only because I had *spoken very ill*, as he said, *of his master, Jean Jacques Rousseau*, whose devoted disciple he was. His name was the Chevalier de Meude Monpas; he wrote a great number of articles and verses against me. His poetical talent may be judged of by the following little piece in verse, which he composed in order to account for his excessive sensibility:

Je vais conter l'histoire singulière,
Qui m'arriva dans le sein de ma mère:

I omit six lines here, in which he states that his mother bore in her womb three twins—himself, his brother, and his sister. He then proceeds thus:

Mon frère étoit d'un commerce farouche;
Ma triste sœur n'ouvroit jamais la bouche;
Je m'ennuyois.. comme un triste héritier;
Un jour enfin, fatigué du métier,
Je poignardai mon frère et cette belle;
Je fis cela sans leur chercher querelle:
Car il vaut mieux assassiner les gens
Que de propos les fatiguer long-temps.
Si ma conduite aux yeux paroît immonde,
Avois-je alors quelque usage du monde?
Mais poursuivons.. Quel étoit mon dessein?
D'avoir *trois cœurs*.. Je fouillai dans le sein
Et de ma sœur et de mon triste frère.
(Ah! quel fracas pour ma dolente mère!)
Je m'emparai du cœur de chacun d'eux,
Croyant par-là me rendre plus heureux;
Funeste erreur?.. je l'éprouve sans cesse,
Tout les tourmens viennent de la tendresse, etc.

The birthday of Mademoiselle Bocquet occurred a short time before our separation. As people generally receive on such occasions presents from their friends, I sent her a handsome silk coverlid stuffed, telling her that I presented it to her because such things seemed to be rarities in her house; I gave her, besides, an elegant set of

breakfast china, with two silver salt-cellars. I had remained a year in her house, and had been perfectly well treated during nine months; and the rate of payment was so moderate, that Mademoiselle Bocquet must have been a loser rather than a gainer by the bargain; unless, indeed, the treatment I had experienced for the last three months, might have reimbursed her, for my fare could not have cost the sum I paid her. She received my presents with extreme surprise, but she accepted them. The evening before my departure, a scene occurred which almost put her out of her senses. There resided at Potzdam a lady exceedingly rich, called the Countess of Schmalensee, to whom I was not at all known, but who wrote to me to say, that she was in want of a companion, who should at the same time be qualified to act as governess of her children; that she wished to have one of my recommending; that she was to be between thirty-five and forty, and that she begged me to send her such a person; at the same time she described to me in detail the condition on which she was to be received, which were very lucrative and advantageous. I immediately thought of Jenny; I replied to the letter, and proposed her; and though she was but nineteen years of age, she was accepted. Upon this, I requested in

my reply that she should be sent for to a place, the name of which I mentioned, and which was three leagues distant from Berlin. I wrote to Jenny, who accepted my proposal with much gratitude, and who came to the appointed rendezvous. In the morning there arrived at the door of the boarding-house, a grand coach with six horses, which stopped before the house of Mademoiselle Bocquet; the latter, together with several of her pupils, came to the window, and their astonishment was extreme on seeing Jenny descend from this handsome carriage. Jenny first entered her aunt's apartment, and told her, with a triumphant air, all her good fortune, declaring that she was doubly happy, as she owed it to me alone. Mademoiselle Bocquet remained in a state of consternation, and Jenny ran into my room, threw herself on my neck, and burst into tears. I wept, also, heartily; and the meeting was so much the more pleasant, as Madame Bocquet was in my room, and partook with all her soul our emotions and our satisfaction. This adventure caused Mademoiselle Bocquet so much vexation and surprise, that she was ill in consequence of it the whole day.

At the time fixed for my departure, which was the next day at noon, I entered the apartment of

Mademoiselle Bocquet, to bid her farewell; I thought at the moment of all her kindnesses of former times, and it was not without emotion that I entered her cabinet; but the icy coldness, or rather the rudeness with which she received me very soon checked my first emotions, which might have rendered the interview very touching, if she had wished it. Nevertheless, I embraced her; she looked at me with eyes glaring with anger. I hastened to withdraw; and she had not even the politeness to follow me to the door. I crossed the drawing-room where I saw three of her pupils, among others, Mademoiselle de Gerlach, the charming young person of whom I have already spoken; she threw herself into my arms and burst into tears. At this moment we heard Mademoiselle Bocquet pull all the bells violently; the sound alarmed me; so I made my escape, and hastened as quickly as I could to join Mademoiselle Itzig, who waited for me in the carriage; she carried me beyond the town, at a small distance from the gate of Silesia, to a splendid royal establishment, where cannons were made. There were very handsome apartments in this place; Mademoiselle Itzig procured me the use of some charming rooms on the first floor, very elegantly furnished, and which were entirely and freely at

my disposal for four months. I fixed myself in this place with a new companion of fifteen years old; and we were very well served by the wife of one of the artillery, who besides cooked for us. This woman was young and handsome, and I became attached to her; I observed that she constantly wore a *green petticoat;* she had a green petticoat for both week-days and Sundays; she told me that she owed *to a green petticoat,* her marriage and her happiness, and that she had determined always to wear one; she then told me her story, on which I founded my novel, entitled *Ida, or the Green Petticoat.* Of this story, M. Radet has made a very agreeable *vaudeville,* which is still performed. In the course of my emigration, I have found several other subjects for *vaudevilles.* M. Parandier, one of my friends who returned from Dresden, told me the story of the tomb of Mademoiselle Bause, over which an unknown hand had daily strewn flowers for two years. On this incident I have founded a novel, entitled *The Funeral Flowers; or, Melancholy.* I have furnished M. Fiévée with several subjects for stories; among others, those which he has called *Vengeance and Innocence.* The first is the history of a lady of Sleswig; and the second, that of a young and most amiable emigrant French

woman, of the name of Mademoiselle Filhon. I heard from her own lips her singular story, into which M. Fiévée has put much talent, as into all he has ever written; but an anecdote of this kind rather required simplicity. My fancy is so romantic, that frequently the slightest incidents have furnished me with subjects for my novels. I have already related the adventure of the rose, (which I saw float by on the Alster,) an incident which I have introduced into the *Mères Rivales*.

I passed five months in the handsome apartments which had been given to me; I was quite near Mademoiselle Itzig, who occupied a charming house close to my rooms, with a superb garden, where I went every morning to walk; besides this, I was surrounded with delicious promenades, which lay open to me through the woods and the neighbourhood of the town. Mademoiselle Itzig and Madame Bocquet came always alternately to take me in a carriage with them; I used to make excursions of three or four leagues, and sometimes more. I paid a visit to the château of the Count de Voss, where I heard, for the first time, a ravishing concert. If the same scheme were universally adopted, it would give the country inexpressible charms. The plan was to form

the cows into flocks, and to hang round their necks harmonic bells; these formed, in the most beautiful manner, perfect major concords, in several octaves, both high and low. No one can form an idea of this delicious harmony; when it is at a small distance, it forms a celestial music, of which the irregularity and the sweetness act so powerfully on the imagination, that it is impossible to listen to it without the most lively emotion.

I was, moreover, taken to see the interesting tree of the refugees, existing at the time of the revocation of the edict of Nantes; it is entirely covered with touching inscriptions, expressing each writer's love of his country, and his regret at having quitted it. I was told, with reference to this subject and the refugees, a touching trait, of which I ascertained the exactness. These refugees had resolved on giving to the villages, in the neighbourhood where they had fixed their abode, the names of several places in France; and these *patriotic nicknames* had been fixed upon most of the villages. I saw, also, in my excursions, and with great pleasure, Potzdam, its marble palace, &c. I recovered, in the course of that summer, all my former taste for botany; I went with my little companion to herborize in the woods; opposite our house, there lived a person who sold little

cakes; of these I bought some from time to time, in order to give them to the idle boys about the streets, who, through gratitude, followed me in troops to the woods; this was extremely agreeable to me, as they gathered for me heaps of plants, which I had great pleasure in carrying home to paint from, and of which I composed a herbal.

One evening, in returning from my promenade, I met a little girl on her knees cutting grass; her head was bent down, and her beautiful fair curled hair hid her face entirely. I stopped to speak to her, upon which she lifted her head, threw back her hair, and showed me the most beautiful face possible; I questioned her, and learning that she was very poor, and that her parents lived only two hundred paces off, I begged her to conduct me to their cottage. I there saw, in fact, very poor peasants; I requested them to allow their daughter, two or three hours a day, saying that I should have a little dress made for her; to this they consented joyfully. The infant was eight years of age; I told her that if her disposition pleased me, I would take charge of her, take her with me, and educate her. From the period of my emigration, I had always wished an infant with me, and not to have one, seemed to me the greatest of all human privations. The child came

regularly to me; she was extremely mild, and beautiful as an angel; I became passionately attached to her, and at the expiration of a fortnight, I begged her parents to give her up to me. They accepted my proposal without hesitation; it was agreed that she should go to sleep with her parents as long as I remained in the country, and that I should take her with me entirely when I should remove to Berlin; in the mean time, I furnished her with a complete suit of clothes, which I sent in a little box to her parents' house.

About this time, I met with a very disagreeable adventure, which distressed me exceedingly: one morning my little companion requested leave to go to Berlin, promising to return in time for dinner; to this I consented; but she did not return even in time for bed, and I remained for two days entirely alone in my large rooms, without hearing a syllable about her. At length I received a letter, informing me that she was in prison for robberies thoroughly proved against her; and that she had, said, on being asked who she was, that she was my daughter. I went to acquaint Mademoiselle Itzig with this ridiculous story; she charged herself with answering for me, and making inquiry into the facts. From this inquiry, it appeared that the girl was in reality a thief; she was at

length tried, and condemned by the tribunal to be shut up in a house of correction for three years. I looked out for another companion, and M. Delagarde, my bookseller, immediately gave me his niece, a young person of eighteen, extremely agreeable, and with whom I have always had every reason to be pleased. On the day following her arrival, while we were in our saloon, of which the windows looked out into the street, we heard a carriage with six horses stop opposite our door; Mademoiselle Delagarde looked out of the window, and saw that the carriage was entirely loaded with flowers in cases and pots, and baskets of fruit. We envied the person for whom so handsome a present was intended; only one man was in the coach, who descended from it, and a moment after rung the bell at our door. My joy was extreme, on learning that it was *to myself* that all these fine things were destined; they were sent to me by the Countess of Schmalensee, the lady with whom I had placed my dear Jenny. The latter, who was beloved by that lady as she deserved to be, had requested her to make me this superb and charming present; both the flowers and fruits were grown in hot-houses, and of admirable beauty. I gave almost all the flowers to Mademoiselle Itzig, but Mademoiselle Delagarde

opposed my liberality as regarded the fruits, which formed, as long as they lasted, the luxury of our breakfasts.

I laboured while in the house at my Romance, called the Rival Mothers, of which in the course of four months and a half I wrote the greater part; I had sold it before hand to M. Delagarde; our bargain was at the rate of 100 francs per sheet, of which he had given me some part in advance. I did not suppose it would extend beyond a thick volume, as I had stated to M. Delagarde. It happened that the work was lengthened to two, and I was afraid that the bookseller might imagine that I had drawn it out only on purpose to have a pretence for demanding more money. I could not bear this idea, and told him that I only demanded the value of a volume of three hundred and seventy pages: he was exceedingly surprised at a mode of proceeding in which delicacy was carried to such a height that it might be called folly.* Such has always been my conduct with regard to booksellers; theirs has been generally very different towards me, with a very few exceptions.

Towards the end of the autumn I returned to Berlin; on my departure I asked for my little pea-

* Afterwards, in an edition published at Paris, I added another volume.—*(Note by the Author.)*

sant girl, who was to accompany me: but her parents declared I should not have her unless on condition of my making them a present of sixty gold Fredericks. It was impossible for me to pay that sum; accordingly I did not get the child, which I greatly regretted: I regretted also somewhat the clothes I had purchased for her. I determined on hiring lodgings at Berlin. A person of my acquaintance, Madame Michelet, undertook to show me several: we saw at first two sets of apartments, of which the latter appeared to Madame Michelet so charming, and the price so reasonable, that she insisted on my taking it, though I by no means agreed with her in opinion. She threw into her decision such a tone of authority that I was offended, and very wrongly, not reflecting at the moment that she could have in view no other interest than mine in the matter: but that interest was shown in a somewhat angry manner. Accordingly I persisted in refusing the rooms, at which Madame Michelet was excessively displeased. However, we went to see some others; they were on the third floor, and she was so breathless on reaching them, that she did not even attempt to conceal her ill humour, but most unjusty abused the apartments; upon this I praised

them outrageously, and took the lodging to the great vexation of Madame Michelet.

The woman of whom I hired the rooms had two little boys; the eldest who was eight years of age struck me by the beauty of his face and the nobleness of his demeanour; he became attached to me, and came every day unto my room. I undertook to teach him French by means of my *itinerary*. He had uncommon quickness: in the course of four months and a half he understood the language, learned by heart verse and prose, and recited without accent. I requested the mother to commit the boy to my care, telling her that I should bring him up in the Catholic faith; she consented to my proposal, not only without resistance, but seemed charmed at giving him up to me: I carried him along with me, and named him Casimir, after the son whom I had lost.

I laboured hard to finish the *Rival Mothers*, a work which I composed in eight months and a half, which I regard as a prodigious exertion; but at the same time I found myself so completely exhausted that it was impossible for me to think of writing for a long time. Nevertheless it was necessary for me to think of making some money

arrangements, as I had only cash enough to last me for a very few months. Counting that I could always write, I had entered into a good many expenses, such as clothes for my little girl, my establishment at Berlin, the purchase of all that was requisite for my lodgings, and that of several things for my own use, among others a handsome repeating watch. I had had no watch but a little silver one for several years. I had given that which I brought from France, together with the chain and all the seals to my nephew, Cæsar, who had lost his at an inn. I was determined neither to borrow nor to get into debt in any way. I resolved, therefore, by way of resting myself to give lessons: it was in vain that my friends offered me loans without fixing any terms for repayment—I constantly refused. I looked out for four scholars, and found them immediately, at a price till then unheard of at Berlin, where the most expensive masters received only half-a-crown a lesson; I received a decat, that is to say ten francs (eight shillings sterling); I taught my pupils to read French in verse and prose, to recite poety, and to write letters. It was proposed to me to open a course of literature, and I should have had the use of a very handsome hall, for the purpose, which would have cost me nothing; I might have

had an infinite number of subscribers, and might have gained a great deal of money; but my repugnance to put myself forward was invincible. I felt better disposed to give lessons in my own room. I had the offer of several pupils for the harp, but these I refused, being satisfied with those to whom I was teaching literature. I ought here to name the persons who were particularly kind to me. The chief among these were Madame Bernard, equally full of talent and goodness; Madame Herz, the wife of a physician, beautiful as an angel, and remarkable for her amiable disposition and her wit; Madame Cohen, wife of a very rich merchant, and M. Lombard, brother of the king's private secretary, who was of a refugee family; he was then only twenty-one, and his face was charming; he had a passionate taste for literature and the arts, a great many agreeable accomplishments, a solid and subtile understanding, and great aptitude for writing the French language. The reading of my works had inspired him with so great a prejudice in my favour, that in the very first lesson I gave him I could not help being embarrassed, and the more so, as I wished to pretend I did not perceive his sentiments; but his agitation and emotions augmenting daily, I believed I should succeed in changing their nature,

by telling him, as if undesignedly, that I might very well be his grandmother, seeing that I was *fifty-four years of age*; he was extremely surprised at this, for I had the appearance of being much younger, and he supposed me not more than forty or forty-two: but he made me a compliment even on my advanced age, saying that my youthful air made me altogether a *unique person* on the face of the earth.

Madame Cohen, who was still young and handsome, but dropsical, was on the point of undergoing the operation of the puncture: as she never quitted her sofa, I went to her house to give her lessons: her son, sixteen years of age was present at our conversations, which were very amusing to me, inasmuch as Madame Cohen was extremely amiable in her disposition, and supported her pains with unalterable patience, and a gaiety which was delightful. She sent her carriage for me, and after the lesson was over, she kept me with her all the rest of the day. I took advantage of her acquaintance with young Lombard to put an end to my *tête-à-tête* conversations with the latter, to whom I declared, that in future he must come and take his lessons at the house of Madame Cohen, and in company with her. This arrangement in no respect altered his sentiments, of which

the expression became so visible that every one remarked it; but in spite of their singularity, his feelings were too serious to allow Madame Cohen to venture upon turning them into jest. At this time I became acquainted with a man who had made a journey to Berlin, and who was truly extraordinary for the diversity of his talents; his name was M. Ploetz; he was at once the principal painter in enamel, and first mechanician to the king of Denmark; besides he was a great musician, and played with perfection on the viola. He had invented along with the famous Viotti a new manner of noting music, infinitely more simple and more commodious than that now in use; by this method pupils might learn to read the notes much more easily, and at the same time more quickly: he had also a kind of instrument which produced only a thin sound, but of incomparable strength and beauty. He had placed this instrument under ground in several parts of the gardens belonging to the king of Denmark's country house; and among others under a bridge, when in walking over it you touched a certain plank of the bridge it formed this sound, which lasted as long as the foot remained upon it: I constructed upon this invention the novel entitled, *The Harmonious Tomb*. M. Ploetz was in other

respects exceedingly estimable and clever; he presented me with several specimens of turning which he had made, and which were *chefs d'œuvre* in their way. I gave him a miniature representing a very beautiful Magdalen, copied at Rome from a picture by Guercino.

My friend Mademoiselle Itzig had been, as I have stated, blind from the age of fourteen, and she was now twenty-eight. Her greatest source of uneasiness was, not being able to write without the intervention of a third person to a sister she had at Vienna. I bethought myself of the little machine by which Madame du Deffant wrote without the assistance of any one: I explained its construction to M. Ploetz, who made one exactly resembling it, which I presented to Mademoiselle Itzig. This caused her infinite joy, as it enabled her sometimes to write private letters to her sister: I made her make use of the machine under my own eyes; she had not forgotten her orthography, but she scarcely ever wrote the last syllable of her words; this reminded me of what I had read in a collection of Voyages, about an Englishman who was found on a desert island, and who, after remaining there fifteen years had forgotten to pronounce in speaking the last syllables of the words he used. It was in my book of

*Souvenirs*, that Mademoiselle Itzig insisted on tracing her first written lines. I performed a great deal of music along with M. Ploetz; this rendered the evenings I passed at the houses of Madame Cohen and Mademoiselle Itzig extremely agreeable.

I also frequently saw Madame Bocquet; whom I introduced to Madame Cohen, in order to have an opportunity of passing more time with her. We went very often to walk in the gardens belonging to the Princess Henry, and the princess expressed a wish to know me. When this was communicated to me, I replied with all possible respect, but positively declined the honour of being presented to her. I acted in the same manner to all foreigners who came to Berlin, with the exception of artists. I have always thought that when our fortunes are completely fallen, we can only preserve our dignity by avoiding exposure, by making advances to none, by meeting only those of friendship, and by living in the profoundest solitude.

The life I led at Berlin was extremely agreeable; my friends and pupils loaded me with attentions; my rooms were always crowded with flowers, and filled with fruits, pots of jelly, Dresden butter, excellent pastry, beautiful straw baskets, and others made of a thin kind of osier peculiar to that

country. Young Lombard added to all these gifts a thousand things made by himself, which he sent me in baskets or in pretty boxes. On my side, I acknowledged these presents by returning the fruits of my labour, in the shape of drawings, embroidery, or artificial flowers; and I gave Madame Cohen among others, a very handsome mahogany box, beautifully mounted, and embellished with six paintings by myself, representing fruits, insects, and animals; I have never done any thing with more care, or better finished.

I received a letter from Philadelphia from the Prince of Talleyrand. This letter pleased me so much, that I have carefully preserved it among several others. This is the substance of it:

"Any letter which reaches one in America is a benefit; when it comes from a person one esteems it is a treasure; judge then of the extreme pleasure with which I received yours.

"Separated from all that is interesting to my heart, I engage myself only with the ideas which may lead me to regain what I have lost, never to lose it more; to live with those who are dear to me independent of the rest of the world, and form with a few friends a little world to ourselves, impenetrable to all the folly and wickedness which reign at present in unhappy Europe. The condi-

tion of my mind is now much as you have always known it, neither more full of hatred, nor more violent than in general. I scarcely think of my enemies; I am only busied with re-establishing my fortune, and to this end, I exert all the activity which can be inspired by the employment I hope to make of it, in which my imagination finds food for hope, and all the sweeter emotions. Among the sentiments which a man wants in order to be pleased with himself, must rank the feeling of independence; and it is now my daily task to become so. If I succeed I ought to regard my present years as the most useful of my life, and to rank myself in the small number of those whose fortune has fallen in pleasant places.

"This country is a place where honest men may prosper, though not, to be sure, quite so well as rogues, who, as may be expected, have many advantages on their side. I wished to write and send you something about America; but I soon saw that it was a senseless project. I shall defer the few observations I intended to have made to the conversation which I propose having in the long evenings I hope to pass with you hereafter. America is like all other countries. There are a few great facts known to every one, from which a Copen-

hagen cabinet may guess at the whole of America. You know the form of its government; you know there are large and immense tracts of inhabited land, where you may obtain a property at a rate which bears no proportion with the price of land in Europe; you know the newness of the country; no capital, and yet great ambition to make fortunes; and no manufactures, because labour is and must long remain too dear. Combine all this, and you are better acquainted with America than the majority of travellers, including M. de L——, who is here making notes, inquiring for authorities, and writing observations, and who is a much greater bore with his questions, than the inquisitive traveller described by Sterne.

"My health has been tolerable, notwithstanding the rigours of the winter, and the changes of weather, which passes suddenly to the mildness of spring, and thence returns to ice and snow. These changes are incessant; the insalubrious heats of Philadelphia oblige me to pass the summer at New York. Happy, say you, is the country where the inhabitants desire to avoid maladies and the natural causes of destruction. In many parts of Europe, violent causes of destruction are so frequent, that we ought to count for but little, whatever only follows the order of nature.

"I await here with impatience the work which you mention, together with some miniatures which you allow me to hope for, which will afford me the highest pleasure. You may address any thing to *Mr. John Parish, American Consul, Hamburg.*

"Is your friend Henriette still with you? Be so good as to remind her of me, and to tell her that I continue to be tenderly attached to her. My age, and the intervention of a revolution, allow of tender expressions, which at another time, I should not venture to employ. Receive with kindness the assurance of an attachment which will attend you at all times, in all countries, and under all circumstances. I entreat you to write to me; let there be plenty of proper names in your letter, and let that of Madame de Valence occupy a large space in it. I wish your engagements led you to inhabit Denmark, rather than any other country in Europe. It is the kingdom where most probably I shall fix myself; but on this head I am as yet undecided. The only thing certain is, that as long as the war lasts, I shall continue in America.

"I beg you to send me a seal."

Hearing about this time that Pamela was at Hamburg, as she did not wish to remain in Ireland

after the tragical death of her husband, I wrote to her to request that she would come to Berlin, and reside there along with me. The heroic manner in which she had behaved throughout the unfortunate affair in which her husband was involved, and the purity of the life she had led during the five years of her marriage, had, if possible, augmented my esteem for her. Her reply gave me great pain; she refused positively to come to me. I did not at all look for this refusal; and my false reckoning on the occasion afflicted me greatly. By redoubling my activity, I sought and found relief from my grief. I did not write, but I played a great deal, and I never in my life made so many trinkets; my address in this way became so celebrated, that a Berlin merchant who had the finest shop in the town, for the sale of all kinds of things, offered to give me four thousand francs a year if I would work two or three hours a-day for him, under the view and with the assistance of two young persons whom he would send to me every morning; and even more if I gave him new inventions. This I did not accept, as I was desirous of returning to France. This was the second opportunity I had of living by the labour of my hands independently of music and literature; for at the beginning of the revolution, I had really lived in

this way at Altona. During the first months of my residence in that town, I painted flowers and mosaics on paper as patterns for the cloth made at a manufactory there.

A short time before leaving Berlin, I went to visit a synagogue. The person who showed it me was a man much distinguished in his sect for his fortune and his knowledge; he pointed out to me all the antique ornaments, which were mostly of pure gold covered with precious stones, and all at once he said: "I am sure, Madam, that you regard with indignation all those things which are held sacred by us,"—"No, Sir," I replied, "on the contrary, I look upon them with respect, as being the origin of the truth." This reply charmed him; he related it everywhere, and it was cited as an instance of great presence of mind. There happened to me about this time an accident singular enough. One day, on reading the list of books sold at Leipsic, I saw one announced under the title of *Catéchisme Moral*, by the Countess of Genlis. The title itself of *Moral Catechism*, satisfied me that it was the fruit of our modern philosophy; and it was in fact a doating effusion of anti-religion by M. de Saint Lambert. It was pleasant enough to find such a production attributed to me. The booksellers at Leipsic, in

order that it might have a better sale thought proper to put my name on the title-page. I sent a disavowal of the work to all the German newspapers; I was equally anxious both on account of my principles and my pride of authorship, to disavow so contemptible a book.

Monsieur and Madame Cohen had a passion for private theatricals, and they had a pretty little theatre in their house: they entreated me earnestly to compose a little piece for them. I felt better in health, I was very anxious to accede to their wishes, and I began by writing a proverb, which we acted in our room, entitled *A bon Entendeur salut.** It was founded on the true history of an adventure which had formerly happened to M. le Comte de Roquefeuille: what gave me the idea of making use of that story was the circumstance of the timidity of the young person who usually played proverbs along with us: she begged me to give her very short parts, and I promised to give her one which should be the principal character, and in which she would only have to say *a single word.* I performed in that piece the part of the hostess. I wrote another comedy called *Les Lutins de Kernosi:* I took the original idea from a story of Ma-

* Or *Minuit.*

dame d'Aulnoy: it has never been printed; but on my return to France, I gave the manuscript to M. Radet, who made a Vaudeville out of it. Lastly, I wrote also at Berlin my *Galatea*, which is to be found in my works. We played these three pieces: the Baroness Grothus, by means of my instructions, played in a delightful manner the part of *Galatea;* I myself acted *Eurimone.* I did not perform in *Les Lutins de Kernosi;* but Casimir, who had only been learning French for four months, played the part of a valet, which was very long, and absolutely essential to the piece: he played it with a grace and intelligence which delighted every one; and the more particularly, as he declaimed without the slightest accent. What chiefly surprised *me* was, that he added from his own head several traits of character and pleasant *bons mots.* I played on the harp in this piece, accompanying an air which was to be sung by a young person; but, concealed behind a curtain, at the moment she was to sing, her voice failed her through terror, and she declared it was impossible for her to form a sound: upon this, as I was out of sight, I took the opportunity of singing the song myself. No one suspected it, but all thought that it was Mademoiselle Hagedorn, and I was applauded to the echo: it was the last time I ever sung in pub-

lic. These little pieces succeeded so well, that they were performed several times. Young Lombard, whom I taught to perform, played with talent, and in the most agreeable manner: we performed the *Mariage Secret*, in which I acted the part performed by Mademoiselle Contat: the celebrated Iffland came to witness our performance, and he had the politeness to say of me, that I was the best actress he had ever seen. There came also to our performance several princes of the royal family. I had never been seen but in a very careless dress; but when I wore rouge and ornaments, it was impossible to recognise me at a little distance; and strangers would not allow me to be more than thirty. All these successes heightened M. Lombard's sentiments for me to a pitch of folly: he wrote regularly subjects of composition which I gave him, and which I corrected. He told me that he wished to choose himself his own subjects, because those I gave him were too serious; he said also, that being desirous of forming his epistolary style, he would write letters to me. The next day he sent me one which expressed the most passionate love: it was not difficult for me to divine to whom it was addressed, but I pretended to take it for a letter intended for an imaginary person, and merely told him that I begged him in

future to write in another style; he replied, that he would not cease to write in that manner until I should teach him how to please in it. Our discussion ended by a positive order against it on my part, and a decided rebellion on his.

In the mean time, General Beurnonville arrived at Berlin; he came often to Madame Cohen's, and displayed a great interest in my fate. It was a rare thing for a fugitive to receive testimonies of goodwill from a French republican; but I was as sensible to them as if I had deserved to be exiled from my country. I explained to him my situation: he saw easily that I could not be reckoned an emigrant, and that by not allowing me to return to France, all the constitutional laws were violated in my person. He promised to write in my favour, and he kept his word. I wrote myself to Paris, and had soon reason to hope for a recall: a short time previous, M. de Finguerlin on returning from Poland, called on me, and told me that he had been near Warsaw, at a delicious country-house called *Arcadia*, belonging to the Princess of Radzivill, and that he had there seen at the extremity of the park, a charming house, newly built, furnished with the greatest elegance, and embellished with a garden filled with *hearts' ease and sensitive plants:* on the front of the house

were inscribed these words—*The Asylum of Madame de Genlis.* He added, that the princess had caused the house to be built after reading my *Epistle to the Asylum which I may seek.* On hearing this, I wrote an epistle in verse to the Princess of Radzivill, to thank her: she replied by a charming letter, in which she requested me to come and inhabit *my house* without delay: she sent me at the same time a blank book magnificently bound, which I preserved: I made of it a *Religious Souvenir*, and gave it to Casimir.

Madame Cohen had a fine country house at Charlottenburg, where I went to pass several days: I had given up my pupils, because the money due to me from the sale of my works had now been paid, and my health was re-established: but I continued to give gratuitous lessons to Madame Cohen and to young Lombard; the latter, aware that I was about to return to France, fell into such a profound melancholy, that he had the jaundice in consequence. Madame Bocquet and Madame Cohen could not bear the idea of my departure. As the latter was to undergo in a few days the operation of piercing, she entreated me to pass with her the rest of the time I had to remain at Berlin. I consented, and took Casimir along with me; and first, we went to pass a few days at Charlot-

tenburg. One day when I was in the garden with Madame Cohen and Casimir, the former went into a hot-house with Casimir to pull figs. She left me in the garden, and as I was tired of waiting, I went and walked out into the fields, where I met with seven or eight vagabond boys, who asked me in a very insolent manner for some draërs (a small coin.) I had none, and consequently refused: they called me all kinds of names, and pursued me to the house, flinging stones after me: one of the largest hit my hat. I picked it up and brought it with me, and showed it to Madame Cohen, who was still in the hot-house with Casimir. I told her my adventure, and in a few minutes turning to look for Casimir, I found he had disappeared; I supposed he was in the garden, and called him, but in vain: upon this we returned to the house, but did not find him; the servant told us that he had gone out. I became uneasy; Madame Cohen shared my disquietude, and followed by two servants, we went to the place where I had been attacked by the boys; there we found Casimir who had beaten them, and put them to flight. He remained master of the field of battle, and we saw the vagabonds he had conquered running away on all sides. There were two among them who were twelve or thirteen years of age.

Casimir, all red and full of animation, came up to us, telling me that he had avenged me, but that he had taken care to hit none of the boys on the head. I called the boys, but they refused to return; however, the two servants brought them back by force, with the exception of two, whom they could not catch: we addressed them to prove that they should not throw stones when they demanded draërs, and I gave them a crown to console them for Casimir's victory.

We returned to Berlin on account of the operation on Madame Cohen, which was performed next day. I held her in my arms all the time it lasted: the operation is not painful, but it exhausts the strength. When the operation was over, the patient fainted; she languished much for a few days, but afterwards recovered her health, and judging by her face and shape, it would never have been supposed but that she was thoroughly cured. This terrible disease is very common at Berlin, as well as the stone. During my residence at Berlin, there was performed an operation for the stone, which was very remarkable, and which took place on the uncle of Madame Bocquet: he died of it. The stone which was taken from his body was as large as a lemon: it had the colour and form of it, and even the little protuberance which

is to be seen at one of the extremities. It appeared so curious, that it was demanded for the Royal Cabinet of Natural History; but the widow refused, wishing to preserve it *through sentiment*. I was desirous of seeing it: Madame Bocquet took me to her aunt's, who preserved it under a glass on the chimney. We were greatly surprised at the kind of sensibility which prompted a person to keep always in her sight a thing which had occasioned the death of her husband; nevertheless, that person had always been the best of wives, and sincerely regretted her husband, who had been always the object of her affection.

I was now only occupied with the thoughts of my return to France; I received a letter from my daughter, which informed me that I was to be immediately recalled. I communicated this information to Madame Cohen, who burst into tears, and told me she would certainly die if I quitted her. She represented to me that nothing was as yet stable in France; that my religious sentiments had made me many enemies in a country where religion was abolished; and that I exposed myself to many persecutions by returning. One day, her feelings broke out in an astonishing manner: she had very handsome diamonds which she never wore. She brought me her jewel case, and showed

me all her diamonds, which I had hitherto seen but partially, when she lent us some of them to act our parts. As she saw me admiring these handsome jewels, she said, "Well then remain with me, and I will give them to you." I was so astonished that I was motionless with surprise, and could not reply for some time. Supposing that her offer tempted me, she redoubled her entreaties; it was in vain that I softened my refusals by protestations the most sincere of the tenderest friendship: her grief was so lively, that it rendered the rest of my stay with her very disagreeable. M. Lombard discovered a kind of affection much more unreasonable; the poor young man in his folly seriously proposed to me to marry him: as it was useless to talk reason to him on the subject, I simply told him, (which was true,) that I had made a vow never to marry again. His despair was so great, that every one perceived it, and discovered the cause. He wrote me daily letters in which he called me *barbarous*: my only reply was sending them back with corrections in the style. This put him frequently into an inconceivable fury: he brought back several, which he entreated me to preserve, and which I have still. This singular correspondence by letter lasted till my departure. This extravagant passion not only embarrassed me by its

absurdity, but the extreme disproportion of our ages, and the genuine maternal affection which I had for him, gave his love in my eyes an air of incest which rendered it quite odious to me.

I experienced another vexation: my correspondence with Mademoiselle d'Orleans was broken off. I believe I have already said, that having sent her in a letter a little miniature, representing on a blue ground a red and a white rose in a green box, the Princess of Conti said that they were the three colours, and consequently a revolutionary sign. In vain Mademoiselle d'Orleans represented that the colours were five, seeing that there were also brown stalks and green leaves. The Princess of Conti persisted in her idea, and forbade her to write to me. Mademoiselle d'Orleans found means of at once obeying and of letting me hear of her: she confided her vexation to her confessor, begging that pious person to write, which he did punctually from time to time during more than eighteen months. I sent him my letters, which he remitted to Mademoiselle; but at last he was obliged to go to Vienna. Mademoiselle wrote to him while in that town, and our correspondence lasted in this way for six months; but, at the period of which I speak, I received a letter from a person who was unknown to me, and who re-

commended not to write again to that priest, because he was just dead. I mourned his death sincerely, especially as afterwards I received no news of Mademoiselle d'Orleans.

By a singular chance I received at this time a letter, which ought long before to have reached me, and which, by a singular chain of circumstances, remained long on the road, a thing which then occurred frequently. I even received several of a date greatly posterior; but the latter so deeply touched me, and discovers so completely all the goodness of heart and disposition of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, that I place it at the precise epoch when it procured me so much consolation. It relates to the death of her unfortunate father, which I had concealed from her, and which she did not discover till a few days after our separation.

The following is the manner in which she expresses herself:

"Fribourg, 10th October, 1794.

"Oh!—my beloved friend! to what a pitch of misfortune has heaven reduced me! Alas! I know evils of all kinds! Ah! what griefs—what sufferings has not my unfortunate heart experienced! how cruel is such a life! But religion, and my own heart, my beloved friend, oblige me to sup-

port it for the sake of those I love; it is theirs, not mine, and I preserve it as a trust which they have confided to me. Alas! it is only the dear objects which I love so tenderly that have power to attach me to existence. Oh, my friend! do you imagine that those who are altogether unhappy, and who do not lay violent hands on themselves, can be unsupported by religion?—No, I cannot believe it: without such an all-powerful motive, who would not rid himself of an existence rendered unhappy at each moment? But thanks to the principles you have given me; be not uneasy my dearest friend, God sustains your unfortunate Adèle, and gives her supernatural courage and strength. My aunt shows me a tenderness which touches me deeply, and softens by her excessive goodness as much as in her power my terrible and cruel situation. Adieu, my tender and beloved friend; I embrace you with all the tenderness of my unhappy heart. I cannot at present write to you a longer letter, but my next shall be a long one. Let me have the pleasure of hearing from you often; alas! I have daily more and more need of it!"

Before quitting Germany, I must supply an interesting fact which I have omitted: while I was

at Sielk, I learned that my two pupils were in the number of *detenus* at Marseilles. I sent to the Directory the following brief memorial, which I caused to be inserted in several German journals:

"One of the things which doubtless ought to contribute more than any thing else to render the new government as respectable as the best citizens desire, is that it should always act upon the principles of the strictest and most invariable equity. The certain mark of a really good government is, that nothing is ever asked for in vain, whoever it may be that invokes it. A friend of humanity ventures then with confidence to raise her feeble voice in favour of two young and unfortunate beings, whose misfortunes, whose present situation, and whose age, render them equally interesting. Why are the children of Madame d'Orleans still in prison? why, when their mother, their aunt, and the citizen Conti have been set at liberty, are they retained in captivity? When they were imprisoned, the eldest was but seventeen years of age, and the second thirteen: why is this cruelty exercised towards them? and why, lastly, when the gates of their parents' dungeon have been thrown open, has it been thought allowable to close theirs upon them? No one has been afraid since the

death of Robespierre to manifest a just and tender interest in the daughter of Louis XVI; and are these unfortunate children to inspire less? They have experienced the same misfortunes, they have deserved them as little, and moreover, as long as they were at liberty, they have constantly shown the greatest patriotism, and in the army the greatest courage. Nothing can justify the treatment they have received; and we ought to expect from the justice and the humanity of the government that it will no longer defer restoring them to liberty; or at least, if it refuses to grant them their rights as *citizens*, let them be exiled from France to the place they may choose; for banishment would be a benefit in comparison with such a captivity."

During their imprisonment, the young Count de Beaujolois, who was little more than a child, performed an action well worthy of being related: he had formed along with his brother a plan of escape; all seemed to succeed. After having secured a small vessel ready to sail, they plotted their escape at midnight out of a very high window with cords, which they found means of procuring. The Count de Beaujolois passed first, and reached the ground without injury: he ran to the vessel, but looked in vain for his brother. The commander of the

little bark impatient of this delay, insisted upon sailing before break of day. Touched by the earnest entreaties of the Count de Beaujolois, he deferred his departure for a few minutes longer; but at last he weighed anchor, and the Count de Beaujolois, unable to determine on parting without his brother, voluntarily sacrificed his liberty, and even risked his life to rejoin him. He found him stretched on the ground with a serious wound: the cord had broken, and the unhappy prince had fallen on the ground and broken his leg. The Count de Beaujolois took him up in his arms, and called for help. They were again put in prison and guarded more strictly than ever.

The Count de Beaujolois, that charming and interesting prince, who displayed so much talent, and who at an early age discovered such a noble mind, was not quite twelve years old when I left him in France to go into a foreign land. He was under my care from the age of three; I felt towards him like a mother; he wrote to me several times in the early part of my exile. The following is the last letter I received from him; it is very infantine, but it is most precious to me.

"You led me to look for a letter, but I have looked for one in vain. I am constantly writing,

but no one replies to me; I am like a deserted person. I have just been writing to my sister; but I know not whether she will receive my letter; it is very disagreeable: one does not know on what to reckon. It is now three months since you went away, and you don't think of returning; M. Aillon is surely not gone yet; if he has been unable to go, and you should come yourself to prevent him—Oh! how glad I should be! but I will not weary your patience longer. Good bye, my dear and tender mother, whom I love more than myself.

BEAUJOLOIS."

*January* 5, 1792.

At length I received my recall to France; but my joy was greatly troubled by my grief at quitting my friends who were quite in despair.—Madame Bocquet, Mademoiselle Itzig, Madame Cohen, M. Mayet, M. Gualtiery, * and M. Lombard. To avoid painful farewells, I quitted Berlin at four in the morning with Casimir; I put up the most sincere prayers for the happiness of my friends and for that of the hospitable country I

* Afterwards sent by his government into Portugal, where he died.—(*Note by the Author.*)

was leaving, whose king was so virtuous, and whose government was so mild and so equitable. The homage which I render him here is not of recent date; I rendered him honours of the same or a higher kind in the second volume of the *Souvenirs of Felicie*, in which I have given equal eulogies to Prussia and its monarch. I published this volume at the time when the Emperor Napoleon was residing at Berlin, which he had just conquered.

I am now about to re-enter my country after nine years of expatriation! I shall always preserve a kind remembrance of the places where I have lived, and the tenderest attachment for the persons who received me kindly during my long proscription. I shall never forget the pretty town of St. Edmundsbury; the convent of Bremgarten, the humble asylum of all the virtues; our little habitation on the borders of the lake of Zug, the woods and the waters of Oudenarden, the hospitable towns of Hamburg and Altona, the farm of Sielk, my dear cottage of Brevel, the châteaus of Dolrott, and Berlin. I have every where found friends; those whom I leave here (at Berlin) will always be dear to me. May they live always happy and peaceable in the bosom of their country! their fate will be always interesting to me. If it

changes .... I will partake their pains as they have partaken mine! .... I shall all my life interest myself in the prosperity of Berlin, of that brilliant and beautiful town so wisely governed, the ancient and modern refuge of unfortunate French fugitives!

I next went to Hamburg, where I stopped at the house of my niece, Madame Matthiessen. Here I received a visit from Klopstock. There are certain people with whom an interview is insupportable to authors. Such people wish, not to know *you*, but to show you at once, as soon as they see you, all they know, and all the talents they have. I shall always recollect my singular interview with the famous author of *the Messiah* in the early part of my residence in Hamburg; I was then boarding with the pastor Volters. Klopstock requested permission to see me, and came. I was alone with my niece, when there entered a little old man, lame and very ugly; I rose, approached him, and led him to an arm-chair; he sat down in silence with an air of reflection, thrust himself into the arm-chair, and assumed the appearance of a man who has fixed himself there for a long time. Then, with a loud and shrill voice, he addressed to me this singular question: "Which, Madam, in your opinion, is the best prose writer, Voltaire or Buffon?".... This manner of entering

upon a thesis, not a conversation, petrified me; and Klopstock, who was much more anxious to let me know his opinion than to ascertain mine, did not insist much upon my answer. . . . . "As for me," replied he, "I pronounce for Voltaire, and I found my opinion on several reasons—the first . . . ." He then gave me a dozen *reasons*, which formed a very long discourse; afterwards he spoke to me of his residence in Dresden and in Denmark, of the honours which had been paid to him there, and of the translation which a French emigrant was making of the Messiah. Throughout the whole conversation, I did not utter more than six monosyllables. Klopstock, after passing three hours with me, retired, highly satisfied with my powers of *conversation*; for he said in the course of the evening to one of my friends that he thought me very amiable. Assuredly I was amiable at very little expense.

This reminds me of a trait of another kind, at least equally comic. A French lady, receiving for the first time the visit of a man of letters and a baron—a German, named M. de Rambor—she addresssed him even before he sat down, thus: "*Pray, baron, what do you think of the action of Julian the Apostate, who, on disembarking and quitting the Tigris, set his fleet on fire?*".

This singular trait was related to me by the

Prince of T——, and proves that pedantry among all nations takes the same forms, and is equally absurd.

I remained here some days, and then departed for France. My niece, Pamela, and several other persons conducted me as far as Harbourg, where we separated. I found myself with great joy in the same inn at Harbourg, where, seven years before, proscribed and a fugitive, I had passed the night in which I wrote my *Epistle to the Asylum which I may have*. We continued our route gaily; M. de Lawoestine came on to meet me at Antwerp; I saw him again with the greatest pleasure; he had given me a real proof of his friendship some years before, when he perfomed a journey of two hundred leagues, to come and pass a fortnight with me at Holstein. There happened on that occasion a singular accident, which I shall relate here;—I was at Altona in my inn, when I heard where M. de Lawoestine was; I wrote to him, and he replied that he would quit every thing to come and see me; I received his reply at the very moment when I had just renounced my *incognito* and resumed my real name. While my lodging was preparing at Hamburg I remained a week longer at Altona, continuing to dine at the *table d'hôte* as during the time of my *incognito*. For two months previous, a young stranger, whom

nobody knew, and wearing an order equally unknown, came regularly to dine at our inn; his manners were very agreeable, he spoke French very well, and seemed to have some talent. He placed himself always by my side at table; and I had great pleasure in talking with him. When I had declared my name, he paid me a great many compliments, and as he had told me that he had resided at Cléves, where M. de Lawoestine was, I asked him if he was acquainted with him, he cried out with enthusiasm, that not only he knew him, but that he was his intimate friend, and he added, that having a lodging at Hamburg he hoped that M. de Lawoestine would reside with him when he came there to see me. Two days after this conversation, I received one evening a letter from the stranger, who said that he was at the height of his joy, that M. de Lawoestine had arrived; but that he did not write to me in consequence of being unable, through an accident, which, however, was by no means dangerous, to use his right hand, and that he was obliged through fatigue to retire to bed. He begged me however, to go immediately to see him, and said that in order to save me all difficulty and delay, he had sent me a coach; and in point of fact, a hired carriage was waiting for me at the door. This

letter seemed to me so extraordinary that I showed it to my hostess, Mademoiselle Plock, who was in my room; Mademoiselle Plock told me that the young man passed generally for an adventurer, and advised me not to go to this singular rendezvous. I dismissed the carriage, saying that I should not go to Hamburg. The next day the stranger did not come to dine, nor the following days; indeed he never returned. M. de Lawoestine had not arrived; and when he did, which was not till two months after, he said he had never seen or known such a person as the stranger. I imagined that this stranger wished by his falsehoods, to induce me to go to his house, there to make me sign some surrender of my works; one thing is certain, that this trick was meant to cover a plot of a very black nature.

I met with my daughter at Brussels; after nine years of absence, my joy at seeing her again was inexpressible; for the dangers she had run, and the cruel disquietudes she had caused me, had made the years of our mutual absence twice as long and twice as painful. I passed several days at Brussels, where I was kindly received by Monsieur and Madame de Pontécoulant at the Prefecture. Casimir, who walked before me, entered the saloon first; his mode of entrance was somewhat

singular; he had never seen a floor waxed and rubbed, because at Berlin (at least at that time) oaken floors were very rare. The apartments, though otherwise very elegant, were merely boarded, and sanded and washed every day, or covered with carpets! Casimir was quite overjoyed at the sight of the shining floor, which made him fancy it the ice on which people skait; accordingly he made a long slide upon it, and in his impetuous course knocked down two children, and fell almost into the lap of Madame de Pontécoulant, who was at the other end of the room; this mode of introduction met with the greatest success, for it excited the laughter of the whole company. I found also here my nephew Cæsar du Crest; our happiness on finding ourselves together made me pass two or three days in the most agreeable manner. I saw also at Brussels M. de Jouy, with whom I had been so intimate at Tournai, and to whose marriage, moreover, I had contributed my assistance; I showed him that I had constantly preserved in my book of Souvenirs, some verses full of kindness which he had composed for me and signed with his own hand.

I returned to Paris with my daughter; I shall not attempt to paint the emotions which I experienced in again passing the frontier, on entering

France, on hearing the people talk French, on approaching Paris, on seeing the towers of Notre Dame, and on passing the barriers.

Emotions of a very different nature awaited me at Paris, and rendered my sojourn there very painful during the first three months.

Every thing seemed new to me; I felt like a stranger, who stops at every step to look round him. I could scarcely recognise the streets, of which all the names were changed; I found *philosophers* substituted for *saints;* I had been prepared for that metamorphosis by reading the *National Almanack*, where I saw the saints replaced by the *sans-culottides*, by *onions, cabbages, dung, asses, hogs, hares*, &c. &c. The national antipathy which the chiefs of the republic had for all that was not ignoble, or at least vulgar, had led them to suppress the names of *hotel* and *palace*. Accordingly I found the inscriptions half effaced which had formerly been placed on the fronts of these ancient edifices: *Maison ci-devant Bourbon, Maison ci-devant Conti, propriété Nationale*, &c. There was still visible on several walls the republican inscription—*Liberty, Fraternity, or Death!**

* I had seen before leaving France, in going from Clermont into Auvergne, all the rocks, from Châlons to Autun, inscribed

I saw passing hackney coaches, which I recognised for the confiscated carriages of my friends; and in walking along the quays, I saw on the stalls, books which bore on their bindings the coats of arms of many persons of my acquaintance; and in other shops I saw their portraits exhibited for public sale. I entered one day the shop of an auctioneer, who had at least a score of them; I recognised them all, and my eyes filled with tears when I thought that three-fourths of the unfortunate nobles, whom these pictures represented, had been guillotined, and that the rest, despoiled of every thing, and proscribed, were perhaps wandering in foreign lands!

On leaving this shop, I wandered, still alone, to walk upon the boulevard; in a few minutes a person, carrying some pretty little wicker baskets, passed close by me; I stopped him to choose half a dozen; but I had no money about me, and besides I could not have carried home the baskets; he asked me for my address, and as I was near the open door of a wine merchant, I stepped up to the counter, and requested the use of a pen, ink, and paper; I wrote my address quickly, which I read aloud to the basket-maker before

with the terrible words—"*Tremble, aristocrats! Liberty, or death,*" &c. &c.—*(Note by the Author.)*

giving it him; upon this, the young man of the shop cried out—"*Dear me! you are at home here!*" "How?" said I.—"To be sure, this is the house that was formerly the *Hôtel de Genlis!*" . . . In fact, this was the very house which my brother-in-law, the Marquis de Genlis, had occupied fifteen years previously. It was impossible for me to recognise it; all the ground floor was divided into several shops, and the front of the other part altogether changed. This little incident wrung my heart, and I hastened to leave a place which inspired me with such melancholy feelings.

I saw many *parvenus* who, born in the class of simple workmen, had acquired the most brilliant fortunes; some of these remembered their former condition, only to admire the height to which they had risen, as if it was at all wonderful that a plebeian should have obtained a high rank at a time when the nobles were despoiled or excluded! The rest, full of arrogance and conceit, mistook rudeness for dignity; the words, *respect*, *honour*, never entered into their modes of speech, even when they addressed old men or women; but substituting to the phrases which are in use among well educated people, the words *advantage* and *civility*, reckoning nicely their steps when they

conducted a stranger to the door, scarcely condescending to bow, and speaking always loud; they fancied they had got the true manners of nobility, and a tone of complete fashion.

I met with great pleasure the son of one of my old gamekeepers, now a captain, who had served with great honour in our armies; his grace and good air reminded me of the saying of Rochefoucault: *A common look is often preserved at court; but never in the army.*

I met with women who naturally hated all kinds of interesting or witty conversation, because they could take no share in it; tittle-tattle or scandal formed all their talk: they had produced a coolness among all their husbands' friends, by their insipidity, their dryness, and their aptness to take offence, the ordinary defect of women who want talent and education. The most of these persons, ridiculously vain, reckoned their reciprocal visits, and bid (as it were) for a curtsey; they were always on the *qui vive?* always uneasy with regard to the manner in which they were treated, without knowing positively how *they ought to be treated*: so that they were continually irritating themselves by imaginary failures in politeness, and ideal impertinences. They were perpetually complaining to their husbands, who at first paid no

attention to them, but who, by degrees, became accustomed to this kind of conversation, because it was impossible to hold any other with them. I no longer found any *bureaux d'esprit*, and though I never had held any such, I regretted them. It was thus that were formerly styled in derision, those houses where the company consisted principally of men of letters, of learned persons, and of famous artists, and where the conversation turned principally on the fine arts, literature, and the sciences; and these were the assemblies which ignorant persons and fools tried always to turn into ridicule.* Yet these assemblies would be equally instructive and agreeable, if they were exempt from all pedantry, and then no kind of society could have presented equal claims to our regard. In order to this, it would have been sufficient for the mistress of the house to have been frank and amiable, for in that case you can easily give the society that meets at your house the manners which you yourself possess. After the Hôtel de

* There was doubtless some pedantry at the Hotel de Rambouillet, but in general these assemblies of clever persons necessarily excited the jealousy of fools, who never fail to generalize particular mockeries, where they fall upon persons of great merit. It would be curious to collect all the good things that have been said at the Hôtel de Rambouillet.

Rambouillet, the most famous *bureaux d'esprit* were, in the last century, those of Mesdames du Deffant, Geoffrin, d'Espinasse, and d'Houdetot. Among all these clever women, she who did the honours of her house the best, was Madame du Deffant.*

I found many other subjects of regret—for I found every thing changed, even the language. This change happens regularly in all revolutions of long continuance. I have already cited on this point the example of the English revolution, and the pains which Charles II. took to reform the language, which had become altogether disfigured under Cromwell.

But although many persons among us still employ very bad forms of speech, we speak now much better than on my first return to France. The following are some of the phrases which struck me as most singular, and I am of opinion that it may not be useless to quote them here, for the benefit of young people and foreigners. *Ce n'est pas l'embarras—se donner les tons*—and *des gens de même farine*, appear to me to be expressions equally

* At present, the *bureaux d'esprit* are entirely gone, and our Government ought specially to regret them. Universal peace would be quite established, if they were to replace the *bureaux of politics*.—(*Note by the Author.*)

nonsensical and vulgar; and I could not have conceived, without hearing them, that they could ever have passed into the modes of speech of well educated persons. The following phrases are in no less bad taste: *Cela est farce—un objet conséquent—cela coûte gros,* or *le Pérou,* to signify a matter that cost much money. On the subject of the latter phrase, a charming answer of the prince of T . . . . . was quoted a great deal at one time. The reply proves as much presence of mind as the capability of that distinguished person to assume all tones when requisite. He had given a magnificent entertainment. A lady highly dressed, who was unknown to him, approached him, and said, "*Cela doit vous coûter gros.*" "*Oh!*" replied he, "*Ce n'est pas le Pérou.*" In order to converse well, nothing must be said too strongly, and, at the same time, all must be said that is necessary to the clearness of what is meant to be expressed. Ellipsis is always injurious to conversation, because the words to be understood always will throw into it something of obscurity or *equivoque;* for this reason, we are wrong when we say *la Capitale,* (the capital,) for Paris; *Champagne,* or *Bordeaux,* meaning the *wine* of Champagne or Bordeaux; or, *les Français,* instead of the French theatre. *Elle a de l'usage* . . . . of

what? we should say, *Elle à de l'usage du monde.* When any one says, *a louis d'or*, you speak wrongly in another sense. *Eduquer; il reste*, for *il demeure*, meaning he lives: *son équipage*, instead of *sa voiture*, (his carriage;) *venez manger ma soupe*; *un castor*, for *un chapeau*, (a hat;) *je vous fais excuse*; *il roule carosse*; *une bonne trotte*, for *une bonne course*, (a long journey;) *son dû*, for his salary; *le beau monde; un beau râtelier*, or *une superbe denture*, when you praise fine teeth, are modes of speaking exceedingly low; as are the vulgar expressions, *elle est puissante*, that is, *grosse*, (stout;) *un muscadin*, a coxcomb; and the verbs, *embêter*, *endêver*, &c.; *je suis mortifié*, for *je suis fâché*, (I am sorry.) *Mortifié* means *humiliated*; and it is extremely absurd to say that you are *humiliated* not to have found a person at home.

All this is not without its use; for foreigners learning our ordinary language in general only by talking it with domestics, often use very ridiculous expressions. Thus several English ladies of rank have often been heard to remark, that they were cold or hot, *comme tout*.

I was no less astonished to hear the words *votre demoiselle*, instead of *Mademoiselle votre fille*, or *Madame* quite short, in speaking of a wife to the husband; *en usez-vous?* (do you use to-

bacco?) for, do you take tobacco? *j'y vais de suite*, for *j'y vais tout de suite; il a des ecus*, (he has crowns,) for, he is rich. *Il lui fait la cour*, to express, he is in love with her—a phrase which used to be more delicately expressed by, *Il est occupé d'elle.*

Here are several other modes of speech, which were considered very improper formerly, but which are now become quite common: *J'ai pris une glace*, (I have taken an ice.) You might very well say, *prendre des glaces*, but you ought to have said *J'ai pris une ou plusieurs tasses de glaces*, (I have taken one or more *glasses of ice*,) which is a much more accurate way of speaking. *Des manières engageantes*, (engaging manners,) was an absurd phrase, and was considered so with reason; it was too much to say of a man, and to say it of a woman was almost to calumniate her, or at all events, to give her a eulogy by no means desirable. Foreigners often say that they have *drank* coffee, tea, &c.; *boire*, (to drink,) is only applicable to liquors intended to drink, in order to quench thirst, such as water, wine, beer, cider, &c.; we should say, *prendre du café, du thé, du chocolat, &c.* (*take* coffee, tea, chocolate, &c.)

But what shocked me chiefly was, to hear women calling their cabinet, *a boudoir*—a strange

word which was formerly in use only among courtezans. I thought also, that in doing the honours of a house, you should not offer a dish in a vague manner, like many persons who seem not to know the names of what they ask you to partake of; saying only *voulez-vous du poisson*, or *de la volaille?* (will you take *fish* or *fowl?*). The milliners were called *modistes*, and a memorandum book an *album;* and in speaking of any one's dress, it was *sa mise, sa mise décente*, &c. The following are some revolutionary phrases, which displeased me no less—*aborder la question, en dernière analyse, traverser la vie.* You can only *traverse* a road by crossing it—for to walk along it, is to follow the path. You can only say of an infant which has died in its cradle, that it has *traversé la vie.*

Somebody had invented a marvellous phrase, which replied to every thing, and excused every thing. When any one took a foolish step, his friends said, *C'est qu'il étoit dans une fausse position;* and then nothing could be urged in the way of objection. Nevertheless, that phrase literally translated, signifies that *a person is in an embarrassing situation;* to which, in former times, we should have replied, that good conduct, courage, and ability ought to release the person from it. But

the words *une fausse position*, as has been said, justified every thing.

I ought to state, to the honour of the society of the present day, that we much seldomer hear the incorrect phrases which I have been quoting; and even of the common-place and fashionable phrases, which, before the revolution, infused so much monotony and insipidity into the tone of our conversation. In our former state of society, now extinct or broken up, we heard every where exclamations expressive of astonishment, desolation, horror, enchantment, or enthusiasm; every thing was *inconceivable, unheard-of, monstrous, horrible; charming, or celestial.* When a man met another after having shut his doors against him, he never failed to protest that he was *in despair* at not having been at home. People of more refined tastes contented themselves with saying that they were *afflicted.* After paying seven or eight visits, you entered your house with a feeling of remorse for having plunged into affliction and reduced to despair a dozen people, but then you were consoled on the other hand by having charmed and rendered happy a like number. At the present day these exaggerations are greatly out of use; our women especially are much colder, less affectionate, less *welcoming* in the manners; but are

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they more sincere? . . . This is a question which I shall not take it upon me to answer.

Suppers were no longer in fashion—for our customs, as well as our language had changed;* the plays did not end till eleven, and this of itself produced a great change in society. After dinner every one seemed disposed either to pay visits or go to the play; all were absent in mind, and preoccupied with other thoughts; looked at their watches; in short all this gave an air of constraint which was a complete check upon agreeable conversation. The supper terminated the day; there was no longer any thing to be done; there was no more apprehension of the bustle and the interruption caused by the visits which are always made after dinner; every one was disposed to enjoy his neighbour's company; and in place of counting the hours, they were forgotten; you talked with perfect freedom of mind, and consequently in an agreeable manner.

Formerly the suppers of Paris were renowned for their gaiety; all tried to amuse themselves, and talked without interruption even at table, because you were always placed beside persons of

* Several of the Anglo-revolutionary usages still exist; those, for example, which are afterwards quoted.

your own choice, and the most suitable to your own disposition .... Among the princes of the blood, the prince always selected *two persons*, always *women*, to sit by him; the princess did the same, likewise choosing two women, unless there were a prince belonging to a sovereign house, and on the throne; besides, it was thought that neither a princess nor any lady in society could properly invite a man to come and sit by them for an hour and a half; it was considered that unless the most elevated rank conferred the privilege, there was no case in the ordinary course of things in which a woman could make *advances* to a man. Politeness was in its perfection, and of course always agreeable; it never degenerated into cold ceremony, and all persons in society carefully avoided all that bore any resemblance to *etiquette*, or that could recall the idea of any inequalities in rank. It was thought that in your own circle you ought to distribute your attentions to those who merited them, whether by their reputation, their wit, their personal consequence, or their places and employments; but without ever wounding or disobliging others—a plan which was accomplished by attending *somewhat* more to the persons, not by solemnly giving them a preference which made those who did not obtain it feel as if they were

playing inferior parts. The great lord who invited to a splendid supper the wife of a farmer-general and the lady of a duke and peer, treated them both with equal attention and respect. The *financière*, once seated in the circle would not have yielded her place to the duchess; and if by chance she had offered it, the duchess could not, under the pain of being thought impertinent, have accepted it. When the company was about to sit down to table, the master of the house did not rush towards the *most considerable personage*, lead her from the bottom of the room, make her pass in triumph before all the other ladies, and place her with pomp at the head of the table by his side. The other gentlemen did not spring forward to *hand the ladies*, as I have seen and sometimes still see them do. This was a custom then unknown but in country towns. The women left the saloon first; those who were nearest the door passed first; they took occasion to pay one another little compliments by the way, but in few words, so as by no means to delay the rest of the company. All this took place without any confusion, but calmly; there was neither hurry nor slowness; the men came last. When the company reached the dining-room, each placed himself at table where he chose, and the master and mistress of

the house easily found means *without making a scene*, to induce the four most distinguished women in company to sit by them. Generally this arrangement, like most of the others, had been privately agreed on in the drawing-room. Such were the social and truly polite manners of those days! which honoured those whom it was right particularly to honour, without wounding the others; *but we have changed all that.** On my return to France, I found that not only (and this practice is still continued) the master of the house laid hold of the most *distinguished lady* in the room, whom he always placed by his side, but he required a second, and named another gentleman, the highest in rank, whom he made also to sit near her; and if that lady, so highly honoured, happened to be fonder of amusement than of glory, and that by bad luck (the thing is not altogether impossible) the master of the house, or the general, or the marshal of France, &c. was a very tiresome personage, the lady passed a dull evening. The other ladies were no less happy; for the imperious despot who had brought them together at his house, had named aloud the persons who were to sit near them. A gaiety proof against every

* Molière.

thing was absolutely necessary to all who wished to be at all cheerful at these entertainments.

Formerly the ladies after dinner or supper was over, rose and left the table in order to wash their mouths; the gentlemen, and even the princes of the blood, out of respect to them, did not allow themselves to do the same thing in their presence, but went into an antichamber for the purpose. Now-a-days this part of our toilette is performed at table in many of our houses, where Frenchmen, seated by the side of ladies, wash their hands, and spit into a vase. . . . . This spectacle would have been truly astonishing to their grandfathers and grandmothers: the custom comes from England. It is certain this usage is not French: but at least the habit is more excusable in England, as *there* the women always rise at the dessert, leaving the gentlemen at table.

Formerly in the best company the women were treated by the men with almost all the respectful manners prescribed towards princes of the blood; they spoke to them almost always in the third person; they never used the phrases *thou and thee* among themselves in their presence; and however intimate they might be with their husbands, brothers, &c. they would never in their presence

have mentioned them merely by their names. Then, persons of good breeding would never have thought of praising a woman's beauty to her face; for they supposed her to possess all the modesty of her sex—the most flattering compliment they could pay her. When they addressed ladies, it was always in a tone of voice much less elevated than that which they used in speaking to men. This shade of respect had a grace about it which it is impossible to describe. Let me add, that before the revolution, no man would have ventured at Paris to appear in the presence of a lady in boots. To be sure, except when in the country, it was very unusual in ladies to receive gentlemen except at dinner or in the evening.

All these things were out of use when I returned; each man might have said,

De soins plus importans mon âme est agitée,

On the other hand, the women being no longer treated with respect, had lost the reserve which ought always to characterize them; for example, they called young men in company simply by their Christian names; and from the habit of hearing *thou and thee* continually made use of in their presence, had fallen into the custom of calling each other *thou*

*and thee* before company—a thing never heard of in former times.*

I observed another amusing absurdity. I discovered, in spite of the affected abuse of the old régime, that several *parvenus* had made a serious study of the art of mimicking the great lords of the old court. Messieurs de Talleyrand, de Valence, de Narbonne, and de Vandreuil were eminently their models. It must be allowed that they were well chosen.

A thing which particularly displeased me, was the suppression of coverings for the feet in sofas. I saw the highest and most fashionable ladies of that period receive company in dress, and lying on a couch without a foot covering. Of course, the slightest movement discovered their feet and part of their legs. The want of decency, which always takes away a charm, especially from women, made their manner and appearance in my eyes quite disagreeable.

* This remark on the *thou and thee* reminds me of a very pleasant repartee of Madame de Bussy, wife of the governor of St. Domingo. Being alone with her husband (whom she did not love) M. de Bussy entreated her to call him *thou and thee*, which she had never before done. After a great many entreaties, she consented at last, and said to him, *Eh bien, va-t'-en !—(Note by the Author.)*

My visits in several houses, opened my eyes to the inexperience and the bad taste of those who new-furnished the *hôtels* and the deserted and ruined palaces. I remarked in their plan a thousand absurdities. The stuffs with which the walls were hung, were plaited instead of being plain; the possessors doubtless calculated, that in that way the *measure* would be much larger, and that consequently the appearance of the whole would be much more magnificent. In order to avoid the mean appearance which must have brought to remembrance the origin of certain persons, all the articles of furniture received the heaviest and massiest forms. As symmetry had in general been banished from our gardens, it was thought right to exclude it from our apartments also—accordingly all the draperies were put up as if by chance. This affected disorder gave all the saloons the most ridiculous appearance; and you might have fancied yourself in rooms which the upholsterers had not yet had time to arrange. Lastly, to show that the new ideas neither excluded *grace* nor *gallantry*, men and women hung the curtains of their beds with the attributes of love, and transformed their night tables into *altars*. You might have seen conspirators who had been bathed in blood, stretched in sleep upon sumptuous beds,

adorned with cameos, representing Venus and the Graces! and hanging over their heads, you might have seen, not the sword of Damocles, but a light shaft, or a wreath of roses! . . . .

Even our carriages were not secure from this general spirit of innovation. Before the revolution there were no hired cabriolets,† and this was an excellent thing; for the establishment of them has occasioned a number of accidents. The sedan chairs have been suppressed—as have the *brouettes*, a kind of carriage very desirable for the class of persons who were unable to pay the fiacres. It is surprising that public* litters for the sick, drawn by mules, for convalescents, for women with child, &c. &c. to whom the use of ordinary vehicles is forbidden, have never been invented. These litters would be used at Paris, in the neighbourhood, and for travelling.

The shape of the old carriages was much more agreeable than that of carriages as round as balls, which are in the worst taste. The shapes of the berlines and of the old calèches, as well as that of

* This only refers to 1800; since then (thanks to the charming designs and the talents of M. M. Fontaine and Percier,) our furniture is as elegant as can be desired.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† There were some at Naples long before the revolution.—(*Note by the Author.*)

the *vis a vis*, were admirably designed in their way, and of the greatest elegance.

Jacobinism had suppressed all kinds of compliments, by suppressing the decencies of life. They had begun to revive about the time of my return, and apparently as if to make up for lost time they were multiplied and lengthened. For example, in entering a drawing-room and on leaving one, each person thought himself obliged to go and pay a compliment on his arrival or departure to the mistress of the house. Formerly, instead of these noisy and triumphal entrances, people presented themselves modestly and without *éclat;* they did not go up intrepidly to attack (as it were) the mistress of the house: generally a simple curtesy formed all the ceremonial. When the company left the house, they did not go up to take a solemn leave; they took the opportunity of retiring when other persons were coming in, and endeavoured, in the little bustle which this caused, that their retreat should not be seen, in order to avoid the reciprocal inconvenience of compliments, and of being followed to the door. The spirit of all these customs was good; it would be well if we returned to them entirely.*

* As is now the case. What has just been read was written in 1800.—*(Note by the Author.)*

After passing some time at Paris, I paid a great many visits to the neighbourhood and among the châteaux; I even made some of these excursions simply as a traveller, and through pure curiosity, and I confess I thought in general that there was a great deal more popularity and *liberality* to be found in our old castles. I no longer met with the chapels which were formerly so excellent as examples to our peasants. I saw women only at the parish churches; the men never went near it; and the peasants to imitate them abstained also.

I was equally scandalized by the *fêtes* given to the common people; the master of the château opened his gardens, with *permission* to invite to them keepers of public houses, cooks, &c. of whom they bought the repasts which we formerly gave so generously, but which, when wisely distributed, checked the drunkenness, the quarrels, the scandalous scenes, and the frequent murders which otherwise resulted from them. Another thing which struck me as ridiculous, was the pride of the ladies of the château, who, on these occasions of rejoicing, refused to dance with the peasants. I recollected that formerly in their *bals champetres*, we always refused to dance with any one else, and desired that the gentlemen of our acquaintance, instead of inviting us, should choose peasants

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only as their partners. All this is certainly not without exceptions; I saw then, both in the country and in the *châteaux*, the charity of all kinds, which I once admired, exercised in all its extent.

I had been more than a year unable to pass the Place Louis XV., then called the Place de la Revolution, and to look at the Palais Royal.* . . . I lived at first in the Rue Papillon, in the Chaussée d'Antin, in charming apartments, ready furnished, belonging to a young person, who hired them to me for six months. Madame de Montesson, my aunt, had showed no signs of life, as far as I was concerned, during the whole of my residence in a foreign country, though I had quitted Paris in a perfectly good understanding with her; for subsequent to the death of the old Duke of Orleans, she confessed that she had no reason to speak otherwise than handsomely of me. I found her in the highest favour, through her acquaintance with Madame Bonaparte, wife of the first consul, who had caused the whole of her fortune to be restored to her. However, I went to pay her a visit the day after my arrival; I found

* A singular thing, and which proves the power of the imagination is, that when the tops of the railings were gilt, the appearance of the edifice no longer made the same impression upon me. —(*Note by the Author.*)

several persons with her; she received me with a coldness which went the length of impertinence, and affected, before me, to make a grand parade of her credit at court; she spoke a great deal about Madame Bonaparte, and the breakfasts which she gave her. My visit was short, and during it I spoke but little; M. de Valence saw me to the door. I told him at parting, that I was much too old to allow myself to be thus used, and that I should never come back: he excused Madame de Montesson in a droll manner, by saying that she would be better another time; that she had been vexed by seeing that I had not got at all an old look; that it was a little *female weakness*, which I must pardon.

M. de Valence talked to me of my affairs. He said that I could understand nothing of them; requested that I would talk of them to nobody, and that he would undertake the charge of them. I replied, that I should ask nothing of my children, though I had the best rights well secured, seeing I could make a claim on the Sillery estate; but, that I should claim my dower from the Marquis of Noailles, who by regular deeds had engaged to pay it; in default of which, (as, for example, if he had become insolvent,) I had, as I have stated, a claim upon the estate of Sillery, which

was still in my family, and that I only made the demand of my dower on M. de Noailles, to preserve the principal of it to my children; as for the interest, I was resolved to employ it in doing good public works.

I say *public*, for I was determined to keep no part of it for my private use. The following is a statement of the way in which matters were arranged.

By my marriage contract, the half of all the furniture, and of the wines in the cellar, belonged to me. After the Terror, my daughter received a considerable sum from the government, as a consideration for the pillage of Sillery, and of her father's house in Paris; but I never claimed any part of that sum, though the half of it belonged to me. There remained at Sillery much of the furniture, and the whole of the library, but I never demanded any share of it; in short, I abandoned, without restriction, whatever was *family property*. I carried my delicacy so far, as not to keep a very fine statue of marble, which represented me at full length, and which formed one of the ornaments of the tomb of the late Maréchale d'Estrée. This statue, for which I had given many sittings to M. Monot, sculptor to the Academy, and which formed a part, on my return to France, of the collection

of M. Lenoir, was restored to me, through the generous attention of my friend the Count Kosakoski, a Pole. I knew that this piece of sculpture had cost M. de Genlis four thousand francs, and I gave it to M. de Valence. It was not found after his death, and no one knows what he made of it, for many persons saw it in his house for several days. As to my dowry, M. de Noailles, who had got rid of it *with the nation*, for two thousand francs in assignats, refused point blank to enter into any negociation with me on the subject. This occasioned a suit, which should, properly, have been decided before a high tribunal; but M. de Noailles requested that the cause might be heard before a lower one, which I decline naming, but which was composed only of five persons; to this request I was so simple as to consent, contrary to the advice of my counsel, M. Fournel, an advocate equally able and honest. Out of the five judges, M. de Noailles had three who decided in his favour, who gave as the ground of their decision, that I had my recourse on the estate of Sillery. This I in fact had; but as I have said, I have constantly refused to profit by it, and I gave up my dowry entirely to my children.

In my conversation with M. de Valence, I added, that being in want of money at this moment, I

claimed the portion which resulted to me from the property of my grand-uncle Dessaleux, on the whole of which Madame de Montesson had seized, and of which one-third belonged to me; he left among other things, without country plate, and furniture, and ready money, the estate of Pannats, near Avallon; this estate was valued at five thousand francs a year, and there was a pretty chateau belonging to it. Madame de Montesson did not scruple to offer me the sum of ten thousand francs, once paid, for my share. I had nothing---I was in the greatest difficulties---and I was compelled to accept the offer. She made me sign an act, by which I agreed never to lay claim to any thing further. If I had even got this sum in ready money, I should have been enabled to free myself from all my difficulties, because I should have had time to compose a work, and sell it to advantage; but I had not had the precaution to put this clause in my bargain, and I never received these ten thousand francs but in small sums, and at various dates; yet I was obliged to purchase all that was necessary, to furnish my apartments---a little kitchen furniture, a provision of linen, and a small assortment of silver articles. In this difficulty, I thought of bringing out a new edition of my *Rival Mothers*, with an additional volume. I was advised to sell

it to Henrichs, the bookseller, who offered me four thousand francs for it, which I accepted. But I was foolish enough not to have a written agreement with him; the edition was sold off in a fortnight, and Henrichs refused to give me a farthing. Maradan then called on me, and offered me twelve hundred francs a year to write in the *Bibliothèque des Romans*, which had not at that time forty subscribers; to which I consented. I wrote in this my first tale, called *Le Malencontreux*, which succeeded so well that the number of subscribers was immediately quintupled. I afterwards gave *The Hermits of the Pontine Marshes*. I knew, as I have already stated, that the Duchess of Orleans was exceedingly anxious to return to France; I wrote this tale with the sole intention of exciting an interest in her favour, and of seconding the design she entertained of returning to her country. The permission she solicited was refused; but I had nevertheless the merit of a pure-spirited, and courageous action, which must have been highly displeasing to the government of that day. I afterwards wrote the most touching eulogy of her virtues in the *Souvenirs de Félicie*. I have never let slip any opportunity of praising her, and of doing homage to her character. The *Souvenirs of Félicie* awakened in my favour many old *recol-*

*lections.* A friend who, previous to that time, had preserved them all, (M. de Cabre,) sent me the following charming verses:

Seule, vous centuplez le temps,
Par tant de talens, de magie,
Qu'il vous doit bien quelque cent ans:
Lui seul le peut, *qu'il vous oublie.*
Non, vous ne vieillirez jamais,
Vous dont l'art donne à tout la vie,
Puisque moi-même je renais
Des souvenirs de Félicie.

After the *Malencontreux,* I published two novels, and *Mademoiselle de Clermont,* of which the success was so extraordinary, that Maradan, of his own accord, had the politeness to give me four thousand francs, instead of twelve hundred, for the *Bibliothèque des Romans.* In four months after, I bought furniture, and went to fix myself in the Rue d'Enfer. Amidst all these labours, and all my difficulties, Casimir was my greatest consolation; I amused myself with teaching him to play on the harp---an instrument on which he has since done wonders.

My successes, in the mean time, had the effect of awakening somewhat of kindness in Madame de Montesson towards me; she made me a sort of apology for her former reception of me, and I

returned to visit her. On this occasion, her behaviour to me formed a complete contrast to what it was on the last; she received me with exaggerated demonstrations of affection, which continued up to her death. She never, however, rendered me a single service, nor did I ever ask her a favour; and in her will she disinherited me.

In a few days after my establishment in the Rue d'Enfer, I received the following polite letter from M. de la Harpe, which greatly surprised me:

"Madam,

"It is, doubtless, somewhat singular to reply now at Paris, to a letter written from Holstein near four years ago. But we are now accustomed to singularities of every description, and this one belongs to the revolutionary genus. Here are the facts.

"The letter with which you honoured me, reached me at the moment of the crisis of *Fructidor*. Being obliged to fly, and to conceal myself, I regarded it as a necessary precaution, that my handwriting, which was known, should not be seen at the post-office, in any manner whatever. You are aware, that all letters, without exception, were opened there; mine would, assuredly, have been perfectly indifferent to the public. But you know

what the Directory was, and what its members were capable of, having possession of any letter of mine, whatever were its contents. I was pursued with fury already, and I did not wish to give other arms to my enemies.

"Besides, Madam, the sentiments which dictated your letter, which touched me to the bottom of my soul, might have satisfied you by anticipation of the nature of mine; on the one side and the other, they were the fruit of principles common to both; the public profession which I made of them, and shall always make, allowed me to bear no feelings of resentment against any one, more especially against you, Madam, to whom I owed the deepest gratitude, for the numerous kindnesses you honoured me with, during the too short period of our acquaintance. Founded, as this feeling happily was, on the love of letters alone, and the charm of your talents, it could never have occasioned to either of us any thing approaching to regret or repentance, and you yourself knew how to guard me against the seduction, which another kind of charm might have rendered dangerous to my peace. This is a piece of justice which is due to you; as to that due to your works, you will find it in its proper place, in the book I am now finishing.

"If mistrust, or the trifling niceties of self-love have contributed to put an end to a connection which to me will be always dear, you are now as capable as any one of appreciating these literary vanities. Your letter assures me of this, and as far as I am concerned, I can only beg you to add to your former kindness, that of excusing any wrongs I may have been guilty of towards you. For you, Madam, if you think I have ever offered you any, be assured the step which you have been pleased to take will efface them; it does honour to yourself, still more than to me, or rather it is a homage to him who is the Author of all Good.

"Accept, Madam, the respectful assurances of my gratitude.

LA HARPE."

"P. S.—The retired way in which I live, prevented me from knowing till within the last two days, your return to Paris, or your address."

A short time afterwards I received another letter, which contains a paragraph so curious, that I have preserved it.

*Holiness* suddenly and completely changes the disposition; a soul suddenly enlightened by the truths of religion, and giving itself to God without reserve, seizes with rapidity all the virtues and all

the perfections which often are the fruit of a long but indolent penitence, which though, nevertheless, sustained by sincere faith, exhibits neither ardour nor enthusiasm. Thus the simple fact of a conversion never destroys but in the long run; a ruling defect, and that of M. La Harpe was coxcombry. In the letter to which I have just alluded, after some phrases relative to our past quarrels, he adds: "That, nevertheless, throughout, he has rendered justice to my character, and that he had even justified me from several calumnies, *saying boldly that he had loved me, but that I had always resisted him!*" . . . .

I replied as well as I could to this singular letter. He called upon me. I congratulated him from the bottom of my soul on his conversion; and reminded him, that long before the revolution I had predicted it. He replied, that in reality his mind had been always struck with the proofs of religion, with its grandeur and its morality, and that he had only been seduced from *that single object of his existence by the attractions of pleasure.* These were his very words. He told me that he reserved one day in the week for *his friends*; and on that day they all came to visit him, merely *to talk.* He pressed me earnestly to go, and I made a vague promise that I would. But on

making inquiries on the subject, I learned that these assemblies, always consisting of twenty-five or thirty persons, formed at once a *bureau d'esprit* and a *mystical and political assembly;* so as I never had any taste for secret associations, except such as had for their object the relief of the poor, I determined not to go. M. de La Harpe wrote me two notes on the subject. The following was a phrase in the first: "*You ought really to belong to us.*" This expression *to us* confirmed my belief of what I had been told. I persisted in refusing to visit him. I excused myself on the ground of my occupations and my *sauvagerie*, which entirely cooled his ardour about me. He never returned to my house, and our reconciliation stopped here. Afterwards these meetings came to be regarded as seditious, and M. de La Harpe was exiled to the environs of Paris. As it is certain that the members of this society confined themselves to speaking freely of the government, without plotting against it, such severity towards M. de La Harpe was unjust and ill-judged; the talents and the age of M. de La Harpe merited not only particular attention, but all kinds of favours and literary distinctions. He received none under the imperial government, and yet they were lavished upon literary men who were in all respects inferior to

him. His health already weak at the time of his exile, soon became altogether broken: he felt his end approaching, and he saw death before him with all the firmness of a Christian. When he knew that he had but a few days to live, he asked for and received all the sacraments. At the same time he wrote to his friend M. de Fontanes, whom he wished to see before he died. M. de Fontanes immediately came to him, and found M. de La Harpe in full possession of his memory and his senses, and of sentiments of the most exalted piety. Two hours before his death, he caused the prayers for the dying to be repeated, making himself the responses in a touching yet firm tone. Thus died, banished to a village, the first man of letters of his time, and one of the best critics of his age. I derive all the details relative to his death from M. de Fontanes, by whom I heard them related a few days afterwards at the house of my aunt Madame de Montesson.

M. de La Harpe, as a poet, had a great deal of talent; there are many charming pieces in his fugitive poetry, and the versification of his dramatic works in general is fine. Nevertheless, he may justly be accused of occasional false taste and some nonsense. M. de Voltaire secured himself against these defects, and the bad taste which

had become general towards the middle of the reign of Louis XV. M. de La Harpe would always have been an excellent moralist, if false philosophy had not misdirected at an early age, both his principles and his understanding. He would have been always the first of critics if self-love and literary ambition had not prodigiously influenced all his opinions. His *Course of Literature* is in general an excellent work; but impartiality is wanting throughout. In order to maintain in it his early opinions, and especially the unbounded flattery which he had once lavished on Voltaire, he strives too much to conceal the defects in the dramatic pieces of that author, and more particularly the faults of all his plots. *Zaïre* is far too highly praised, and is preferred to all his plays; though, certainly, true critics will always prefer *Brutus*, *Alzire*, and *Mahomet* to *Zaïre*. He does not sufficiently praise Racine; he is unjust to Crébillon, and is shockingly so towards Du Belloy; in short, he excuses in general many faults, merely because they are to be found in his own writings. He may be also reproached with not being sufficiently read in the old poets; he had not at all studied that part of our literature. It is also to be lamented that he had so superficial an idea of foreign literature, especially of English, though

he has written separate dissertations on Shakspeare. He has spoken of him very ignorantly, because he judged him only by the mockeries of Voltaire, and by some translations; he did not know a word of English. This ignorance of modern languages was common to all the men of letters of the last century. In spite of all I have said, however, the *Course of Literature* of M. de La Harpe, is a work made to last, and must be always useful. There is throughout the work an admirable refutation of philosophical principles, and it developes a superior understanding and infinite wit. The time at which M. de La Harpe published this *course*, might of itself immortalize his memory. It was amidst triumphant impiety that he had the courage to proclaim, without regard to personal consequences, his beautiful and lofty lessons. He suffered many insults, he was pursued and persecuted, and he made himself many new enemies; but he braved all, and endured all, for the sake of maintaining the cause of religion and of truth. His conversion gave his character and his mind an energy, a warmth, and a zeal, which they had never before possessed; yet ten years afterwards his enemies did not scruple to say that he was only a hypocrite. The epoch of his conversion,

and the years that passed up to the time of his death, are a sufficient reply to this absurd accusation.

I resume my narrative.

I was scarcely fixed in the Rue d'Enfer, when Maradan the bookseller called on me to beg I would interest myself in behalf of a young man called M. Fiévée, author of two novels—the one entitled *Frederic*, the other *La Dot de Suzette*—who was in prison for his political opinions.* I immediately occupied myself with the task of obtaining his liberty, and I had the good fortune to succeed. While he was still in prison, he sent his young friend to thank me for the steps I was taking in his favour; the young man was clever and amiable; I felt great pleasure in conversing with him, and gave him a letter to M. Fiévée, to which the following answer was returned:

"MADAM,

"YOU require me to write to you. After the works which prove your talents, your information, and your principles; after the interest you have shown in my fate without knowing me, an interest

* This persecution should now be regarded as honourable to him, seeing it related to an alleged correspondence with Louis XVIII.—(*Note by the Author.*)

which at once honours me and proves your love of justice, there are still, I find, other qualities to be discovered in you! I should be reduced to guess at them, however, were it not for the visits of Théodore; but, after having seen him several times, do you imagine I could be ignorant of the charming goodnature which renders your society so agreeable, and that attention of remarking in others whatever is most to their advantage? He speaks of you so much and so well, that I am sure I know you far better than many who have had the pleasure of being often in your company.

"I sometimes smile at the idea of our first interview, perhaps only because it is impossible for me to figure to myself any idea of it.

"It would not be surprising to me if, from the very first we talked to each other like old acquaintances, who converse together without self-love, because their intimacy excludes it, and without scruple, because persons who can boast of some good qualities, are not angry to hear themselves reproached with some faults. This it is which gives its true value to praise! we shall succeed in forgetting that we have had wit for the public, and then it will be easy for us to omit all display of it between ourselves. I shall scold you for your friendship for Théodore, because it makes

him too vain: you will readily find reasons for scolding me in your turn, and I assure you he will be delighted to see his Mentor at last under the yoke. Upon the whole, I am convinced that you and he will always make two against me.

"Farewell, Madam; you will perceive that after having begun by moralizing, I end by talking nonsense; is not this too often the custom?"

He came afterwards to pay me a visit of thanks, and we formed together an intimate friendship, which lasted till the restoration. At that period, M. Fiévée without quarrelling, without any discussion, or any bad behaviour on his part, ceased altogether to see or to write to me. I regretted this, because I had a sincere friendship for him, and duly appreciated his understanding and his talents. I have a right in this instance to complain of his injustice in point of friendship, though I have none to accuse him of ingratitude. I rendered him one service, which he returned, by rendering me another highly important one, which I did not require at his hands, and which might have exposed him to risk, as will be seen hereafter in these memoirs.

I remained only nine months in the Rue d'Enfer. Finding it too expensive for me to live at

Paris, I went to fix myself at Versailles, where I hired a small house in the *Avenue de Paris*.* I had increased my family by two persons; the one, my god-daughter, fourteen years of age, the daughter of M. Alyon, who was one of the persons employed in the education of the princes at Belle-Chasse; the other, a young German girl of seventeen, very pretty and clever, who drew very agreeably, and composed in her own tongue verses which announced the highest talent. There was poetry in her blood; her grandmother, whose name was Karschin, had possessed a very high reputation in this way. Her history is singular, and was as follows :—

She kept sheep in Silesia, and nature had formed her so completely a poet, that when spinning in her cottage or in the fields she composed beautiful verses; she composed an ode in praise of Frederick the Great, who was then alive; a traveller brought this piece of verse from Silesia

* I had been thirteen months in France, and besides the works of which I have spoken, I had published an additional volume of the *Annales de la Vertu*, which had been almost entirely written in Germany, as well as my new *Method of Teaching*. I also wrote my *Hours* for children, a work much wanted, and which has gone through an infinite number of editions: and lastly, I published my new edition of the *Little La Bruyère*, to the end of which I added several new thoughts.—(*Note by the Author.*)

to Berlin, and it produced a great sensation: the king wished to know the name of the author, and being unable to persuade himself that a shepherdess had such talents, he sent for her out of Silesia—she was presented to the king, in her peasant's dress; his majesty was delighted with her talents; she composed pretty verses in his presence on subjects with which he furnished her; the prince gave her a pension; she fixed herself at Berlin, and was married there. Her grand-daughter Helmina inherited all her talent for poetry.

I was very unwell at Versailles, yet I continued to work: my situation obliged me to do so, and as I never would allow this to any one, my friends were perpetually remonstrating with me on my *unreasonableness*: this inspired me one day with the following lines, which I have never either published or shown, but which I find in an old manuscript book. Here they are:—

Et malade et souffrant, un malheureux auteur,
Languissament assis à son pupitre,
En gémissant composoit une épître
Sur la gaieté, sur le bonheur.
Dans ce moment arrive son docteur,
Qui mécontent de le voir à l'ouvrage,
L'exhorte à devenir plus sage
Si de ses maux il veut guérir.

"Hélas! répond l'auteur, en poussant un soupir,
Ce conseil est trés-bon, que ne puis-je le suivre!
Je ne travaille pas, ami, pour mon plaisir;
Croyez-moi, ce n'est pas la gloire qui m'enivre;
Qui mieux que moi sauroit jouir
Des charmes d'un heureux loisir! . . . .
Mais je suis obligé de me tuer pour vivre."

A grievous vexation which occurred to me at Versailles, rendered my abode there very disagreeable to me; my nephew and pupil Cæsar, after having displayed so much valour and even rashness in the war, after having often had his clothes pierced through with balls, without having been once wounded—was killed in a national fête with the wooden part of some artificial fireworks. Thus perished, at the age of twenty-eight, a young man of the best disposition, the highest accomplishments, virtues, wit, and talents; and whose excellent conduct and prudence have never varied. I have rarely seen so much gaiety and so many agreeable accomplishments united to so much steadiness. I was seriously ill for two months; and having determined on returning to Paris, I petitioned the government for a house: I was offered that of Mademoiselle Arnoult, formerly an actress of the opera, who was dying, and had not two months to live: she lodged at the Hotel d'An-

gevillers. This name was that of an emigrant,* a relation of M. de Genlis; he had occupied that hotel in quality of a superintendant of the arts. The house belonged to the government, but as it bore the name of Angevillers, I was afraid it might be regarded as family property, and that I might have been thought to have profited by a confiscation: this was carrying delicacy too far, but I thought I was only doing what was right in refusing the lodging; I got one at the Arsenal; it was very handsome, and contiguous to the library. The minister, M. Chaptal, gave orders that they should lend me all the books I asked for, which was done.

During the two first years of my residence at the Arsenal, I continued to write in the *Bibliothéque des Romans;* afterwards wishing to finish without disturbance the romance of the *Duchess of La Vallière,* which I had begun, and which indeed was considerably advanced, I ceased writing in the *Bibliothèque des Romans,* which then lost its subscribers. A short time before the publication of *Madame de la Vallière,* M. Fiévée, who was in correspondence with the first consul, knowing that neither myself nor any person of my family had ever tried to recommend me to the

* Brother of M. de Flahaut.

head of the government, told me he was determined to write that I had recovered none of my property on my return to France, and that I lived entirely by my works; I thanked M. Fiévée, but entreated him not to take a step which would certainly compromise him, as the first consul only allowed him to write on political matters: M. Fiévée however generously persisted, and the consequence of his letter was, that the first consul sent M. de Rémusat, prefect of the palace, to me, to inform me that the first consul had now, for the first time, heard of my situation; *that if he had known it on my first arrival in France, it should have been immediately improved; and that he requested me to demand whatever was wanting to make me happy.* As my first emotions are always romantic, I replied that I could live very well by my labours, and that I should never solicit any thing.

It was at the Arsenal, as I have stated, that I wrote the romance of *Madame de La Vallière:* I wanted money and sold for a hundred louis for three years, that work, which in the space of two years, went through eight editions in 8vo, and ten in 12mo. This romance put the age of Louis XIV. extremely in fashion.

Even the newspapers treated my work well;

*Madame de Vallière* was the favourite subject of conversation in society: I never met any one in company, who did not pronounce that name with the epithets *charming* or *ravishing* attached to it. This went to such lengths that I became at last quite annoyed at it, and I listened to all such compliments in fits of absence, as I proved one night at the house of Madame de Lacours. There was a large party, and I was sitting alone on a sofa, when a lady, as clever as she is amiable, (Madame de Remusat,) came and sat down by me, and, as usual, began to converse about Madame de La Vallière. As in the course of the evening I had heard the compliment repeated upwards of thirty times, I fell into a complete fit of absence, and replied unconsciously, "*Oh yes, it is charming, ravishing.*" The surprise which showed itself in the face of Madame de Remusat, at once discovered to me the blunder I had made; I accordingly repaired my mistake, by frankly relating to her the fact, which she thought droll enough. She laughed heartily, and related the anecdote to every body for several days. But I was not equally indifferent to the suffrage of a certain distinguished person; it caused me a delight approaching to enthusiasm; one of my friends, Madame de Bon, wrote me the following note:—

"I must tell you, my dear, that the first consul read *Madame de La Vallière* the day before yesterday, that he read it through without once stopping, and that he was affected by it to tears. This is a positive fact; I was informed of it by M. de Fontanes, who was told so by the consul himself. Marigné says, that I send you the consul's tears, which are better than verses; the truth is, that the circumstance has infinitely delighted me. Farewell, you, whom I adore, and for whom I would sacrifice my life.

"ELIZABETH."

This note delighted me; I was proud of making the man weep who had just restored religion, order, and peace, who had saved my country from anarchy, and who was the greatest captain of the age. In the first moments of my enchantment at my success, I wrote an impromptu in verse, which I sent immediately to Madame de Bon. She gave the verses to M. de Fontanes, who, without delay, transmitted them to the first consul. I regret that I did not preserve a copy of them, for there was in them a certain *inspiration* which truth and feeling are always sure to give.

Madame de Brosseron, after reading the same work, made me a present of a charming original

portrait of Madame de la Vallière in her youth; and subsequently, Mr. Craufurd took from his fine collection of portraits, that of Madame de Maintenon, a full length picture, in which she was painted as large as life, and seated. At the time of the restoration, I sold this picture to the late Duchess Dowager of Orleans. It is now in the superb gallery of his Royal Highness the Duke of Orleans.

I received on the same occasion, from an excellent literary critic, (M. Fiévée,) the letter which I here quote:

"I did not give any note to the person who brought me *Madame de la Vallière*, because I wished to send you something more than thanks: I have read to page one hundred and nine, and I must write to you before going to bed.

"Your preface is good; your work better than any thing you have yet done—better than any thing I have ever read; and you know that I do not often pay compliments. At page one hundred and nine, where I am forced to stop, I can only say to you, in the words of Father Anselm, *Persevere*. What truth in all the details! what grace and what depth in the reflections!—and the portraits! You will be able to explain to me why

their truth makes me smile with a smile which is not allied to gaiety; it seems to me, that it springs from the pleasure I feel in being able to discover all the movements of the human heart. Since I have known you, this is the first work of yours I have read without thinking of you; it seems to me that you are no more, for I think you must have been an eye-witness of what you are describing."

I obtained another suffrage, which procured me a charming letter from the Count de Ségur,* (the

* Nothing can more clearly paint the Count de Ségur, than the portrait which that illustrious person has drawn of himself, in the first volume of his memoirs. It is as follows:

"My situation, my birth, my connexions, both by friendship and relationship, with all the most eminent persons in the court of Louis XV. and Louis XVI.; the ministry headed, by my father, my travels in America, my negociations in Russia and Prussia, the advantage of having known, both in public and private, Catherine II., Frederic the Great, Potemkin, Joseph II., Gustavus III., Washington, Kosciusko, La Fayette, Nassau, Mirabeau, and Napoleon, as well as the chiefs, both of the aristocratic and democratic parties, and the most illustrious writers of my time; all which I have seen, performed, experienced, and suffered during the revolution—my strange alternations of happiness and misery, of credit and disgrace, of favour and proscription, of wealth and poverty—all the various occupations which my fate has compelled me to engage in—persuade me, that a sketch of my life may turn

elder,) which contains a very judicious criticism on a very bad description of romances, which, for some time past seemed to be getting into fashion.

"Madam,

"Madame de Valence has sent me the copy of *Madame de la Vallière*, which you had the goodness to direct to me. Receive, I entreat you, my best thanks for so amiable a mark of your remembrance. You render me but justice, if you think that I feel all the value of the purity of taste and style, which you, perhaps, alone preserve in the present day, and which renders your works worthy of the best days of our literature. *Madame de la Vallière* is, in my opinion, the work of which you have most reason to be proud; you have perfectly new-made a subject familiar to every body,

out piquant and interesting, since chance has decreed that I should successively have performed the parts of colonel, general, traveller, navigator, courtier, son of a minister, ambassador, negociator, prisoner, agriculturalist, soldier, elector, poet, dramatic author, newspaper editor, publicist, historian, deputy, counsellor of state, senator, academician, and peer of France.

"I have, of course, seen men and things, under all their aspects; sometimes, through the prism of good luck, at others, through the crape of misfortune—and my views have been leisurely taken, by the light of the torch of mild philosophy."

and you have thrown over it all the interest of a romance, without altering the authenticity of history; the simplicity of the subject is a rock on which you have not split; all that is an event to a passionate heart, has stood to you in place of the adventures, combats, and catastrophes, which are the sole resource of the greater part of romance-writers. You have the art of creating situations so touching and so varied, that you have succeeded in painting simplicity and constancy, without monotony, and without languor. The triumph of piety, after so long a combat between love and remorse, renders this romance highly moral, and innocence itself may peruse it, without any danger to the charm which the reading of it bestows. I beg you, Madam, to receive the assurance of my gratitude and my respect.

"SEGUR."

Some months after, I published *Madame de Maintenon;* this completed the general admiration for that brilliant age, and produced me the following letter from M. de Fontanes, whom I scarcely knew:

Madam,

I was equally surprised and flattered by your

doing me the honour to send me a copy of the last of your works. I never had the pleasure of knowing you, but through the pleasure the reading of them gave me. It has been said, that Fenelon was the first writer who had the art of rendering virtue amiable. In my opinion, *you* share that glory with him. Fenelon had his enemies, and, of course, you must have yours. The injustice of which you seem to complain in your writings belongs to every age. I doubt, even in an age more worthy of you, whether the Mesdames de Sevigné and La Fayette would have pardoned you for surpassing them. It is true, that the La Rochefoucaults, the La Fontaines, and the La Bruyères, would have been at your feet---but where are they at this day?

"Accept, Madam, my thanks and my respect.

"FONTANES."

The engravings illustrative of these works were to be found in all the shops; the government at last began to feel some umbrage at this kind of enthusiasm, and an order from the police, severely executed, forbade all the dealers to expose or sell plates from these two romances. I wrote at this time, the *Penitent Life of Madame de la Vallière*. The severity of the government, with regard to

these works, astonished me the more, as the emperor had greatly praised them, and even my novel, entitled *A Trait in the Life of Henry IV.*, which was made into a vaudeville, under another name. M. Dupaty wrote a pretty comic opera from *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, under the name of *Mademoiselle de Guise*. When this piece was printed, it was dedicated to me by the author; the dedication in verse is charming, and in the best taste. There have also been brought on the stage most of my novels; among others, *Ida, or the Green Petticoat; Family Meetings;* and *A Woman's Prejudices*, in which my song has been inserted; the *Lovers without Love;* and the *Husband turned Tutor*. It was the latter novel, which a man of letters, justly celebrated, (M. Etienne,) brought on the stage, under the title of *La Jeune Femme Colère*. A work thus metamorphosed, when it succeeds, discovers all the talent which is to be found in a good translation; so many things must be altered in a borrowed subject, that the author, who has chosen it, rightly appropriates to himself all the merit, and moreover adds new traits from his own imagination. There are also borrowed from my novels and romances, *Arthur and Sophonia; Clara*, from the *Siege of Rochelle; Belisaire*, from my piece of the same name; the

*Knights of the Lion*, from my *Knights of the Swan*; *and Camilla in the Cavern*, from *Adèle et Théodore*. Even of my comedies, two have been travestied; one, *La Cloison*, of which has been made *Aucassin et Nicolette*; the other, *La Curieuse*, from which M. Duval has so ingeniously framed his interesting drama, *Edward in Scotland*.* Many other things have been borrowed from my works, without counting plagiarisms. I have never noticed any of them, but that of Madame Cottin, whose novel, called *Malvina*, is altogether founded upon my *Vœux Téméraires*. I passed over the plagiarisms of Madame Gay, who made a romance out of two of my tales; the one of which is to be found in the *Souvenirs of Félicie*, of which the hero is a mute; the other called *The Rencontres*. If I were disposed to reclaim all that has been stolen from me, I should have to add another volume to these memoirs.

Some time afterwards, M. de Lavalette wrote to me, that the first consul, now emperor, desired I would write to him once a fortnight, *on politics, finances, literature; and morals, as well as on any*

* The King of Sweden, (who was assasinated, and who did such benevolent things to the blind man of Spa,) did me the honour of translating my play, *La Curieuse*, into Swedish.—*(Note by the Author.)*

*other subjects that might occur to me.* I never wrote to him either on politics or finance; I never requested any favour for myself, though I have asked many for others; he granted almost all my requests, without ever writing me a single line. I never said a word against my enemies; often I have spoken in their favour; I wrote to him nearly every month, but my subjects were only religion, and morals, literature, and the philosophers of the last century;* it was not my fault if he did not become religious. I know, through M. de Talleyrand and others, that he highly esteemed my letters, in which he found sense, frankness, and sometimes gaiety. This kind of correspondence made me a prodigious number of new enemies, some through envy, and others, because they were persuaded that I only amused the emperor by speaking ill of all other persons; this calumny touched me deeply. I replied to it by a note, which I inserted in *Madame de Maintenon,* and which formed a complete answer to such a base accusation. I said in that note, in reference to the pure

* There was a species of courage in writing to him against the philosophers, for every body knew, and I did not forget, that the emperor, while first consul, had paid a visit to Madame Helvetius, saying, that he wished to see the widow of a great man. —*(Note by the Author.)*

correspondence of Fenelon, found among the papers of the Duke of Burgundy, after his death, that a person must have the blackest of hearts to speak against any one in a correspondence of this kind, when it is secret, and when it is addressed to a person of such rank. I added, that *it proved a want of respect to the prince who was addressed, not to dread his contempt and indignation against the professor of sentiments so base.* The following is the note at length:

"We have witnessed the publication of the correspondence of a man of letters with a foreign prince, but in a very different vein: I allude to that of M. de La Harpe, with the Grand Duke of Russia. There is none of the talent of M. de La Harpe to be found in that frivolous production; but what renders it most odious is the impiety and wickedness with which it abounds. We are wanting in respect to a prince when we correspond with him about our enmities and our literary quarrels; for, independent of all principle, if we esteemed the character of the prince, we should be disposed to display some delicacy and generosity, and should conceal our meanness and our vanity. I even go the length of thinking, that in a commerce of the kind, a man of letters ought to refrain from rendering a critical account of the writings of his enemies.

The correspondence of M de la Harpe consists entirely of a false or exaggerated detail of his successes, of satires, consequently, of falsehoods, and anecdotes of scandal: what opinion, then, must he have had of the Grand Duke of Russia?"

The above note justified me completely; the calumniators were reduced to silence, but the enemies remained.

I never kept any copy of my correspondence with the emperor, but I have preserved some notes of a moral and religious kind, which formed a part of my letters. Here are some of these fragments:

"SIRE,

"As I wish my conduct in all respects to be open to the eyes of your Majesty, I think it right to submit to you the following statement:

"I have received for the first time, since the last fifteen years, a letter from Madame de Bourbon, dated from Barcelona. She states, that she has written a great deal about religion, . . . . that she does not wish to publish her manuscripts, but she is desirous that I should see them, and correct the style, if I should approve of the substance of the thoughts. I did not think it right to refuse

the request of Madame de Bourbon, in her present situation; I have always been partial to that clever princess, who has a great deal of originality in her character, and many attaching qualities---among others, the most perfect sincerity; besides, I should be delighted to succeed in turning her thoughts from writing. I have replied, that I was highly honoured by her confidence; and that since she esteemed me qualified, I should read her manuscripts, in order to give her my frank opinion about them. Her letter reached me by a person unknown, of whose name and address I am ignorant, and whom I did not see, as he came to call on me at the Arsenal, where he gave the letter to a woman, whom I left in charge of my furniture. He has not returned since.

"It is now twelve or fifteen days since this occurred; I gave my answer to one of my friends, who forwarded it by the post, under cover, to a merchant residing at Barcelona. Since my return to France, I have not had the least correspondence with any persons resident in foreign countries, who might, by their situation or their opinions, be discontented with the government.

"Even in foreign lands, while despoiled and proscribed, I conducted myself in the same manner. Before returning to France, I had ceased to

write to the Duke of Orleans from the month of April, 1794; I have had no correspondence with his royal brothers since 1792. Mademoiselle d'Orleans must always be the dearest to me of all my pupils; she feels towards me the deepest gratitude, and the liveliest friendship; she constantly wrote to me as long as I was in a foreign country, but she has entirely ceased to do so, since I have resided in France. I know this has been entirely through discretion, for I have, from time to time, heard of her indirectly. However, after a five years' silence, she wrote me, three months ago, a long letter, only, however, expressive of her tenderness; to this I replied, and here our correspondence stopped. I have preserved that letter, as well as Madame de Bourbon's. These are all my relations with that unfortunate family, for which I once disinterestedly sacrificed myself, without any other motive than that of the tenderest attachment, which has never been adequately recompensed, but by the angelic disposition, the charming talents, the perfect good sense, and the sentiments of Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her brothers.

"In England, I have seen nothing but a political attachment to religion; and the multiplicity of sects there produces, moreover, a scepticism almost universal; but the Catholics in that country

as they make great sacrifices for their religion, are attached to it with all their hearts. I have noticed the same thing in Holland, and have had occasion to remark it still more strongly in Germany. There it was that I had occasion to acquire another proof of the profoundness of the views of Bossuet, who predicted in his *Variations*, that all the Protestants would end in becoming *Socinians*, as it is in the nature of error, when persisted in, to go astray constantly more and more. All the Protestant pastors are in general deists. They scarcely ever pronounce in their sermons the name of Jesus Christ. Nothing is more ridiculously profane than their discourses from the pulpit. At Berlin, I heard the pastor of the French Protestant church, a preacher highly renowned in that town, (M. Ancillon,) speak of nothing in the pulpit but of *sensibility*, of friendship, of that *divine sentiment*; and in a pastoral exhortation, on occasion of a marriage, he said, in speaking of women, *that enchanting sex*. This discourse, equally insipid and absurd, was printed; I brought a copy of it with me. This misplaced tone, which is in such bad taste, sufficiently proves astonishing degeneracy in the religious notions, both among priests and auditors. The people in these countries are not attached to their religion; they allow their

children to be brought up in the Catholic religion. I can cite two examples among my own pupils—Lady Edward Fitzgerald, and the child I brought with me from Berlin."

The following was written to the emperor on the subject of old age.

"In my youth, I always promised in my own mind that I should study that age in myself if ever I became old: I am now old, and I keep my word. I formerly viewed with horror the prospect of such a state, which is to be sure sufficiently terrible in perspective to a woman when she is gay, animated, brilliant, and surrounded with admirers. . . . . An aged monarch, whose reign has been marked by goodness and glory, presents a divine view of old age: we are tempted to offer him our adoration. An old warrior, or an aged magistrate, who have done their duty, inspire us with profound veneration. But, an old woman! . . . . the very name is cruel! . . . . I have met with very few old women after my own taste, even among those who are reckoned amiable. Some had an air of affected mildness, and a honeyed tone which looked like hypocrisy: others displayed a gaiety which was either unnatural, or which took away

from them all the dignity of their age. Some affected tiresome gravity; others talked and told stories too much: besides, what effect does an old woman produce in a party? First of all, she disfigures it; and next, is it not ridiculous that the art of the embroiderer, of the jeweller, and the milliner, should be thrown away on the embellishment of a face sixty years old? Shakspeare says, that a great charge which has once been in the hands of a man of genius, and which afterwards devolves upon a fool, is like *the habit of a giant worn by a dwarf*. What would he say of an elegant head-dress made by Leroi, to be put on the head of an old woman? Yet, we see this daily; we even see these queens, who have been long dethroned, wearing diadems of diamonds and flowers. It has always seemed to me so difficult, not to say impossible, for an old woman to be pleasing in public, that there is something of mockery in her appearance there, unless she is constrained to be in society by a positive duty. But if she is frank and good-humoured, if she is well acquainted with society, her intimate acquaintance may be agreeable, provided always, that she has not a fury for relating anecdotes, and never tells stories but in their right places.

"Cicero is the author who has said the best

things on old men: he says that they are like wines, which time either improves or turns sour.

"There exist some human creatures who have not been vicious, and who in the course of their lives have been thought neither weak nor foolish, who nevertheless, when they get to the age of seventy, think seriously that they were created for no other purposes but to dress, breakfast, dine, sup, play at piquet and sleep.

"Whoever is capable of reflecting, must be very unhappy in old age, when, in throwing a glance on the past, he sees only a long series of years passed in unthinking idleness: and when in the space of more than half a century, he finds not the useful and active life of an intelligent being, but the shameful vegetation of a brute.

"When an old man is exempt from infirmities, preserves his intellectual faculties, and is religious, he is in a state of habitual happiness, which, in his youth, he could never have known. He is naturally freed from all social obligations; and this fortunate freedom of course, doubles to him the years which remain. He will not regret pleasures which do not belong to his age: if he has a good understanding, he will have been fatigued and satiated with them long before he has been obliged to renounce them. The future which lies before

him is short, but he is completely the master of it, and he can dispose of his time without dreading that his resolutions may be crossed or overthrown by his passions, his impulses, or his imprudence. He knows the true value of things; he no longer frets himself about trifles; he is calm, and judges accurately: and this is the whole secret of a wise man's behaviour. If his presence no longer excites turbulent joy or gaiety, it inspires respect and veneration. Well educated young people do not dispute with him the deference which is due to his age: for, when you honour an old man, to whose age you may one day attain, you honour yourself in prospective; and nothing is more attaching than the conversation of an old man who does not abuse the privilege of being listened to with interest and attention. In short, the physical weakness and even the debility of age, has its compensations. That light sense of weariness, which gives its habitual heaviness without the feeling of suffering, renders the slumbers and the rest of old age so sweet! Sitting down in a comfortable arm-chair, especially on returning from a walk—tasting the charms of a perfect calm, or sometimes amidst an agreeable reverie, yielding for a few moments to sleep—these are the true pleasures of age, and these are daily renewed.

"It is inconceivable how an old man can give himself up to ill-humour, anger, avarice or ambition, and thereby render himself intolerable to all that surround him. About to quit every thing as he is, to what purpose are all the honours he is soliciting, the wealth he is amassing, or all the superfluities of luxury which he is accumulating about him? He has no longer time for any thing but *giving* and *forgiving*. What man is there who, when he is preparing to expatriate himself for ever, should think of employing the moments which are to pass before his departure in scolding, in ill-humour, in ill-treating his relatives and friends, from whom he is about to separate himself never to return to them? There is not a single person who in such a situation, does not desire to leave behind him regrets for his departure, and who does not endeavour to deserve to be regretted. Ah! the true wisdom in old age consists in mildness, in never failing indulgence, and in good-nature. Can these qualities which religion prescribes to all ages, be a hard task upon the old? They in nowise exclude vigour of understanding or force of mind: they may be perfectly allied with the courage which leads us fearlessly to condemn bad actions, public impiety, and corrupt principles: but an old man, who is what he ought to be,

speaks in favour of morality, without bitterness and without exaggeration. He is inaccessible to hatred, and all his endeavours are directed to making happy those who surround him; he asks nothing of them; he offers them the counsels of his wisdom and of his experience; and he is to his family and friends a watchful sentinel, placed on his post for a short time."*

The stories which circulated daily respecting the court, appeared to me so pitiful, that I produced the following fragment, addressed to the emperor:—

"It is not astonishing that, after such a commencement of our campaigns and such victories, we should be full of confidence: but it is also true that even before such brilliant successes, no one doubted of the triumph of armies commanded by such a chief. At the present day the enthusiasm is general—every one is proud of being a Frenchman: but commerce does not prosper, our merchants sell nothing, and the jewellers,

* Some persons have been pleased to cite with praise the chapter on Old Age, which I have inserted in my *Employment of Time*. I ought here to mention, that in that chapter I have regarded age under another point of view.—*(Note by the Author.)*

dealers in stuffs, embroideries, fashions, &c. &c. are particularly loud in their complaints. It is to be wished that the princes and all persons in place, should give grand dinners, concerts, &c. and should have assemblies at their houses on fixed days. This would of itself give a good appearance to Paris, would occasion the sale of stuffs, and furnish work for the artizans. All the fortunes of the present day are benefits conferred by the emperor, and those who enjoy them ought to show a disposition to concur in the views of the government; some display would, undoubtedly, at the present moment be exceedingly useful; and if princes and ministers set the example, it would be easy to engage senators and other rich persons to follow it, by means of articles inserted in the newspapers, in which such conduct should be adroitly praised, without exaggeration of any kind. It must be recollected, that the suffrage of our wealthy merchants, our great manufacturers, and even our distinguished artists, has much more influence now than formerly, because society is at present made up from all classes; their murmurs were formerly confined to their counters, but now they are echoed in our drawing rooms. I was a few days since in a house where, in general, one meets with brilliant company; there were ten or twelve

persons present, and among others, a person unknown to me, who complained greatly of the existing misery, and said, that all the houses were actually shut up; he predicted with bitterness that the winter would be a *disastrous* one, because there would be no *fêtes*—no grand dinners; and he added, in so plaintive a tone, that there would not be *a single lustre lighted* in private houses, that I said to my neighbour, "I'll wager this man sells wax candles:" and in fact it turned out that he was interested in a manufactory of that article. This man and a thousand others will applaud our exploits much more heartily, if our princes and rich people this winter keep up a brilliant appearance. Let me add, that on the contrary our houses closed, &c. announce distrust, with respect to events or finances, &c. &c. Wood is now prodigiously dear, and if the winter is severe, the poor will have great reason to complain; a few liberalities of this description, granted to the people, in the name of their majesties, would have an excellent effect. Before the revolution, all the princes of the blood caused fires to be lighted before the palace-courts; I should be happy to see such fires before the Tuileries in the absence of your majesties, if you should not return before the month of December, and I should also be glad

that money were paid to the curates to purchase wood for the poor. This sort of liberality has always a great influence on the people. Lastly, I should wish that on each victory, all persons who are in high situations, should give fêtes and have rejoicings—the courts of their houses illuminated—a great dinner—a concert—and at their doors a distribution of food for the poor. All this without having the air of being done *by command*, and as if it came from the feelings of the parties themselves.

"When the houses of the great are opened, women will dress, the merchants and workmen will be pleased; and from time to time a few public liberalities to the poor will complete the union of all hearts, and induce them all to form the same wishes."*

The following I wrote at another time to the emperor:—

"At length the Institute has bethought itself of its duties, and has decreed a prize to the fine

* These counsels were, in a great measure, immediately followed, so that in a short time people spoke of nothing but the *Asiatic* luxury of the court and of individuals.—(*Note by the Author.*)

poem, "*The Tombs of Saint Denis*," by M. de Treneuil, who has added to his work an admirable piece on the *Expiatory Altars*—a piece, which of course can only be in praise of the emperor. I have only once heard it read, and I can only recollect of it the two following splendid lines:—

> Et sans verser le sang d'une seule victime,
> L'hommage expiatoire a surpassé le crime.

"There is a fine exhortation, recommending fidelity to the French, and many other things of great beauty. M. de Treneuil is at once *a good Frenchman, an affectionate subject, and a true poet*. His character is full of frankness and honour, he is loved and esteemed by all who know him: yet he has been the occasion, or rather the subject of terrible scenes at the Institute. He has been attacked with fury—with madness—but he has been valiantly defended with all the advantage which justice and reason united can give. These details are very curious. M. de Treneuil has on his side the public and all honest men—his enemies know this, and for that reason they have determined on softening their proceedings towards him."

"The emperor admirably confirms the words of

Masellon—that *princes are upon the earth a visible providence.* How well he recompenses merit and virtue! Madame de Montesquiou is appointed *governante.* This is a choice, which in spite of the envy of some, is universally approved. I know a person who has a high name and a great deal of merit, who would admirably fill the place of her deputy—it is Madame de Lascours. She is of the proper age, she is thirty-two; her manners are charming and elegant; her reputation irreproachable, and her understanding the most remarkable with which I am acquainted among women. Her talents are beautiful, she is a musician, she plays on the piano, and paints in miniature exquisitely—but what it is impossible to praise too highly in her, is her disposition, and her agreeable manners in society. She is the only woman, without exception, whom I regard as so reasonable, so prudent, so correct, and yet so amiable, and I know that all her virtues and good qualities are genuine. I confess, that if friendship lays one open to the charge of partiality, I must have some for her; yet my esteem is only founded on the respect which I have for her virtues, and the infinite pleasure I have enjoyed in her society. I have been separated from her for the last five months, and I have so many occu-

pations, that my correspondence by way of letters is very irregular. I am totally unacquainted with her ideas about this situation; I only know that none could fill it better, and that besides her solid merits, she would have an air of fashion—a matter which seems to me by no means trifling, especially at court, where every thing ought to be dignified.

" My work on women is at length altogether stopped! I have solicited in vain permission that it should be censured from the proofs —*after a month's suspense*, this is refused me. I must give up the manuscript, of which I have no copy, full as it is of corrections and alterations, and scarcely legible. I must wait for a six week's examination, and undergo the unreasonable criticisms of a malevolent censor, who is, perhaps, my personal enemy. This is very lamentable; with intentions so pure as mine, and a heart so truly French.

" Cardinal Maury will be an excellent archbishop; he has a great deal of talent, with a sound understanding, which is at once quick and clear, firm and conciliating; he would have made a very good ambassador. He told me that nothing could be compared to the emotion he felt on taking his oath, and that the emperor, when he grants

favour does so with so much grace and majesty, that a person would feel happy at the moment, in yielding his life for him. He told me, that he trembled so as to be unable to support himself; not that he is naturally timid; for he might have said to the emperor what an old officer, intimidated by the brilliancy of royalty, said to Louis XIV. 'Sire, I do not tremble thus before your enemies!"

"Favours which have not been solicited, and which are accorded to you by surprise, have a double value. Gratitude is then a thousand times more lively; it is proportioned to your astonishment. A lucky but unexpected event, forms for ever an epoch in one's life; and the pleasure is far higher to the benefactor, because the benefit is more generously bestowed."

The following is another fragment of this correspondence:—

"The literature of Paris at the present moment presents nothing now of any interest, except three excellent articles by M. de Bonald,* which have

* M. de Bonald, sprung from an old family of Rouergue, composed during the time of the emigration a work entitled *A Theory of Power, Political and Religious,* in which he predicted the return of the Bourbons to France. This work was seized by order

appeared in *The Mercury*. In the two first he compares atheism to political anarchy, the principles of democracy to deism, and those of the Catholic religion to those of monarchical government. All this admirably well expressed and proved, will produce luminous and sublime results. His third article is a fine critique on the tragedy of the *Templars*—the only one, in my opinion, in which there is at once judgment, talent, politeness, and impartiality. I do not at all know M. de Bonald, nor am I the friend of any of his friends; I have never had any correspondence or connexion with him even of an indirect kind; but I am not the less on that account of opinion that he is a great writer, that he has an understanding, full of acuteness, and a prodigious genius. With these talents, which are of the highest kind, this author lives peaceably on his estate; he is virtuous, he is not an intriguer, he keeps himself retired; —all this is rare.

"There have appeared in print some letters from conscripts—and dialogues of conscripts, written with the best intentions; but in order to

of the Executive Directory. In 1808, Napoleon named M. de Bonald, Counsellor of the Imperial University, which place he has filled since the restoration. M. de Bonald was elected a Member of the French Academy in March 1816.—(*Note by the Editor.*)

succeed, these things should be written in the best taste; if they are not extremely clever, they fail in their purpose. I have been told that they are written *for the people*; but since I have permission to speak all my thoughts, and as they are of no consequence, it seems to me that it is not right to allow the people to suppose that we write for them in this style: for they infer from this that we wish to gain their opinions because we fear them. These small means were frequently employed at a time which we wish to forget, but in our days of glory they are at best useless. We ought to love the people, and to interest ourselves in their happiness; but we ought to be indifferent to their suffrages, on general occasions; for doubtless the sovereign ought personally to desire their love. But the mob has thus much of excellence —it naturally loves whatever it admires—especially the French, the first of all nations. I therefore think that the police ought not to think of having *composed for the people* any thing, but songs of a gay cast, fit to be sung in the streets. These have not the importance of pamphlets, and are suited at the same time to the national character; the music animates the words, and the songs are retained in the memory. This plan, which has been employed at all times, is the only one of

the kind which is good without the consequent inconveniences of the rest.

"I have discovered an expense to which the government goes, which is altogether useless, and even hurtful. The *Conservatoire de Musique* gives prizes for composition, and whoever obtains the prize is sent into Italy at the expense of the government, to *finish their studies in musical composition*. It is as if one should send a geometrician into another country to perfect himself in geometry. The rules of composition are the same every where. They are equally well understood in England or Holland, where musical genius is not rife as in Italy. It is by no means necessary to travel to Italy for the perfection of taste. Their instrumental music is very inferior to ours. Our composers are excellent. Le Sucur is very learned; Cherubini is one of the first composers of Europe, and much younger than Paesiello. He is, perhaps, the leading master at present. Besides, it is not in music as in painting, it is requisite for one to go and see the works of the great painters, but the great composers can multiply theirs by the hand of the engraver. At five hundred leagues distance we may study their *chef-d'œuvres* just as well as if they themselves were at hand. Those young men whom we should send as far, would

lose in Italy their time, their morals, and their health. That is all the gain that would ensue from such ill-placed munificence. It would be much better to give them an allowance. From attachment to my sovereign and my country, I desire that they should come amongst us, to form and instruct themselves, and that we should not evince (at all events, uselessly,) the bad taste of seeking elsewhere for information and talent. It even appears to me desirable, that we should dispense with sending the painters to Italy. The expedition is not, perhaps, of greater service to them than to the architects."

Here is yet another fragment which I addressed to the emperor.

"Those who regret times past, only to undervalue and often to calumniate the present, lament without ceasing the decline of literature, of arts, and of manners. In all ages, certain individuals have exhibited this rage for detraction. During each succeeding reign, they have lauded the preceding one, in order to depreciate that under which they lived, except when the last sovereign was a sanguinary tyrant, and when they resorted to eulogies on the other kings, his contemporaries;

or took refuge in comparisons between the existing time, and the *age of gold*. This captious spirit has produced more ridiculous exaggerations, and more falsehoods, than flattery itself.

"After several years of bloody anarchy, after the reign of callous villains, who sought to annihilate religion, and consequently, morality, should we be astonished at the alteration which may be remarked in politeness, in manners, and morals? It must be confessed, that this alteration is so great among the people generally, that we cannot turn to any epoch at which it was more striking and sorrowful. The people, misled by the orators of the tribunes, by the public impieties which they called fêtes, by the pamphlets composed for them, and again, by the *twopenny libels*, the people no longer resemble, (at least, in Paris,) what they formerly were; and in this metamorphosis all has been lost. But the revolution has not had nearly so much influence upon other classes of society. It would not be difficult to prove, that the corruption of morals was greater in France during the period of the regency, than it is at present, because the rigour of the latter years of Louis XIV., superseded, in almost all the characters of that time, a system more or less false, and until his death all these hypocrites kept on their

masks. It is only requisite to peruse the memoirs of that period, to be convinced of the truth of this. The depravity of manners was indeed then so great, that a woman's pen cannot draw the picture. We are convinced that the present era furnishes a wide field for the satirist; but while it is thus decried, it offers, at the same time many things, both general and particular, worthy of high commendation. Under the *ancien regime*, several females, (in time of peace,) have followed their husbands into garrison, but there were no examples of women traversing the seas, in order to avoid separation, in the midst of the horrors of a sanguinary and cruel war, or refusing to quit their husbands during the most deadly contagion. I have known one who, scarcely convalescent from a long and dangerous malady, hesitated not to follow her husband, even to Constantinople.

"With regard to literature, it is certain that we have never seen so many bad works issue from the press; but that must be an unavoidable evil, when all the world writes. It is only necessary to select, and the most delicate taste may be fully satisfied.

"It appears to me, that when we can cite the names of Messrs. Chateaubriand, Fontanes, Bonald, Delille, Michaud, Dussault, Jay, De Ba-

rante, De Treneuil, Arnault, Duval, Picard, Etienne, Le Comte de Ségur, De Choiseul-Gouffier, Madame de Staël, and many others, so justly celebrated, and so many agreeable points as French literature possesses; it appears to me that, such as it is, at this moment it still keeps the first rank among all polished nations.*

"As to the arts, who can say they are on the decline, when we see the works of David, Gerard, Guerin, Girodet, Le Thiers, Robert Lefevre, and Vanspaendonck, together with those of our sculptors; and lastly, the product of the arts, in all their branches, exhibited this year at the Louvre."

"I should wish that two persons should be appointed to write the campaigns of his Majesty; Louis XIV. named Boileau and Racine his historiographers; but in choosing contemporary historians, they are always apt to be accused of flattery. It is not thus with warlike affairs, for they are positive facts, to which every brave man in the country can bear witness. We can write these narratives with as much interest during the lifetime of the hero, as after his death; and perhaps

* This was written in 1806. Since that time we have lost, of the persons cited above, Delille, Treueuil, Choiseul-Gouffier, Fontanes, and Dussault.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

it is better to write them during his life-time, because the work will gain by being read over by him in manuscript; it is the part of the conquering general to correct the author. Such a work would be an admirable monument of the glory of the French, which has been carried to its height merely by the valour of the hero who governs them. It appears to me, that we should see in such a work something unique—that the envy and the bad faith of the enemies of France have provoked, and even necessitated these wonderful exploits; and that France must have been dismembered and lost, if Europe had not been subdued. All the foreign powers swore at the time of the revolution, when Louis XVI. was dethroned—they made an oath to annihilate France, *for the sake of example.*

"I was in England at the time when the republic was decreed. Mr. Davis and Mr. Sheridan told me then, that from that moment it was absolutely necessary that France should either conquer Europe, or be annihilated; that her abasement was not sufficient for the alarmed powers—that her destruction was necessary for the security of their thrones. In 1793 I was in Switzerland; there appeared at that time a pamphlet, (I believe by Mallet du Pan,) which made a great noise, and which I read with horror. This worthy

Frenchman said, that it was absolutely necessary, as soon as the throne should be again re-established, so to annihilate all traces of the revolution, that even the good which it had done was to be abolished; to replace all as it formerly was, to restore all our conquests, and punish all who had the slightest employment, who had taken an oath, or served in any grade of military officership, in order that, for an example to the universe, we might say with truth, that nothing but evil and calamities had resulted from the revolution. No one pretended that France should be any thing less than destroyed, but it was said, that the well being of the world required it. In this way, the conspiracy was formed and established long before the triumphs of the emperor, so that it required little short of a series of miracles to undo all these plots—in other words, to do all that the emperor has done. So that never victories or conquests have been legitimized and ennobled by such powerful interests, seeing that the salvation of France depended upon them. This is what should be developed in the brilliant narrative of these miraculous campaigns, and this would give a character altogether particular to the work. The memoirs should be furnished by the soldiers, and two men of letters should employ

them. It appears to me, that there are three persons worthy of writing such a history, M. de Bonald, M. Fiévée, whose political reflections would be so admirable; and M. Dussault, who writes with an elegance and purity, which are most remarkable at the present day. All this is only a thought of my own; for not only I have never heard such a thing talked of by any one, but I may add also, that I have never spoken of the thing to any one whatever."

I published "*The Religious Monuments*," at the period when the pope came into France; I offered him a copy, and the holy father had the goodness to thank me, by a letter, which Cardinal de Bayane wrote me in his name. The pope never writes with his own hand to a female; his greatest token of condescension is to use for the purpose that of a cardinal. The following is a copy of the letter which he condescended to dictate for me on this occasion.

"Madam,

"Of the two copies of the excellent work which you have sent me through M. de Cabrel, after having read with avidity the one destined for myself, I have presented the other to the pope,

rendering him an account of my perusal of it His Holiness, who was acquainted with you already by your reputation, has commanded me to return you a thousand acknowledgments on his part, and to testify to you the extreme satisfaction with which he sees you employ, for the honour and service of religion, the happy genius which God has been pleased to endow you with.

"After having executed, Madam, the orders of the holy father, if I were not aware of the importance of your time, I could fill whole pages in assuring you of the sentiments of admiration which the perusal of your works has excited in me.

"I have the honour to be, with respect,

"Madam,

"Your most humble,

"And most obedient servant,

"THE CARDINAL DE BAYANE.

"*Pavillon de Flore, Dec.* 14, 1804.

"I have not omitted also to give your letter to His Holiness, who has ordered me to answer it for him, in the terms which I have transcribed."

His Holiness had the goodness to send me a chaplet. I went to the Tuileries to receive his benediction, and Casimir, then just emerging from

boyhood, accompanied me. He was so touched with the majesty of the pope, that the latter particularly remarked and caressed him.

In the *Religious Monuments*, are to be found several curious researches, and many interesting details. The Abbé Fraysinnous did that work the honour of citing it in his eloquent conferences,* and recommended his auditors to read a chapter on the pictures representing the Holy Virgin. The plan I have followed in the arrangement of the work has been blamed, and with reason; in describing the *religious monuments*, I ought to have described them in the order of the countries where they exist, not in the order of their titles; for example, I range under the words *cathedral* and *chapel*, all the cathedrals and chapels in Europe. Instead of this, I ought to have given an account of the churches to be found in each country; for example, all those of France, then those of Italy, and so on. I followed a bad arrangement, because I had first of all written, while abroad, a *Diction-*

* The eloquence of which was so persuasive, that by means of these conferences, a number of young men were converted, who went only to ridicule what they heard. The emperor, without any reason or pretext, however frivolous, issued an order to stop these conferences, but the virtuous Abbé Fraysinnous acquired only the more popularity.—*(Note by the Author.)*

*ary of the Bible*. When I saw religion re-established in France, I fancied that amidst a clergy that was then new forming, the title of my work might have something about it *too ambitious for a woman;* I accordingly wrote the *Religious Monuments;* but in order to profit by the articles already written upon those monuments, I preserved the dictionary form; I have, however, desired my publisher to change it, which assuredly he will do in a new edition.

Nothing can give an idea of the paternal aspect of Pius VII.; of the calmness and majesty of his air, of his splendid appearance in the grand and magnificent gallery of Diana, then filled with persons of both sexes, the most distinguished for their talents, merit, rank, and reputation. Every physiognomy, without exception, expressed the most profound veneration; and I felt so much pleasure in contemplating this religious and imposing spectacle, that when I left the gallery, and went with M. de Cabre to pay a visit to the Cardinal de Bayane, I found it impossible to speak of any thing else; the cardinal informed me that this feeling had always been so general, that the best observer would not have been able, in the presence of the pope, to distinguish the persons who were religious from those who were not so.

While on this subject, he told me that M. de la Lande, the astronomer, had come some days previously, to the pope's public audience; and that the excessive ugliness of that famous atheist having struck the holy father, he approached M. de la Lande, and said to him: "I am delighted to see, by your presence here, that you deny, in so personal a manner, the horrible calumny which attributes to you a book* unworthy, in all respects, of such a personage as you." At these words, M. de la Lande fell at the feet of the sovereign pontiff, who gave him his benediction.

On another occasion, the pope perceived at one extremity of the gallery a young man, who affected airs of mockery the most indecent. It was the first time that ever the pope had an opportunity of remarking such insulting behaviour; he walked up to the place where the young man stood, and when he reached him he said, "Young man, kneel down, and receive my benediction; the blessing of an old man always brings down good." The young man, touched to the soul, prostrated himself on the ground, and his tears began to flow.

At the end of this conversation, the cardinal took leave of us, as he was about to sit down at

* The Dictionary of Atheism.

table with the pope, and dinner was already served; he asked me if I would wish to pass through the dining-room, as the pope would not enter for ten or twelve minutes. I accepted the offer eagerly, and we immediately went into the dining-room; I stopped a moment, and seeing a sumptuous entertainment laid out, I said with a smile, that the pope was certainly fond of good cheer. "No, Madam," replied the cardinal, "on the contrary, his food is always that of a *minim*. This repast is for us; the pope eats nothing but some vegetables prepared with oil, in little dishes; and such are constantly his repasts." He added, that the pope had the goodness to remain at table during the whole time of dinner, though his own repast did not last a quarter of the time of that of the cardinals; that he did not rise from table, and only remained there to converse, which he did with equal affability and talent.

The pope came to Paris with no other design but to save religion, and it is certain that none of his predecessors ever took a step so useful to the sacred cause; he firmly declined all the temporal advantages which he might have drawn from it, and which were offered to him; he travelled at his own expense, and would accept nothing in lieu of the costs incurred by him during his stay

in Paris. The Cardinal told us, that he had been robbed on the way of a very valuable box, containing his richest and most beautiful chaplets. The Holy Father did not conceal from himself the effects which would be produced in Europe by his granting a public mark of esteem and admiration which Charlemagne himself had not obtained, though the benefactor of the church. It is well known that Pius VII. publicly said, that he was sure this solemn act would excite a great deal of discontent among the princes, his contemporaries. "However," added he, "I shall prevent France from becoming protestant, and my disinterestedness will prove that such is the sole motive of my conduct."

It required, in fact, views of this religious and profound nature, and sentiments as pure as those of his Holiness, to sustain an old man amidst the dangers of a route so long and so fatiguing, undertaken and continued in the most rigorous season of the year. The heavens blessed his courage, and his presence of itself revived faith in the bosoms of all, rendering respectable, even to the unbelieving, the faith which could inspire so much strength and greatness of soul.

I did not lose a single occasion during the pope's residence at Paris, of seeing the Holy Father in

the churches, or even of seeing him pass through the streets. I felt the greatest desire to ascertain by my own feelings whether the portrait of him by David was as fine and as good a likeness as had been stated: I was charmed with the portrait, but the Queen of Naples (afterwards Queen of Spain) assured me that the pope's head was still finer in the picture of the coronation, which was then only to be seen in the workshop of David. I signified my regret at being unable to go there, as I had strongly blamed, in my *Precis de Conduite*, the actions and the political opinions of David, and as I supposed, with great appearance of probability, that he would refuse to receive me. Upon this the queen had the goodness to say that she would take me with her, which she did the following day. David received me without any ill-feeling; on my side, I praised, with perfect sincerity, not the entire picture, which may be found fault with in many respects, but the figure of the pope, which is quite admirable. Somebody said to David one day that every one thought, and with reason, that he had made the Empress Josephine ridiculously young: "*Go and tell her so*," replied David.

M. de Cabre, my friend, who was intimately acquainted with the Marshal Bernadotte, and who was

in the habit of paying his respects frequently to the Queen of Naples, induced her majesty to express a desire to be acquainted with me; she discovered so much kindness for me, and I found in her so many virtues, that I became attached to her from my heart. Through a singularity which belonged to the nobleness of her sentiments and her manners, she constantly recalled to my mind the remembrance of the princesses of the old court. She had, for example, all the air and all the state of the last Princess of Conti; if heaven had decreed she should be born the heiress to a throne, it could not have given her a more beneficent disposition; this great quality, which ought to characterize every prince, was perfected in her by piety the most sincere, and a total absence of all ostentation. The following is one trait among others which I must cite. The Priest of Saint Sulpice (parish of the Luxembourg) remarked, that for four or five months, the person who solicited for the poor at nine o'clock, brought every day in her purse a piece of forty francs; it was evident that the charity came from the same hand, and it was soon found out that the giver was a veiled lady, who stood always by the same pillar in a corner of the church. She was followed, and it was discovered that this charitable person, who had so

little ostentation, was the Queen of Spain, who went regularly to that church every morning, unattended by either footman, or suite, and, as has been stated, always veiled. Those who found out this magnificent giver of charity, had the indiscretion to divulge her name. From this moment the queen suppressed her anonymous benefits, but the poor lost nothing by it—her generosity only changed its form and place.

It was about this time that I took the liberty of recommending to that princess a young person whom I only knew by her misfortunes, and who was the more interesting, as she joined to a pretty face, great youth, and the most deplorable poverty. The queen gave me the address of one of her almoners, who was charged with the distribution of the succours she granted to the unfortunate. The young person, after receiving what was destined to her, called on me, and told me, that on her arrival at the door of the almoner's house, she found the court and staircase so blocked up with poor persons, that she could not succeed in seeing him for two hours, and that it was impossible to get to him at once without some risk. The young person was soon placed in a community, where she improved her talents for drawing orna-

ments and embroidering; her allowance has always been regularly paid.

I had already had the honour to receive several times at the Arsenal, Madame Bernadotte, wife of the marshal, (sister to the Queen of Spain,) who had at that time all the charms derived from a very pretty face and the most agreeable manners. I was struck with the harmony which existed between her amiable face, her conversation, and her talents. I met her for the first time at a dinner-party M. de Cabre's. I was placed by the side of the marshal, who looked astonishingly like all the portraits of the great Condé. His fine appearance, the nobleness of his manners, and his politeness, aided this glorious resemblance, which he completed in other respects by his great and warlike qualities. I believe I have already stated that on leaving the table I said in a low tone to M. de Cabre, that the marshal had the manners of a king. I did not think at the time that I was uttering a prophecy. He afterwards returned to Paris as crown Prince of Sweden. I went to pay my respects to him, and found him just as polished and obliging in manners as before his extraordinary rise. In short, he thought sufficiently well of himself personally (and he had a good right to do

so) not to fancy it necessary to change any of his external habits. He had not substituted an affable and *patronizing* air to his natural gracefulness and benevolence.

I fixed a day at the Arsenal for receiving company, but happily *routs* were as yet unknown in France; I made out a list, which was subsequently, however, much enlarged, because I inserted in it the names of several foreigners; but at first it was confined to persons remarkable for their wit, their disposition, or their talents.

Madame d'Harville, my old and faithful friend: the Baroness de Lascours, whose portrait I have already drawn, in a way which all those who know her will agree is not too flattering a likeness. M. de Lascours, her husband, equally estimable for his noble sentiments and his capacity in matters of business; and Mesdames de Châtenay. I have already rendered frequent justice throughout my works to the merit, the information, and the talents of Madame Victorine de Châtenay, who has formed the happiness of a mother as tender as she is virtuous, and of a father worthy of being the head of such a family. The Princess of Baufremont, (afterwards Countess de Choiseul,) of whom I have already spoken, and to whom my family has the honour of being allied. She is a person whose

originality has always been to me as striking as her virtues and her talents have seemed worthy of my constant admiration; she joins to extreme vivacity the best and most solid understanding and the soundest discretion; and though she has an appearance of thoughtlessness, no woman in the world is better qualified to judge correctly or to give better counsels. In her early youth she was thought to have an appearance of coquetry—but this was a mistake. She never had a wish to please, but through benevolence or through sentiment; yet her modesty is incomparable—she has no desire of shining; she knows the dangers of it, and her mind, which is strong and full of feeling, disdains its glories; but in spite of her modesty, she is not humble, for she judges and appreciates herself as she would another. Madame Kennens, whose talents, mildness, sensibility, and powers of writing render her acquaintance so agreeable and so lasting. Madame de Vannoz, the fortunate rival of Delille, relative to the poem of *Conversation*, and whose literary reputation does not require my eulogies. Madame de Brosseron, with whom I became acquainted in an agreeable and singular manner, of which I shall hereafter give the detail; Madame Roger, (afterwards Countess of Montholon,) two persons full

of amenity, who have every requisite for rendering their society charming. Madame Hainguerlot, to whom M. de Cabre introduced me on my arrival at Paris, and whom I found to be as she really was, full of talent. Her conversation was equally piquant and animated; my acquaintance with her lasted several years; afterwards the bad state of her health compelled her to make some voyages, and to visit the waters; I then altogether lost sight of her, Madame Cabarus, (afterwards Princess of Chimay). During my residence at Berlin my daughter wrote to me to say that she had contributed to save her life. When she had the goodness to call on me, and even to pay me the first visit, I received her with equal pleasure and gratitude. Her intimate conversation, which is full of curious anecdotes, which she alone could have gathered, had the interesting and rare singularity of being always exempt from scandal and declamation. She is, perhaps, the person, who, of all women, has rendered the greatest number of services—and who consequently has made the greatest number of ingrates. She was still exceedingly handsome, and her beauty was generally pleasing; there was a great air of nobleness in her shape and carriage, and the most agreeable expression in her smile. My friend, Madame de

Bon, the translator of Sir Walter Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, who is so passionate in her friendships —a quality which is the more charming as it never leads her to exact too much; she is capable of a generous profusion of attentions, and is never wounded by neglect nor even by your apparent neglect of her, provided she can count in essential matters on the solidity of your sentiments. Lastly, Mesdames de Bellegarde, who may be cited as models of sisterly affection and of loveliness, amiability and benevolence.

M. Briffaut, who was then very young, and who already announced the talents he has since discovered :* he had naturally so good a taste, that independently of all reflection, he was offended at the bad tone which then sometimes pervaded society; he loved old traditions, and began to attach himself to me in order to collect them. I was delighted to talk to him about old times; he comprehended every thing, felt every thing, and listened so earnestly! He was right to look

* He has just published in May of the present year (1825,) a charming dialogue, in which one of the supposed speakers, M. de Fontanes, (who is now dead,) expresses himself as he would have written. I shall return in detail towards the end of this work, to this dialogue, which is so worthy of being quoted.—(*Note by the Author.*)

back—he looked for another age—in his verses are to be found the spirit of that of Louis XIV.

M. Laborie, who is as obliging as he is clever, and who wants nothing in order to be completely amiable, but to seem to have less business to do, and to be less *in a hurry:* you always think yourself the subject of his twentieth visit, for he enters breathless, and wiping his face; you are delighted to see him, but he is scarcely seated when he looks at his watch with an air of alarm; he discovers that an appointment calls him away, he rises, and disappears—and the only fruit of his visit is to leave regrets for its shortness behind.

M. Pieyre, of whom I have already spoken and with so much pleasure. M. Millevoye, a young poet, whose face, verses, and disposition are equally pleasing. He wrote some charming verses for my *Garland;* I do not quote them here, because I do not wish to extract any thing from this little manuscript work.*

M. de Charbonniéres, a sure and faithful friend, who would have enjoyed a great reputation as a poet if he had made a better choice of his subjects.† M. Descherny, a passionate disciple of J. J. Rous-

* This young poet is since dead.—*(Note by the Author.)*

† This was written a few years before his death.—*(Note by the Author.)*

seau, and an outrageous philosophist, who pleased me much, because he was accustomed to society, he was amiable, and did not proclaim his principles and opinions any where but in his writings; he had besides an accurate taste in the fine arts, and presented the singular spectacle of a man of seventy-two, who had still a very fine voice, and sung after the best methods.*

M. de Cabre, my old friend, who, without being in orders, had been an abbé before the revolution; it was he, who in a party when some person asked him to draw the portrait of a lady who was attractive by her graces and even by means of her defects, wrote on the spot this impromptu:—

Pourquoi me demander ce que c'est qu'une femme,
A moi dont le destin est d'ignorer l'amour!
De l'aveugle affligé vous déchirerez l'âme,
Si vous lui demandez ce que c'est qu'un beau jour!

M. de Coriolis, whom I should love, if I knew nothing farther of him than his *Messe de Minuit*, one of the most charming fugitive pieces in verse which has been written for a long time, but who besides, by the equality of his humour, the agreeableness of his conversation, and his virtues,

* He died at upwards of eighty.—*(Note by the Author.)*

unites so many powers of pleasing, and so many qualities for acquiring general estimation.

M. de Courchamp, whom no one could ever accuse of pedantry or pretension in company, though he has had from his earliest youth an astonishing fund of information and many pleasing accomplishments; which is of itself a high praise of the whole life of a man of the world or of letters; for it is impossible to have read so much, and to have acquired such various and profound knowledge, without having great firmness of character, a taste for order, and a passion for study. Intriguers and men of ambition will never obtain such a fortunate result from the employment of their time. Besides, M. de Courchamp unites to unchanging political and religious principles, the most searching and piquant talent and perfect goodness of heart.

M. de Treneuil, whose fine verses have nobly expiated the lines of another poet, M. Lebrun, in his ode, styled *Patriotic*. The following is the execrable strophe which provoked the profanation of the royal Tombs at Saint Denis:—

Purgeons le sol des patriotes
Par des rois encore infecté.
La terre de la liberté
Rejette les os des despotes.

De ces monstres divinisés,
Que tous les cercueils soient brisés!
Que leur mémoire soit flétrie!
Et qu'avec leurs mânes errans,
Sortent du sein de la patrie
Les cadavres de ces tyrans!

This strophe, (says M. de Treneuil, in his notes to his fine poem, *The Tombs of Saint Denis,*) inasmuch as it outrages only kings in their coffins, is one of the most *humane* in the ode, styled *patriotic* . . . If poetry does not live, and cannot exist but in religion, in pathetic and tender affections, in noble and virtuous sentiments, the author of these *patriotic* odes has terribly mistaken his sacred ministry.

Let me add to this, that M. Lebrun, in spite of his political and republican enthusiasm, made up matters very comfortably with the Imperial Government, of which he was a great admirer.

I saw M. Desprès for the first time, at the residence of the amiable and virtuous Queen of Spain; it is impossible to meet him without wishing to know him, and you are grieved if you are forgotten by him when you have once known him.

M. Radet, to whom I owe my gratitude for having embellished several of my novels, which he brought on the stage with complete success.

M. Dussault, whom I may praise for three things not common at the present day: he was at all times a faithful friend, a good writer, and an impartial journalist.*

I became acquainted with Mr. Crawfurd, through his fine collection of historical portraits; it is impossible to imagine any thing of this description more curious or interesting. Mr. Crawfurd was a worthy appreciator of his gallery, which is not always the case with amateurs of the fine arts; he had the magnificent gallantry, as I have stated, to present me with a fine full length of Madame de Maintenon; but a portrait which in that rich collection outshone all the rest in design, colouring, expression, composition, and the importance of the person represented, was that of Bossuet. If one had never seen engravings of the author of *Oraisons Funèbres*, of so many admirable *Sermons*, of the *Variations*, &c., it would be sufficient, having read these works, to cast your eyes on the picture, in order to recognise the likeness, and to make you cry out—"That is the great Bossuet!" .... I never saw any thing which struck me so much.†

* He was lost to letters and to friendship in the present year, (1825.)—*(Note by the Author.)*

† M. Crawfurd is no longer living. I do not know what has

I was also in the habit of seeing two men of the world, as remarkable for their talents, and the mildness of their manners, as for their fits of absence—Messieurs de Sabran and de Laborde. I have already quoted M. de Sabran's graceful and clever reply, which he made to me one day when I talked to him of his absent moods. Besides, these two persons, who scarcely listen but as it were by chance, are so charming both with respect to talent and disposition, that their fits of absence have no character of insolence about them; they only inspire you with the desire of trying to fix their attention; they have no need of being *apropos*, in order to please. Absent people have, in general, an air of nature and frankness, which gives them, when they have talents, an appearance of the most amiable originality; we pardon their blunders, and we are so flattered by their attention! they neither require flattering preparations, nor studied compliments; they would make bad courtiers, but they are excellent friends.

The following is a comic and novel trait, (in the *absent way*,) of M. de Laborde: he was invited to a marriage; on arriving at the church, he placed himself in front of the grand altar, opposite

become of the incomparable portrait of which I have been speaking.—*(Note by the Author.)*

the new married couple; and at the moment when they pronounced the irrevocable vow, he approached his neighbour and said, "Will you go as far as the burial-ground?" . . . He thought he was at a funeral!

M. de Laborde is a passionate lover of all the fine arts, and a real connoisseur in music; he was an enthusiastic admirer of the incomparable talents of Casimir Backer, my pupil, and wrote a dissertation, equally luminous and learned, on the extraordinary discoveries, and the astonishing effects produced on the harp by Casimir, and which he alone, up to this day, can produce. In this essay, which was printed, and which has been translated into English, M. de Laborde clearly explains, by these discoveries and effects, several passages in the ancient writers of Greece, on the lyre of the ancients, which till that time were not at all understood.

Among the men of fashion whom I saw at my house on the Saturdays, and who took a leading rank in society, were Messieurs de Lascours;*

* I have already spoken in my *Prisoners*, of the benevolent actions performed by M. de Lascours, at Auch, where he was prefect, and where he left behind him, on quitting that office, unanimous and well-founded regrets. Good, honourable, religious, and full of ability, he has at all times merited the esteem

d'Estournelle, who joins to the agreeable manners of a man of the world, a great turn for business, and a talent for poetry; Carion de Nisas, so well known by his dramatic talent; De Choiseul, author of the first and best picturesque voyage;* no conversation retraced better than that of M. de Choiseul, the good times of the French society; no one ever related anecdotes with more grace, nor were there ever manners more noble or more agreeable. Praise of a more substantial kind might be given him for his honourable and excellent principles, which he has never belied, either in France or in foreign countries.

The Cardinal Maury,† whose talents as an orator have obtained so much *éclat*, and whose conversation, full of piquant anecdotes, has so many charms.

of all who had any acquaintance with him.—*(Note by the Author.)*

* The drawings of this voyage are as beautiful as the work itself is well written.—*(Note by the Author.)*

† He said many *bon mots*, and often gave repartees of the most brilliant description, made on the instant. The following had prodigious success in this way, and was universally cited. One day, in presence of Napoleon, and a great number of courtiers, he had an earnest discussion with M. de ...., who concluded by saying to him rudely: "It is well known M. le Cardinal, that, in your heart, you think yourself above the whole world." "No,

M. de Sennovert, the man of all the world who possesses the most various information, and one of those who discourses in the best style on the arts, literature, politics, and the lesser interests of society.*

M. Marigné, who made his verses so charming, that we could not avoid a feeling of regret that his muse, confined to the narrow circle of private society, consecrated all her strains to friendship.

And, lastly, M. Denon. His fine cabinet of curiosities attracted towards him all the amateurs of such matters; whilst the amiable reception and pleasant intercourse of the possessor, supplied a still surer means of recalling them.†

Monsieur," replied the cardinal, "I am without pride when I judge myself, but I confess to some portion of it when I compare myself with certain other people." The cardinal died at Rome, in 1821.—*(Note by the Author.)*

* M. de Sennovert has since established himself at Petersburgh, where his own merit, and the superior discernment of the Emperor of Russia, have procured him honourable employment, which he has exercised throughout a great number of years. His health, however, has compelled him latterly to return to France. —*(Note by the Author.)*

† M. Denon has died in the course of the present year. The collections of his cabinet were all equally interesting in their particular way, more especially those of old varnished work, the most beautiful ever seen, and of works manufactured by savages;

After this nomenclature, it would have been appropriate to have given to these assemblies, (which lasted during nine years,) the title of *Bureaux d'Esprit*, which however was never done, neither during the time I was at *Belle-Chasse*, where I received in the same way, every Saturday, men of letters and of science, together with those members of society most distinguished by their wit.

I believe that, in general, when the lady who does the honours of a circle has no kind of pedantry, no one ventures to display any before her. Nevertheless, the assemblies of Madame du Deffand were denominated *Bureaux d'Esprit*, though the conversation was as amiable as various; besides, Madame du Deffand was as unaffected as I could be, and she was certainly far more amiable.

M. de Talleyrand came also very often to see me at the Arsenal; but, the more to enjoy the charm of his conversation, I received him always alone. This eminent man had naturally in his manner, and indeed the whole of his personal appearance, something cold and indifferent, which has more than once wounded those persons who were known to him but slightly. We excuse with difficulty

this latter could not from its nature be rich, but is complete and charming.—(*Note by the Author.*)

the bluntness of those persons whose reputation for merit and wit makes their suffrages desirable. But this apparent carelessness of M. Talleyrand gave far greater value to the particular marks of his interest and friendship. A sign of approbation, a benevolent smile, an attentive and softened air, are in him actual fascinations. His detractors even are forced to admit the superiority of his wit; of this wit, so flexible, which, without effort or pedantry, could on great occasions manifest itself with eclat, and which in familiar intercourse could alike enliven conversation with epigrams, or lend itself with inimitable grace to badinage the most frivolous. His enemies have not done justice to the goodness of his heart, a goodness of which I have myself, during the emigration, proved the effects, as I have related already in the course of these memoirs. M. de Talleyrand has never affected any pomp or parade about the services rendered by him. In general, his good deeds are done with so much simplicity, that he easily loses the remembrance of them unless he is reminded of them.

I enjoyed such complete tranquillity at Berlin, I admired so much the kindness and the equity of the government of that country, that I was desirous long since of doing homage to its sovereign;

but I wished that this tribute of recollection should be disinterested. Several persons among my friends at Berlin had counselled me to dedicate a work to the king: I replied that I should not be backward in doing so, when I should be no longer under his power. I projected then at the Arsenal the composition of the Life of Henry the Great, and the offering it, by a dedication, to the King of Prussia. I wrote to Berlin to obtain permission for this, and it was accorded me in a manner the most flattering, and in a letter full of kindness. I then collected all the materials for this history; but at length learnt with certainty, that I should not be suffered to publish it in France. I have written it since the first restoration; but as the Prussians had entered in the character of conquerors into Paris, I would not dedicate it at all to the King of Prussia. In order to dispense with this, and at the same time give a reason which should be perfectly true, I did myself the honour to write to this prince, that when I had solicited permission to render him this homage, I had not reflected that I should be obliged to speak of the Calvinists in a manner which would displease him, and that therefore I considered the offering him such a work would be a mark of disrespect.

This history was quite printed when Louis XVIII.

was obliged to quit France. I caused a copy to be presented to him on the eve of his departure, and the work was exposed for sale two days before the entry of Bonaparte into Paris. They proposed to me to insert cancels: I had written it without any intention of making allusions; but there were naturally to be found in it many things offensive to Bonaparte. I had the courage, however, to put forth my History without any alterations. It could not have appeared at a moment more disadvantageous for it: nevertheless, the edition sold rapidly; a second was required in the course of two months. A few of the journalists ventured to give an account of it, while in the fear of displeasing Bonaparte, no one dared to speak of it in detail, nor, (I will be bold to say,) with the commendation which it merited. Nevertheless, all seemed convinced that it was the only complete History of Henry IVth, and that all the portraits found therein were well drawn. Madame de Staël, in her late posthumous work, in speaking of Henry IVth, avails herself of my representation of that prince. She says that Henry was, of all our kings the most thoroughly French. The journalists in alluding to this expression, have designated it *sublime*. It is borrowed from my work, but they said

nothing whatever about it when that appeared: such is the spirit of party.

The first compilers of the *Journal des Débats*, and who have been since changed, charged M. Hoffman, with rendering an account of this work, a task which he performed with all the malignity which he is known to entertain against me, and with an ignorance which it was impossible to anticipate in one, who assumes the title of a literary man, (a title which in other instances he has merited.) For example, he confounds in his extracts a theological conference with a battle; he observes again on my want of tact, in putting forward an anecdote, which makes my hero appear the most ungrateful of men: when Henry wrote to the Duc d'Epernon, to testify to him his joy at the *brilliant victory which the Bishop of Evreux had obtained over the Calvinists, entirely beaten and vanquished*; and M. Hoffman declaims sentimentally against this *barbarous joy* of Henry. At what rejoiced Henry IVth? says he; at *blood poured forth*, at the defeat of the Calvinists, who had placed him upon the throne. What ingratitude! what horror! Thus, M. Hoffman believed, that under the reign of the most warlike of our kings, a *bishop* commanded our armies! Thus, he makes out of one

of the triumphs of religion, and a theological discussion, a bloody combat; and of a *bishop*, a general of the army wallowing in blood. This surely is a strange manner of reading and of criticising. As no journal would receive my contradiction of these inconceivable blunders, I inserted it two months after in the preface to the editions of Henry IV., and at the greatest length, quoting M. Hoffman's article literally, with the number of the Journal. There was no reply made to this. M. Hoffman maintained a rigorous silence.

I wrote at this time (at the Arsenal) the *Memoirs of Dangeau*. I made this immense compilation from a quarto manuscript in forty volumes and upwards, copied after the original in folio, which belongs to the family of Luynes. This copy, which is in a fine hand, is equally authentic with the original; it is *verbatim*, and was made with exact fidelity; nevertheless I was desirous of comparing a certain point, and Madame the Duchess of Luynes had the kindness to lend me her entire manuscript every day, during seven or eight months; with the aid of two or three friends, I amused myself by comparing several parts, and we found that the correctness was of the most scrupulous kind. There was also a folio copy in the king's library. I preferred working from that

at the Arsenal, on account of the beauty of the writing and the commodiousness of the size. As the library of the Arsenal belonged to the emperor, I obtained from him permission to mark in the margin by scoring those passages which I wished to extract, and which I was thus enabled to copy by degrees. Afterwards, I added my notes to my extracts. This abridgment may certainly be considered as the work most calculated to exhibit the greatness and goodness of Louis XIV., and the manners of the glorious era during which he reigned; but it required all the patience which I could muster to undertake the reading of the prodigious original; it required also the perusal of all the known memoirs of the times, in order to make a good extract, and to avoid tiresome or fastidious repetitions; it required, besides, for the purpose of adding useful notes, to have flourished at the court and in the high circles, and to have known all the traditions of that reign of the regency. I believe myself to have rendered an important service to literature by this prodigious exertion, which, as will appear in the sequel, entailed double labour on me. I devoted nine months to the necessary reading, which I pursued constantly every evening from eleven o'clock to three or four in the morning. This work being finished, the

permission to point it, which I had thought I might count on, was positively refused me. I gave my manuscript to the emperor, assuring him that I had kept no copy, which was perfectly true.

Some days after, I received from M. Lavalette a letter, couched in these terms:—

"His Majesty commands me, madam, to acquaint you that he accepts the offer which you have made him of the MS. Memoirs of the Marquis de Dangeau; he desires that I should send them to Boulogne. I request, madam, that you will transmit them to me promptly, in order that I may forward them to the emperor.

"I have received likewise his Majesty's commands to announce that he has been pleased to grant you a pension of six thousand francs on his treasury. I am charged to pay you this sum in monthly divisions. I beg you, madam, to let me know in what manner I may put this into effect.

"I esteem myself happy, madam, in being, under these circumstances, the organ of the emperor's will; and I earnestly hope that it may procure me sometimes the opportunity of present-

ing you the homage of that profound respect with which I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

"LAVALETTE."

I have preserved the original of this letter, as well as of a great number of interesting letters which I have received since my return to France, and which I have not introduced into these memoirs lest they should become too voluminous. I should state, also, that the *maximum* of the pensions awarded to literary persons was four thousand francs.

I had already regarded the emperor as my benefactor, from the generous offers which he caused M. de Remusat to make me, offers which I had refused, and which I owed to the friendship of M. Fiévée. Finding that I could not print the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, I seized the opportunity of proving my gratitude to Napoleon, by offering them to him. I made this gift with the more pleasure, as it afforded a pretext for the pension I was about to receive. The emperor put the greatest value on these memoirs; I knew, through M. Talleyrand, that he read them with the most lively satisfaction. M. de Talleyrand, indeed, gave me hopes that he should succeed in per-

suading the emperor to permit their being printed; and he used, to this end, all the power he had, but ineffectually. Having marked, in the margin of the large quarto manuscript, by underlining, all those passages extracted by me from the work through which I had laboured, I wrote to the emperor that if the manuscript remained in the public library of the Arsenal, where one might copy all that one read, others would not hesitate to turn my extracts to account, and to get them printed in foreign countries, seeing that they could not be published in France. This consideration struck the emperor, who instantly caused application to be made for this work to M. Ameilhon, and put it into his private library.

To make the reader acquainted with the value of these important memoirs, I will cite here a small part of the preface which preceded them.

"If candour, truth, and impartiality, together with the most *naïve* and faithful portraiture of the manners of a brilliant and celebrated court, suffice to render fascinating the perusal of an historical work, there can be no memoirs more interesting than those of the Marquis de Dangeau. They have also the inestimable advantage of offering a portrait the most striking and the least suspected of flattery that we have of one of our greatest

kings. The Marquis, who kept this journal during a great number of years with constant regularity, never would show a single line of it, either, to Louis XIV. or to Madame de Maintenon, his mistress. We find by the letters of the latter, that he always refused to communicate any part of it to her so long as she remained at court, and she read it for the first time after the death of the king, in her retreat at St. Cyr. We cannot too much admire this delicacy in a subject—in a courtier who dreaded to tarnish the purity of his recitals, and to weaken the authority of his eulogiums, by submitting them to the eyes of his sovereign. Madame de Maintenon, in her letters to Madame de Dangeau, often lauds the veracity of this journal, and the perfect accuracy of the facts which it details. 'I read with pleasure (she wrote to Madame de Dangeau) the *Memoires of M. de Dangeau*, I learn from them various things of which I was a witness, but which I had forgotten.' (4th June, 1716.) In another letter she says, 'The *Memoirs of M. de Dangeau* amuse me most agreeably; I have read them through—you know what that means.' (19th June, 1716.) She means that she passed over the long list of persons who attended the king on his excursions, the details of the promotions

in the army, and in the order of the Holy Ghost, of Saint Lazarus, &c. &c. and an infinite number of things of this description, which fill a prodigious space in these memoirs. She afterwards says, 'I wait with impatience for the continuation of these memoirs, which amuse me so much, that I am tempted to read them too fast.' (21st July.) 'I should like to know how far M. de Dangeau carries his memoirs, in order to read them faster or slower accordingly, for it is the only amusement I have left.' (20th February, 1717.) These passages sufficiently speak the opinion of Madame de Maintenon, though we might cite many others, which all express equal approbation of them. The applause of such a person ought at once to place the work at the head of even the most interesting memoirs relating to that great epoch of our national history. Madame de Maintenon had been always the best informed witness, and the most intimate confidante of all the facts and events retraced in these memoirs. Where *she* praises the accuracy of the narrative, it is quite impossible to call in question their scrupulous fidelity. Other judges also, whose suffrage is of the greatest weight, have shown the highest opinion of this journal: among others, the Abbé Choisy, the President Hainault, M. de La Beaumelle, &c. M. de Voltaire is the only writer who has spoken

contemptuously of the *Memoirs of Dangeau*. The cause of this contempt will be found in the memoirs themselves; in the years 1719 and 1720, (these memoirs were continued after the death of Louis XIV,) it will be seen that the Marquis of Dangeau blames the *follies and the satirical Essays of young Arouet*. M. de Voltaire, as every body knows, never engaged in extensive reading, for which, in fact, he had not time. He may have very superficially gone over a few volumes of this work; he may have tried to find out the passages where the author spoke of himself; these articles, in which the cold and laconic censure of Voltaire is not softened by any praises may have wounded his pride; and this being the case, according to his usual custom, he has pronounced the work to be detestable.

"It was very likely that Madame de Maintenon should patronize this journal; in no other writings is Louis XIV. represented in a way at once so touching and so noble; you see in this journal, that the charm of his manners and his language sprung from his goodness of heart. Grace in princes is not a trifling affair; among private individuals such excess of politeness springs of course from a wish to please; but in sovereigns it is at once a proof of an amiable disposition, of kindness of heart, and of their esteem; and

by a happy coincidence, it honours as much as it charms. Louis XIV. never granted a favour without adding a compliment, which doubled its value: this compliment was for ever repeated in the family where it became a glorious tradition; almost always even his refusals were couched in language so gentle and so delicate, that they were received with gratitude. What could the best policy do more? But policy gives only a false affability which seduces nobody; there is a language which art can never know—the language which speaks to the heart. Doubtless Louis XIV. had his defects; what man is without them? He may be charged with some errors; he did not sufficiently check the rage for high play at court and among individuals—or at least, he bethought himself too late of his duties on this head. Sometimes his magnificence degenerated into prodigality: he gave too many diamonds and jewels to the persons of his court; but even his faults had a character of nobleness and elevation; his tenderness, which he carried too far towards his natural children, never affected his regard to his legitimate children; to all of them he was the best and most tender of fathers. While on this subject, I must remark, that it is a strange contradiction both in morals and religion, that the fault of a parent should stamp upon an infant (the fruit of adul-

tery) an ineffaceable stain, while in a sovereign, a person who should set an example to all, this very crime, publicly acknowledged, gives to the child, the object of the scandal, a higher title of honour and a greater rank in society. It is easy to conceive why this remark has never been made. It is to be regarded as a real public misfortune, that any moral truth should necessarily be concealed; and it is a great ground for public rejoicing, and a prodigy in our age, that a court should exist sufficiently pure to allow a writer publicly to blame without danger, whatever religion and reason condemn.

"Louis XIV. has been reproached with defects he never had; with pride, excessive arrogance vanity, and a low envy of the reputation of Henry IV. The last imputation is formally disproved in the memoirs of the Count d'Estrade,* French ambassador to England; there is in his memoirs an admirable letter by Louis XIV. which contains the most splendid eulogy of Henry IV. and in which by a modest yet noble exaggeration, Louis acknowledges that he owes to Henry IV. *all that his crown and France possess of greatness*

* The Memoirs of the Count d'Estrade have often been printed under the title of *Negociatons*—the last time at London in seventeen volumes 12mo. The complete collection forms twenty-two volumes folio.—(*Note by the Editor.*)

*and glory.** Louis XIV. had in public an air of imposing majesty, but which was always tempered by grace and mildness; never was sovereign more amiable in the bosom of his family or among his more intimate acquaintance. His old age had nothing about it either of sadness or austerity, and his kindness never changed towards his children, the princes of the blood, the persons whom he honoured with his friendship, or his domestics. No king was ever more truly paternal than Louis XIV. He was so easy of access, that even persons who were not in the habit of going to court readily obtained private audiences, of which the only subject was family interests; he was daily occupied with reuniting divided relations, and on particular occasions he only spoke and acted as an arbiter and mediator, never with the authority of a sovereign. In short, no French monarch ever was fonder of labour, nor occupied himself with matters of business more assiduously, steadily, or boldly; for his sufferings and disease never led him to neglect his more important

* I am proud of being the first writer who has quoted this letter as a complete vindication of Louis XIV. I spoke of it for the first time in the notes to the *Duchess of La Vallière* and *Madame de Maintenon.*—(*Note by the Author.*)

duties. He even attended to business on his death-bed, and on the day on which he received extreme unction.

"Such was Louis XIV. in the Memoirs of Dangeau, which have the merit of representing this prince in all his greatness and goodness, by merely stating facts. The author wrote to Madame de Maintenon, after the death of Louis XIV., that *if he had thought such fine eyes would have read his memoirs, they would not have been so negligently written.* In fact, he wrote rapidly and carelessly, and made no other pretension than that of being scrupulously exact."

It is now several years since I mentioned for the first time this Journal (in the *Souvenirs de Félicie.)* Let me be allowed to quote here the opinion which I then gave of them, which reflection has since perfectly confirmed.

"The *Journal of Dangeau* is a work perfectly unique for its simplicity, its accuracy, its good faith, its impartiality, the spirit of fairness and moderation, and the excellent sentiments it displays throughout; the language is always that of an honest man. . . . . Never man had less vanity; his own name occupies but a small space in this prodigious number of volumes. He never speaks of himself but when he alludes to the favour he

has received from his sovereign; there is no ostentation, no desire of shining, or of inspiring the reader with a high idea of his character or talents —no animosity against any one existing. Let these memoirs be compared with any others, and it will be discovered that they form the most extraordinary of historical monuments, and that the work is, in its way, the most estimable which exists.*

"We are not very solicitous about discovering whether the author of a work of imagination is virtuous or not, but it is necessary that we should so esteem a historian, because in order to be interested in his work, we must believe him to be accurate and impartial. We must still more esteem a person who writes the memoirs of his own time, because it is not enough that he is frank and open. If he has vanity, envy, hatred—or if he is vindictive, it is impossible for him to be perfectly sincere, even if he wishes to be so; his passions will blind him, his vanity will at all events lead him to make a frivolous or absurd use of his

* It must be always recollected that Louis XIV. never knew of the existence of these memoirs, and that Madame de Maintenon never read them till after the death of that monarch, and consequently when she was entirely out of favour.—*(Note by the Author.)*

talents; he will speak too much of himself, and will not speak the truth. The *Memoirs of Cardinal du Retz* are the cleverest known: their style is lively and natural; the author's manner of narrating is piquant and admirable; he observes things sagaciously, and paints with genius; but his book is the work of a factious and ambitious man, and of *un homme à bonnes fortunes;* you read him with mistrust and without advantage, and you never can cite him as an authority.* It is to be desired that a historian should have a superior understanding; he ought to be able to trace the causes of events, to discern them, to display them, and to draw great results from them; that is to say, he should demonstrate by facts the security of good measures, and the danger of bad ones; in short, he should unfold, both to princes and people, a fine treatise on *experimental morality.* If history does not do this, the reading of a well-written romance is far more improving. Historical memoirs are only materials for history. An author of historical memoirs will rarely be of the latter description, (even supposing him to be sincere, virtuous, and modest,) if he has a great deal of imagination, and the talent of writing well.

* He is often revoltingly unjust, especially towards Queen Anne of Austria.

He will combine strange unions of events, and striking contrasts; he will try to draw portraits, and to make reflections; he will neglect small details; he will endeavour to find out a connexion between his portraits and the actions of the persons whom he describes; of course, in spite of himself, by an irresistible impulse, he will fall into framing systems, disguises, and falsehoods, by dissimulating any action which would contradict his ideas, and by suppressing or distorting facts, in order not to lose an ingenious reflection or a striking result. I know that historians themselves are far from being exempt from reproach on this head; but if all memoirs were written like those of Dangeau, they would remove from historians all possibility of embellishing or falsifying events.* If these memoirs had been printed eighty years ago, would M. de Voltaire and his copyists have been able to say, and to repeat, that Louis XIV. was full of haughtiness and pride—that his devotion rendered his court melancholy and austere †

* We can only style *those* memoirs *historical* which follow without interruption the thread of political events, and which give an account of the conduct of those persons who have played a part in public affairs; consequently these memoirs are *not* historical.

† There was music performed daily at Madame de Maintenon's,

—that it was Madame de Maintenon who tormented him during the last days of his life, to aggrandize the Duke du Maine; when it is plain, from these memoirs, that the cause of all this was merely the excessive affection which the monarch felt for his natural children?

"The stormy time which has just gone by, will produce an innumerable quantity of detestable memoirs, which will appear from the present time to the conclusion of the next fifty years. How will any one be able, from such materials, to write a good history of the revolution? What author will be able to arrange the chaos of discordant facts, of contradictions, of falsehoods, and of calumnies?"

* * * * * * * *

[The memoirs written during the minority of Louis XIV. were written in the time of factions; yet in general we find in them a spirit of justice and impartiality, especially in the excellent Memoirs of Madame de Nemours, of Madame de Motteville, and of Tourville. But at that time there was an elevation in the minds of men which preserved them always from falsehood. The various parties at bottom had the same principles—

and frequently comedies were acted. Masquerades, balls, lotteries, and amusements of every kind, took place constantly at court till the death of Louis XIV.

none wished to overthrow *the throne or the altar.* Modern philosophy had as yet no proselytes.]

"As the author of the memoirs is as interesting as his work, it will no doubt be agreeable to the reader to be introduced to him. 'He possessed,' says Fontenelle, 'a very amiable physiognomy, a great deal of natural talent, and even wrote verses very agreeably.'

"The Marquis de Dangeau belonged to a protestant family; but in his early youth he had been converted to the catholic faith. He was greatly distinguished for his valour and his military talents.*

"One day when M. de Dangeau was about to join the king's card party, he solicited apartments in the château of Saint Germain, where the court was. This favour it was not easy to obtain, because there was but little room. The king replied that he would grant the request, provided he would make it in a hundred verses, to be composed during play; but one hundred verses exactly, neither more nor less: after the game was ended, (in which he had joined, apparently as heartily as usual,) he repeated the hundred verses: he had composed and counted them exactly, and fixed

* Philip de Courcillon, Marquis of Dangeau, was born in La Beauce, on the 21st September, 1638.

them in his memory; and these three efforts had not been at all troubled by the rapid progress of the game."

[The king did not require these verses to be fine, and as the talent for improvisating bad verses is very common, it is possible that the Marquis of Dangeau may have improvisated them after the game, instead of composing them while playing, which would be much less surprising.]

"The Marquis of Dangeau had the honour to be at court the patron of Boileau, who addressed to him his fifth satire *on Nobility*. The Abbé de Dangeau, brother of the marquis, who had become, through the credit of his brother, reader to the king, took occasion from his place to benefit literature and authors.

"He was intrusted by Louis XIV. with several negociations; he went as envoy extraordinary to the Electors of the Rhine, and he concluded the marriage between the Duke of York (afterwards James II.) with the Princess of Modena. Without any intrigues, he obtained through the sagacity of his character, his good behaviour, and the esteem of his sovereign, all the dignities of the court. He joined the virtue of beneficence to his zeal and activity; he employed the revenues and the rights derived from the situation of Grand

Master, in educating in common, in a large establishment for that purpose, twelve young gentlemen of the best families in the kingdom, and chiefly destined afterwards to serve in the army. Thus he had the honour (a fact not generally known) of having been the first founder of a military school in France, or, at all events, to have suggested the first idea of such an establishment. There were some pupils of inferior birth admitted into that of Dangeau; Duclos says that he was educated there. This fine establishment only lasted ten years; after the death of its founder, the bad condition of the finances did not allow the government to keep it up.

"His duties at court, in business, and his own useful private occupations, did not prevent Dangeau from cultivating literature and the sciences. He replaced Scuderi as a member of the academy. It happened that two brothers succeeded in that body, to two ridiculous persons; the Abbé de Dangeau replaced the Abbé Cottin, who had been so ridiculed by Boileau, that his successor, obliged by custom to praise his predecessor, durst not venture to print his discourse. Every Wednesday the Marquis and the Abbé de Dangeau had a party selected from the men of letters and science of the time. At these parties met the Cardinal de

Polignac,* the Abbé de Longuerue, the Abbé Dubois, the Marquis de l'Hôpital, the Abbé de Saint Pierre, the Abbé Raguenet, Mairan, and the Abbé de Choisy; the latter so celebrated for his wit, his adventures, and his writings, (particularly the *Journal of Travels to Siam*, and his *Memoirs*,) was converted to religion by the Abbé de Dangeau, and consecrated himself thenceforth to its service with equal sincerity and zeal."

I shall here give some account of the personages I have last mentioned.

The Abbé Longuerue was a prodigy in point of intelligence and memory from the age of four. At fourteen, he knew almost all the languages. He made a particular study of history and more especially of chronology. Having well employed his time at an early age, and never having lost any thing he had learned, he succeeded in doubling a useful life, and his knowledge became prodigious. He has left behind him several works, among others, a *Historical Description of France*.

The Abbé du Bos was a celebrated man of letters. The regent, who did not imagine that persons who wrote well, are good for nothing but to make books, employed him usefully in several negotiations. The Abbé du Bos discover-

* Author of the Anti-Lucretius.

ed great talents as a diplomatist, and rendered considerable service to the regent. He died at Paris in 1742; he was perpetual secretary to the French Academy. He has left several esteemed works; the most famous is that entitled *Critical Reflections on Poetry and Painting.*

The Marquis de l'Hôpital, one of the greatest mathematicians of his time, served for some time in quality of captain of horse. The weakness of his sight compelled him to quit the service, and then he gave up his whole time to study and the sciences. He was received a member of the Academy of Sciences in 1693. His work entitled *De l'Analyse des Infiniment Petits,* (4to. 1696,) procured him a high reputation among scientific men; in society, he had that of a man of honour and of pleasing manners. He married Charlotte de la Chesnelaye, who partook, not only of his tastes, but shared his studies. He developed her genius for mathematics, and she aided him in his labours of that kind. The Marquis de l'Hôpital died in 1704, aged forty-three.

The Abbé de Saint Pierre obtained, in the reign of Louis XIV., through the credit of his protector, several benefices, the place of almoner to Madame, and the rich abbey of Sainte-Trinité de Tiron. The Cardinal de Polignac, one of his most active

of his protectors, contributed principally to procure him these favours, and to get him received a member of the French Academy, though the Abbé de Saint Pierre had no right to he admitted of that body. After the death of Louis XIV. he wrote a pamphlet full of flatteries of the regent, and very injurious to the memory of Louis XIV. his benefactor, and that of the French Academy. This occasioned his expulsion from that body, by the unanimous voice of the members, with the exception of Fontenelle, who refused to vote for his exclusion. Fontenelle thought very little of inconsistencies of whatever kind they might be. It is well known that in the latter part of the reign of Louis the Great, he published several discourses full of the the most edifying piety, and that after the decease of that monarch he wrote the *History of the Oracles!* . . . The Abbé de Saint Pierre has been outrageously praised by the philosophers of the eighteenth century; the reason is plain; in his writings, he declaimed against the celibacy of priests, against Louis XIV. and against the government; and he has said many things indirectly and sometimes directly, against religion. He was a bad priest, a bad writer, and an inventor of chimerical projects. It has been said of him that he displayed very little talent in company—so that

he could have had none at all, for he shows none in his writings. The modern philosophers agree that his morals were not pure, but they assert he was very charitable; he has been highly praised for having taken for his device the words *give and forgive*. It is highly ridiculous to boast of his charity, which was not the charity of the gospel, but *beneficence;* it is alleged that he invented this word, which is more harmonious—more elegant; worldly people prefer the one, the poor the other.

The Abbé Raguenet devoted himself to the study of belles letters and history. *His discourse on the Merits and Dignity of Martyrdom* gained the prize for eloquence at the French Academy in 1689. A hundred years afterwards, the finest discourse on the same subject would only have been a ground of exclusion from all literary honours. The Abbé Raguenet has left behind him several esteemed works, among others the *Description of the Monuments of Rome*, which procured him patent letters as a *Roman Citizen*—a title which he bore till the time of his death.

Jean Jacques Mairan, was born at Béziers in 1678, and died at Paris in 1771, at the age of ninety-three; in many respects he singularly resembled Fontenelle; he pursued, like him, a long literary career, and with the same talents, at least

for his sciences, he filled the same places. He was at once a scientific and literary man, a member of the Academy of Sciences, and of the French Academy. Like Fontenelle, he has written *Eloges*, which are esteemed; like him he had a quiet disposition, full of candour and amenity, and was generally liked, both in the academy of which he was a member, and in society; at length he succeeded Fontenelle in 1741, as perpetual secretary to the French Academy. He has left several good works on physics and eulogies of the academicians who died in 1741-2-3. An expression of his has been cited, which is quite charming, because it could only have come from the heart. He said that *an honest man is one whose blood is warmed by the recital of a good action.*

The Abbé de Choisi was very licentious in his youth; he had a handsome face, and it is quite true that he lived in the country eighteen months in a woman's dress—a folly which forms the subject of his romance of the *Countess des Barres*, which he wrote at this period. M. de Voltaire says, that during this time he wrote his *Ecclesiastical History*, which is false and absurd. The Abbé de Choisi published the first volume of that work (corrected by Bossuet) in 1703; he was then near sixty; but a gross falsehood cost nothing to

M. de Voltaire, when his object was to cast ridicule on any religious work. It is a fortunate and proud thing for religion that a man of such talents as M. de Voltaire, could injure it by no other means than by cabals, falsehoods, and calumnies.

M. Ameilhon, who was naturally of a very odd and violent disposition, was enraged at losing this manuscript,* one of the ornaments of the library where he was director. The aversion which he had already conceived for me was thus greatly augmented. The following are the grounds of his enmity; he had always had a wish to join to the library the handsome rooms which I occupied, so that he witnessed my establishment there with great displeasure; my apartments had a pretty little garden under the windows of the drawing room; upon this M. Ameilhon seized—a thing which was the more absurd, as he had another much larger belonging to his lodgings, which were the handomest at the Arsenal. In order to have quietness, I only gently complained of this usurpation, but seeing that he insisted pertinaciously, I yielded without resistance. We lived together tolerably, and he came to visit me from time to time; but the loss of Dangeau's manuscripts gave fuel to his fury, and when he came, he

* The Memoirs of Dangeau.

behaved in the most violent manner. I replied to him calmly, and detailed my reasons; but nothing could soften him; and from that time he was my irreconcileable enemy. I shall not recapitulate here all the vexations which he made me undergo; I shall only cite a few of them. He distinctly refused to lend me any books from the library. I wrote on this subject to the minister, who gave him positive orders to lend me all the books I asked for; he had then no other resource but that of making me wait for whole weeks. I suffered all this with a patience which never failed me. I played him a little trick which put the finishing stroke to his fury; nevertheless, he turned it to his own use. He had very little talent, and was a very bad writer; he was publishing a continuation of the *History of the Lower Empire*; at the same time, I had some work or another in the press. There was a mistake about the proofs; the printer sent me that of Ameilhon, which I read and corrected from beginning to end —I do not mean the mistakes of the printer, but the bad French of the author; I corrected in this way at least a dozen of phrases. I showed the sheet to two or three persons who called to see me while I was making the corrections; they laughed heartily at them. The thing was told;

M. Ameilhon was in a dreadful passion, yet he caused the proof to be printed as I had corrected it.

In the mean time, M. Ameilhon was named a member of the Institute. One day he formed part of a deputation and presented himself to the emperor for the first time, with the ardent hope of being remarked by him and obtaining the honour of a few words *en passant*; he placed himself in a conspicuous station in the audience chamber; the emperor at last seeing a face which he only imperfectly recollected, went up to him and said, "Are you not M. Ancillon?"—"Yes, Sire . . . Ameilhon."—"Ah! true, librarian of Saint Geneviève?"—"Yes, Sire . . . of the Arsenal."—"Oh yes—the continuator of the *History of the Ottoman Empire*."—"Yes, Sire, of the History of the Lower Empire." At these words, the emperor, annoyed at his own mistakes, turned his back upon him roughly, and M. Ameilhon feeling nothing but the *honour and joy* of being for a few minutes near the emperor, and the object of his attention, said emphatically to his next neighbour, "*The Emperor is a wonderful man—he knows every thing.*" This story was told me the same day by one of my friends, M. Destournel, who was present.

In the very beginning of my residence at the

Arsenal, I renewed the request I had before made in Germany to have my grandson with me; he was fourteen, and charming at once in face, disposition, and turn of mind. I might have kept him there with me two years; but my request was refused; which occasioned me as much grief as I had formerly experienced at Brevel, when I urgently requested he might be sent to me at Hamburg, whither I should have gone to fetch him. He was then ten years old; he could have quitted France and remained in a foreign country three or four years without being subject to the revolutionary laws. I was refused on my return a satisfaction which would have been so useful to the boy's education. I had also asked my brother at Hamburg, to send me my niece Georgette, then six years old, and I experienced a similar refusal.

I found in France some friends and many ungrateful acquaintances; but Madame d'Harville, who was high in favour at the new court, where her husband had a grand situation, proved to me that absence and the vicissitudes of fortune can never alter true friendship. I also saw again M. de Cabre, and the worthy Monsigny; the latter told me he would be happy if he had two thousand francs more. I wrote to the emperor

the same evening to ask them, and the day following Monsigny received an order for a pension of two thousand francs. M. de Cabre, who wrote charming familiar verses, had formerly written many for me, and that I might experience no change whatever in him, he wrote some once more. The following are some of the last which he wrote for one of my birthdays:

Jadis je n'osois vous chanter,
Mon adorable Félicie,
J'aurois eu trop à vous conter,
Et ma lyre eût paru hardie.
Pour vous peindre mes sentimens,
Quelle assez pure allégorie!
Puisque la langue des amans
De votre cœur étoit bannie.

Aujourd'hui je me sens plus fier,
Mon amour n'est plus à la gêne;
Mieux que les messieurs du bel air,
Il se vante de sa trentaine.
Frivoles vainqueurs de vingt ans,
Dont l'ardeur chaque jour s'épuise!
Vous vous croyez les vrais amans..
Amour rit de votre méprise.

Ses secrets, ses dons les plus doux,
Il les réserve pour notre âge;
Quand ses feux follets sont pour vous,
Son feu pur est notre partage.

Par eux de l'imprudent Titon
Il accélère la vieillesse ;
Mais il rajeunit Philémon
Avec sa flamme enchanteresse.

Vous n'obtiendrez pas la faveur
De cette jeunesse dernière,
Vous qu'un banal et faux bonheur
Rent prodigues de la première.
Ces transports, ces plaisirs si fous,
Comme vous tout set les réclame :
On n'est jeune, heureuz comme nous,
Qu'avec l'esprit, le cœur et l'âme.

Que de raison dans sès discours !
Dans sa personne que de grâce !
On voudroit l'entendre toujours,
Et sans cesse suivre ses traces ;
Dès qu'on la voit, on veut l'aimer,
On veut penser comme elle pense :
Oui, pour plaire, instruire, charmer,
Le ciel lui donna la naissance.

Ah ! si pour louer son esprit
Ma voix eût été plus sonore,
Déjà combien j'en aurois dit !
Et combien j'en dirois encore !
Vanter son talent, ses écrits,
N'est pas un droit que je m'arroge :
Mais tous ceux qui lisent Genlis
Mieux que moi feront son éloge.

Pour la scène bien des auteurs
Ont su puiser dans ses ouvrages,

Et par elle ses emprunteurs
Du public ont eu les suffrages.
Plusieurs s'en souviennent tout bas,
Plusieurs en perdent la mémoire;
Quelques-uns ne s'en vantent pas;
Mais quelques-autres en font gloire.

The following are some other couplets written by M. Radet:

Ce jour où tout doit s'empresser
A vous rendre un sincère hommage,
De Villemonble, sans balancer,
Nous entreprenons le voyage;
A vous fêter, en arrivant,
Chacun de nous gaiment s'apprête;
Et voilà qu'en vous retrouvant,
De chacun de nous c'est la fête.

Ils nous ont laissé pour toujours
Une aimable réminiscence,
Ces instans si doux et si courts
Qu'embellissoit votre présence.
En y songeant avec plaisir,
On les sent, on les apprécie;
Eh! qui pourroit ne pas chérir
*Les souvenirs de Félicie!*

Nous y trouvons un esprit fin,
Un style que chacun admire,
Un tact heureux, un goût divin
Qui nous enchante et nous attire.

De vous voir a-t-on le bonheur,
Vous captivez tous les suffrages ;
On sent qu'il faut aimer l'auteur
Autant qu'on aime ses ouvrages.

Avant ce roman si touchant,
Dont l'héroïne a tout pour plaire,
On disoit d'elle en la citant :
La tendre et froide La Vallière.
Vous la peignez, un feu subit
Dans son âme naît et s'allume :
Elle s'arme de votre esprit,
Et s'embellit sous votre plume.

La Vallière fut pour Louis
Une amante triste et plaintive ;
Mais, sous le pinceau de Genlis,
Elle séduit, charme et captive.
Ah ! si des couleurs du portrait
On eût vu briller le modèle,
Fixé par ce puissant attrait,
Louis seroit resté fidèle.

Nous savons tous que vos écrits
Trop souvent excitent l'envie :
Mais des bons cœurs, des bons esprits
Genlis sera toujours chérie :
Ses livres, comme ses discours,
Tout en elle plaît, intéresse :
Ne pouvant l'entendre toujours,
On voudroit la lire sans cesse.

M. Radet brought on the Vaudeville stage a great quantity of my novels; he wrote in company with Messrs. Desfontaines and Barré. I asked the emperor for a pension of four thousand francs for M. Radet; when the emperor granted it, he was told, that M. Radet wrote along with two other men of letters; upon this the emperor said, "*Very well---that will make twelve thousand francs.*" Two years afterwards, I solicited for my brother the place of librarian at the Arsenal, vacant by the death of M. Saugrin; this place was immediately next to that of director, and was worth three thousand francs. The emperor instantly gave my brother a pension of three thousand francs, without any obligation to do duty, and gave the place of librarian to M. de Treneuil.

I passed each summer in the country; I went several times to dine at Villemonble, where M. Radet had a pretty house, where there was always to be found excellent company, selected from the most amiable and clever persons of his acquaintance. I met at this place, with great pleasure, Madame Kenens, Messieurs Barré, Desfontaines, and Moreau, &c. The latter has a particular gracefulness in his talent, which is never insipid, because he joins to it a mild gaiety, which agreeably contrasts with a serious and somewhat me-

lancholy physiognomy; he partook at this period the successes (at the Vaudeville) of Messieurs Radet, Barré, and Desfontaines. He wrote charming verses, which he sung very agreeably.

While I am on the subject of men of letters, I beg to be allowed to boast of a prediction, which I made at that time in the *Mercure*, and which has since been amply verified. A very young literary man, (M. Charles Nodier,) had just then published a romance, called *The Proscripts*. I reviewed it in the *Mercury*, and terminated the article by saying, that there were in the work several pages which did more honour to the writer, than certain books which still enjoy a reputation; and I added, that with study, M. Nodier would certainly reach a very high rank in literature. In fact, there was in this first attempt, every thing which could give promise of future excellence---there was soul, a talent for observation and description, there was imagination---in short, all that composes genius. I was far from thinking, that with so mild a physiognomy, and an air so timid, he would have had the courage, a few years afterwards, to attack the formidable power of Napoleon, and to brave all the rigours of a long captivity.

My works, which procured me real friends in

foreign lands, obtained me some also in France, whom I shall cherish till death---Mesdames de Choiseul, (then de Beaufremont,) de Lascours, and de Brady. I had seen Madame de Choiseul in her infancy, at Belle-Chasse; our acquaintance was renewed, and ripened into the tenderest friendship. Madame de Lascours expressed a wish to see me immediately on my arrival. She was very young, charming in all respects, and already announced, by the maturity of her judgment and talents, the admirable sentiments and conduct which she has always displayed. Madame de Brady, who was also very young, and of radiant beauty, wrote me anonymous letters during a whole year; giving me a pretended name and address, to which I was to send my answers. Her letters announced so much talent, that they interested me strongly! I entreated her in my replies to cultivate her talents, which have now become so superior; and to which virtue the most pure and irreproachable has given additional power. Another person also who was extremely interesting, wrote to me during eighteen months, charming anonymous letters, under the name of *Jeanneton;* this was the Duchess of Chevreuse, (formerly Narbonne,) daughter-in-law of the Duchess of Luynes, who amused herself with making a little novel

out of our connexion. Our first conversation was on the two sides of a wall, and at our first interview, she came to the Arsenal disguised as a gardener's daughter; she filled my room with flowers. I pretended to take her for a peasant, which delighted her. She fancied herself completely disguised, because she had a peasant's petticoat, and said *j'allions* and *je venions*. Her small white hands, the elegance of her air, the sweetness of her voice and of her accent, formed a pleasant contrast with the rusticity of her dress and language; she seemed to me like a pretty actress destined to play princesses, and playing by chance, and consequently without illusion, the part of a village girl. When afterwards she was exiled, I never ceased to solicit the emperor in her favour, but always in vain: there was somewhat of littleness in such rancour borne by a sovereign towards a young person so interesting in all respects, and whose only crime was to have shown courageously a just indignation relative to the affairs of Spain.

Young Anatole Montesquiou also wished to become acquainted with me—an object which he could readily have accomplished, seeing there were bonds of relationship between his family and that of M. de Genlis, but he was scarcely seventeen, and he preferred forming our acquaint-

ance in a romantic manner; so he went to Maradan, begging him to send him to me as a printer's boy, who was bringing me proofs. Maradan refused this; upon which he had recourse to Madame de Lascours, who simply invited me to meet him. I found in him so much talent and grace, and sentiments so noble, that I became truly attached to him. Our friendship has withstood the shock of two or three revolutions, and consequently is as solid as it is tender. At the period of his marriage with his cousin, whom he had loved from infancy, he begged me to paint an arabesque in his album; the arabesque represented his name, and that of the charming young person whom he was about to marry. I painted in the arabesque two lighted torches, with their flames united, and below the emblem I wrote the following verses:

Non, cette flamme vive et pure
N'est point la fugitive ardeur
De cet amour léger, enfant de l'imposture,
Qui promet in vain le bonheur!
J'ai voulu peindre ici l'amour sans inconstance,
Sans traits piquans, sans ailes, sans bandeau,
Né dans le sein de l'aimable innocence,
Tendre et touchant, dès le berceau.
Ah! cette pinture si belle,

Si digne d'un meilleur pinceau,
Devroit sans doute être immortelle!
Que j'aime à la tracer dans ce doux souvenir:
Heureux qui peut toujours contempler son modèle,
Mais plus heureux qui peut l'offrir!

I have written other verses for him; and on his side he has written many for me. I encouraged with great pleasure the rising taste for literature and the arts, which he has since so successfully cultivated. He felt a great deal of friendship for Casimir, who returned his advances with his usual frankness, and who presented him, as the pledge of a real attachment, with two of my original manuscripts, which had been printed, but which were written entirely in my hand. According to my habit, I had sent copies of them only to the printer. Casimir put a high value upon these originals, and begged me to give him them, which I did. Afterwards he gave to my grandson, Anatole de Lawoestine, one of these manuscripts; these gifts were to him real sacrifices.

There happened to me at this time an adventure which touched me deeply: a young girl of eighteen, daughter of an ex-captain of horse, wrote me letters truly impassioned, and so frank, that I replied to them regularly; and the more exactly, as she told me she was dying of a consumption, which,

according to the physicians, must prove mortal. This correspondence lasted six months, at the end of which time she told me, that in order to see me before she died, she had seized the opportunity afforded her by one of her sisters, who had left Beauvais, and was coming by a post-chaise to Paris. In fact, she arrived one day at noon, at the Arsenal. Though she was in reality dying, her face was one of the most charming I have ever seen: she threw herself into my arms, weeping, and only spoke two or three words to me. She passed the whole day with me, and the only nourishment she took was a plain bouillon. She remained altogether silent, her eyes fixed on me, holding my hand, which she pressed and kissed from time to time, and occasionally bursting into quiet tears. Her sister sent for her at eight in the evening; she then knelt down before me, and asked my blessing: I took her in my arms, where I thought she would have expired. At length, bathed in tears, she quitted me, and left me in a state of the most disagreeable description. She returned to Beauvais, and died the morning after her arrival. Her father wrote to me to announce the melancholy tidings; she had directed him on her death bed to offer me her last adieu, and to tell me that she had given her youngest sister what she regarded as the most

precious of her possessions—a lock of my hair given her by myself. I cannot express the extent of my regret: that soul could not be a common one which could cherish so impassioned and so pure a love.

I experienced a vexation of another kind: I was at length absolutely compelled to separate from Helmina. This young person joined to the most amiable and the mildest disposition, and to a great deal of wit and talent such absurd notions, and such extravagant conduct, that no nature however indulgent, could support it. A few months after, Madame Récamier took her into her house, and the same reasons forced her to a similar rupture. Stéphanie Alyon, my god-daughter, who had been two years with me, remained; Casimir, though still a child, gave her a pretty taste for the harp: I taught her orthography, English, and the elements of history: she readily replied to my attentions. She has since translated from the English in an agreeable manner, a volume, forming part of a work called *The Little Naturalist*. She remained with me up to the time of her marriage, when she espoused a military man called M. Savary: she is now a virtuous and amiable wife.

A short time after my quarrel with Helmina, I received some letters from a lady in the country, which represented her to be in a most deplorable

situation. Her letters were clever and well written, and interested me strongly, for such letters have a particular influence on my feelings. I became passionately attached to this unfortunate person, who was fifty leagues off; I paid her expenses, and invited her to come and live with me. I expected her with incredible impatience: I knew she was fifty, but as in my letters I had requested to be informed of all particulars relative to her person, she had furnished me with a description of her face, in which she represented herself as noble, handsome, and interesting. I figured her the heroine of some old romance, who had preserved all that could recal to the mind touching recollections. At length she came, and I beheld a tall, starched, pale, and affected old woman, who could never have been handsome; and who treated me with a sentimental scene, the most comical and ridiculous that can be imagined. She fulfilled my expectation so slenderly, that at first I imagined she could not be the writer of the letters which had so much charmed me; but I very soon discovered in spite of her disagreeable manners, her pretensions in all respects, and her bad taste, that she was really clever; that she could spell well, and that she had even studied grammar. I then read her letters which I had carefully preserved, and found

that my prejudices in favour of the writer, and my imagination had excessively embellished them; nevertheless, they displayed talent, but by no means equal to my first opinion of them. Madame * * * * * became daily more insupportable to me, from her pedantry, her affectation, her awkward manners, and the inconceivable absurdity of her coquetry. One day, she came into my room, looked at herself in a glass over the chimney, and said with an air of satisfaction—*Well, I have still my skin!** She meant to say that she had still a fine skin, which was not at all the case, for she had a dead white complexion, quite covered with freckles. "Oh, Madam," said I, "there is nothing astonishing in that; for though Time renders us ugly, he does not flay us." Madame * * * * * whom nothing could disconcert, smiled at my simplicity, and entered into a long dissertation to prove, that *I have a skin, I have colour; she has a skin*, or *she has colour*, are expressions quite in common use. This amiable companion remained with me more than a year; at the end of which time her passion for M. Alyon, the ugliest man I ever knew, and who was also fifty—her passion, I say, which was shared, broke out with such fury,

* In the original, *J'ai encore de la peau.*

that I was forced to testify my surprise at it, and to watch the motions of these two young lovers, who between them, made up more than a century. Nothing, however, could restrain them: M. Alyon, one fine morning, carried off his conquest, by which means, to my great joy, I got rid of her.

My literary labours did not prevent me from giving some attention to the education of Casimir; he had a petulance, a natural temerity of courage which gave me great uneasiness, and which those who did not like him construed into a love of mischief, an imputation most calumnious, for he has always displayed the most generous feelings, and the tenderest heart: to be sure, he has frequently walked on the roof of the Arsenal, and what was still more alarming, on the stones outside the building: and after taking two lessons in swimming, he crossed the river by himself. At sixteen, in order to learn the art of riding, he made an excursion of thirty leagues going and as much returning, at a gallop. All these things were sufficiently alarming, but in his case they were allied to qualities most attaching; an excellent heart, an admirable taste for the arts, infinite wit, a great deal of piety, and the noblest sentiments: no one always gave alms with

more pleasure; and it has chanced more than once, when I have given him money for charitable purposes, that he has given away part of his own clothes. The first sum at all considerable which he had in his own power was five hundred francs, (he was then fourteen years of age,) and he employed the whole in making me presents, without keeping a farthing of it to himself. He gained a considerable sum by his first concert at Paris; but he reserved no share of the profits for his own use. He bought with the proceeds six arm chairs, a sofa, and new curtains for a drawing room, and made a most virtuous use of the remainder. The unexampled success of this concert induced M. Picard* to request that he would perform at the Salle Louvois eight days afterwards. To this Casimir consented, but he would only play gratuitously: M. Picard had not only the boxes, &c. quite full, but even the lobbies; and Casimir's success was as brilliant on this occasion as on the former. At this time M. Pieyre wrote four lines on Casimir's talents, which might really be called impromptu, for he wrote them with a pencil while at the theatre. The following

* Author of the comedies played at the Odeon with so much applause.—*(Note by the Author.)*

is the charming quatrain which he addressed to me:

" Au jeune Orphée, à son luth enchanteur
Quand le public rend un si juste hommage,
Vous ressemblez au Créateur
Qui s'applaudit de son ouvrage.

These concerts of Casimir's cast completely into shade the talents of all the other harp players: I have never seen his talents equalled, and they can never be surpassed. He has completed the art of harp playing, and perfected harmonic sounds; and he even discovered another kind of sounds, which till then were unknown: besides the harmonic sound, he drew two others from the same cord, which formed a perfect unison: besides, the method he acquired from me of placing the hands, and forming gamuts, is quite different from that of other performers on the harp, who have a mode so different and defective, that it is impossible to attain perfection by means of it. Casimir, besides many inventions which it would take too much space to detail here, has proved that you may play with both little fingers; (I only used that of the right hand;) he has made the harp strings far thicker, and ten times more tight, which quadruples the intensity of the sound: he invented the plan of sitting on a seat much more elevated than

usual, which at once gives an easier air, more facility in playing, and prevents the shape from being injured. Never having played in public in France, since his performance at the age of seventeen, in these two concerts his method of course could not be generally promulgated. The professors of the harp in general, not being able to play in his style, perpetuated their own bad plan: however, two pupils to whom Casimir gave lessons through friendship, (and of whom the one is not a musical person,*) concur in proving how much ours is preferable. Alfred is a proof of the same thing in Belgium, and he is but eighteen:† he will hereafter complete the proof. Indeed, my engraved method, which had so much success and sale, has of itself made pupils, (without teachers,) preferable to all those made by professors of the instrument.

One day when I was walking on foot in the streets with Stephanie Alyon, and Casimir, (then fourteen) I stopped for a moment at a little shop on the ground near the kennel: suddenly I felt myself seized from behind and carried off; it was Casimir, who bore me with a strength extraordinary for his age, into the court-yard of a house

* Mademoiselle de Marcieu.

† Written in 1820.

of which the gate was open; he saved my life, for I should have been crushed to death by a horse which had run away, and whose footsteps, with my accustomed absence of mind I had not heard. Stephanie had run off, but Casimir thought of nothing but me; his courage and his excellent heart have never failed me. He did another thing which deserves recital. As he was returning to the Arsenal at nine in the evening, the wheel of a cart loaded with stones broke; the man who was with the cart must have been crushed to pieces had not Casimir rushed towards him, supported the cart with one of his hands and his knee, and with the other withdrawn the man who had fallen on his knees, and who in attempting to support the cart with his shoulder, had broken the shoulder bone. Casimir, seeing that he was dangerously hurt, took him in his arms, and asked him where he lived: the man, who was a mason, replied, That he dwelt in the second court of the Arsenal; it was in the summer, and was still day-light; all this passed before our door and in front of the library: the porter and his family, as well as several passengers, ran to the spot, and wished to help in carrying the wounded man. Casimir would not suffer this, but carried him in his arms, followed by the crowd, up to the

fourth floor where he lived; when there, he sent for a surgeon, caused the mason to be bled, made the shoulder blade be set in his presence, holding him in his arms all the time of the operation, while he sent to me to ask for *eau de tilleul* and *fleur d'orange* for the sick man, who certainly tasted these things then for the first time in his life. Casimir remained till midnight, paid the surgeon, and went daily for the first eight days to visit and attend his patient. Three weeks afterward, when we were at our parish church of St. Paul, at high mass, we saw three men with bouquets, representing the corporation of masons, rendering the holy bread: at the end of the ceremony all the spectators saw them with surprise approach Casimir, and present him with a superb cake adorned with ribbons; it was a homage offered here by the corporation of masons, in consideration of his having saved the life of their comrade. We carried off to the Arsenal in triumph the fine cake, and no present ever gave Casimir more pleasure.

We read aloud history and theatrical pieces every evening, and I shall relate on this head an anecdote of Casimir, which in every respect deserves to be quoted. One evening, I was reading to him the story of Caunus, a philosopher, who

when condemned to death, played a game at chess very quietly with his friend before his execution, and won the game; this fact has been cited by all historians without exception, as a proof of great strength of mind; the same remark was made in the book where the anecdote was recounted: when I came to that part of it, Casimir interrupted me and said, "There is nothing surprising in that; the friend against whom the philosopher was playing must have been a monster, if he could preserve sufficient coolness to play even tolerably." I venture to say that this reflection is admirable, and the person who made it for the first time was not quite sixteen. I shall here quote an observation of another boy, (Alfred Le Maire,) whom I had adopted and educated at the same period, and of whom I shall have to speak in a more advanced part of these memoirs. The remark to which I allude is the more charming, as it adds a moral lesson, most touching and natural, to one of the most beautiful of La Fontaine's fables, of which the only defect was its want of one. It was the fable of the *Wolf and the Lamb;* when I read this fable to children, I always suppress the two miserable lines at the beginning:—

Là raison du plus fort est toujours la meillure;
Nous l'allons montrer tout à l'heure.

When with this suppression, I read the fable for the first time to Alfred, (then eight years old,) he was deeply touched with the fate of the lamb, and said, "See what a sad thing it is to be separated from one's mother!" . . . Certainly if the same idea had suggested itself to La Fontaine, he would have expressed it, and his fable would have been perfect.

It was also during the same time that I published *La Tendresse Maternelle, ou L'Education sensitive*. I made a hazardous attempt in this work, and according to the acknowledgment of every one, succeeded in it. This undertaking was, to write a novel history of a female confined in a dungeon; and it was unanimously allowed that the history of Diana is infinitely more interesting than that of the Duchess of C——, which had acquired so much success in *Adèle et Théodore*. There is in this work a perfectly novel idea on education; namely, that of attaching a religious memorial or moral lessons to all the sensations which, in the end, might become most dangerous. By reflecting hereon, people will one day adopt this idea, which will be, for women particularly, of the greatest utility.

It was in following this idea, that I made long after, (in the year 1824,) for my great-grand-

daughter Pulchérie de Celle, my *Cantique des Fleurs*, with the sole intention at first of making it a preservative against all the insipid, corruptive compliments, which are addressed to young females in offering them lilies, roses, &c. and ultimately to render this piece of poetry more instructive, I conceived the idea of writing a botanical course, presenting such flowers only as were remarkable for their properties and different phenomena. In fact, I endeavoured to exhibit in every couplet of this *Cantique*, some striking moral, and to show at the same time in each thought a sublime and benign providence.

I wrote shortly after the *Siege of Rochelle*, which, of all my novels, is the one which had, and which still has, the greatest success: yet I have never written any work which has been so much abused by all the journalists, and particularly by M. de Feletz, who says, in his extract, that the innocent Clara is accused of an execrable crime, and looked on as a monster even by her lover himself, for no other cause than that she had been found fainting upon the table on which they had placed the body of the infant; whilst in the romance I have accumulated a multitude of questionable appearances as well as of positive facts, which leave no possibility of doubt that she had

not committed the crime; this, indeed, is a point on which all the reading public are universally agreed. M. de Feletz disliked me, because I had repelled the praises he had given me in the *Journal des Debats*, in a relation of my journey to Ferney to visit M. Voltaire, which is to be found in the first volume of the *Souvenirs*. He had made in those eulogiums, a critical comparison between my book and an account of the same journey by Madame Suard, and I never relished those praises which were bestowed on me at the expense of another. I was not acquainted with Madame Suard; her husband had always been my enemy; but I replied to M. de Feletz in a newspaper, in a manner very dry towards him, and complimentary towards Madame Suard, who by way of acknowledgment, wrote a year after, *Madame de Maintenon, drawn by herself*, an ill-written work, in which she has made use of all my researches and several of my reflections, without ever mentioning her obligations. At length, I produced anew my *Belisarius*, which had against it, as I had expected, all the philosophical *coterie*. M. de Villeterque, in the *Journal de Paris*, made the strangest critique on it, and which, contrary to his own intention, was discovered to be a grand eulogium; he said, that the commence-

ment of this work so dramatic, and at the same time so religious, would have been extremely beautiful, had Belisarius been a christian, but that, this not being the case, it was purely extravagant; thus M. Villeterque believed that Belisarius was a pagan. I had the moderation to abstain from making any kind of retort. This man had married a young female, who accepted him only for the sake of his literary talents; and I was told, if I persisted in publicly arresting this error, I should never have to despair; and I therefore sacrificed the *amour propre* of the author to good-nature. As to the rest, those literary men who spoke fairly, agreed in saying that Belisarius was one of my best works. Several men of letters have borrowed largely from it.

The *Belisarius* of Marmontel is certainly the most mediocre of all his performances. The best political arguments of his hero are to be found better expressed in Telemachus, and the dramatic part of this work is also out of character and keeping, as well as insipid and stupid. M. Marmontel announced at first that he meant to show a great man struggling with adversities, and after a very few pages, you perceive that he has no longer any adversities to struggle with. Belisarius, by being made too mild, becomes stupid; and as

I have remarked, that kind of poem is but a cold imitation of *Telemachus*, and destitute of any portion of imagination. Belisarius is *Mentor;* Justinian, *Idomeneus;* Tiberius, *Telemachus;* Eudoxa, *Antiope*. In the poem of Fénélon it is quite natural that Mentor should instruct Idomeneus, who was about to found a town; but it is absurd, when Belisarius, an old soldier, becomes suddenly a pedagogue, and speaks only of politics to an old king, with whom he has lived thirty years in great intimacy, and to whom he must have already said all these things; besides, it is quite incredible, that in all those conversations, so long and so numerous, Belisarius should not have recollected the sound of Justinian's voice! In fact, the manner of Belisarius is that of a shopkeeper in the Rue Saint Denis; he continually styles Justinian *neighbour*. The author, in attempting to give him an air of familiarity and good-nature, has rendered him paltry and ignoble. The character of Gelimer is destitute of all warmth of colouring, like all the others drawn in the book, the style of which purity, distinctness, nor elevation; the following are some of the phrases—"The soul which is a slave to cupidity, is constantly on sale to the highest bidder." "What resolution can outweigh the taste for pleasure, the

attractions of enjoyment, the desire of possessing the equivalent of all good?"—"The private individual annihilates himself to give up his entire soul to his prince."—"The monarch gets tired of the luxuries of his table, as soon as the man is satisfied."—"Let habit inspire a man with a feeling of the necessity of self-esteem;* let him accustom himself to cast his thoughts beyond the present, in order to collect the suffrages of the future." "Luxury is in a state, like low persons who have made great alliances; you pay respect to them from regard to their connexions, but you end by shutting them up.†"

The following stuff is quite unintelligible:—

"His wants render an opulent man a miser,‡ and his avarice is a mixture of all the passions, which is satisfied with gold; but if the most ardent of these passions, pride, ambition, or even love, (for it follows glory,) are no longer connected with objects of luxury, see how much it loses its attraction, and avarice its strength!—The truth which

* Instead of *habit*, a Christian would say *religion*, and an ancient philosopher would at least have said *virtue*.

† It is impossible to conceive how a man of talent could have written such things.

‡ He ought to have said *fancies*, for opulence consists in the possession of more than is sufficient for our wants.—(*Notes by the Author.*)

a prince ought to seek lies in an acquaintance with the things which interest humanity; to a sovereign truth is what is just and useful;* in society it is the circle of wants, the chain of duties, the mutual exchange of assistance, and the most equitable division of the public happiness among those who produce it."

All these things are complete enigmas; and it is easy to see from these samples, in what school our modern dogmatic authors have been formed, who are so obscure and so *tranchant*. This work owed all its success to its being on the plan of the conspiracy of the encyclopedists against religion and monarchy; accordingly, it was puffed and praised as a *chef-d'œuvre* by all the philosophers, who discovered the greatest enthusiasm for the most irreligious chapter in the work; M. de Voltaire wrote to Marmontel, that without this chapter, *the age would be in the dirt*. This was a very modest appreciation of his own writings, and showing great contempt for those of the philosophers; but M. de Marmontel believed in the sincerity of the eulogy; the philosophers laughed at it among themselves, and said nothing. It is in this book that, speaking of kings, the author says—"It is

* To a sovereign as to others, *truth* is what is true.—*(Note by the Author.)*

a misfortune that there should be men who can impose upon society the whole burden of their existence."

If society refused to bear the *burden of the existence of any man,* there would be neither judges, nor soldiers, nor chiefs, and consequently there could be no society.

"A sovereign ought to say, 'I engage to live only for my people.'"

What! is he not to be allowed also to live a little for his own family?

"Authority is founded on the will and the strength of a people. 'I have nothing of my own,' said Antoninus; 'My palace is not my own,' said Marcus Aurelius; and their imitators think as they did."

No, certainly; for these emperors and others named their successors or colleagues, and people do not dispose in this way of a thing which does not belong to them; it is absurd and ridiculous to quote as a positive fact a single obliging phrase, or a simple manner of speaking. Certainly when Marcus Aurelius said that his palace was not his, he would have thought it very strange if the people had come to demand the vacant apartments. The public had the privilege of walking in the magnificent gardens of the emperors, and this is

a privilege which is accorded by all the European sovereigns to their subjects and to foreigners; I do not know whether the pagan emperors gave rooms in their palaces to Virgil and Horace, but we know there have been many artists and literary men lodged at the Louvre. But all these phrases of Marmontel's were applauded as luminous, and new, and striking truths; yet he only repeated the declamations of the protestant Jurieu, so triumphantly refuted by Bossuet. Belisarius says—

"In the case of a sovereign, the wants of an isolated man may be reduced to little;* he may enjoy at an easy rate all the true happiness of life;† the circle of its pleasures is drawn round him, and beyond all is vanity, fantasy, and illusion.‡ If he is seized with the rage of property, he will become avaricious of *what he will call his property;* he will fancy he enriches himself at the expense of his people, and that he gains all he ravishes from them."

It follows from this, that all persons (and particularly kings) become robbers and oppressors as *soon* as they possess a property. All these errors

* Why should he have fewer wants than other men?

† As well as ourselves—no better.

‡ The Author ought to have told us what circle is prescribed to the monarch.

had been proscribed by the French clergy in 1682, they were renewed before *Belisarius* in the *Emilius* of Rousseau, and condemned on the 9th of June, 1762, as tending to give a false and odious character to the sovereign authority, and to destroy the principles of obedience due to it by weakening the love and respect of the people for their king. The *Encyclopedie* has consecrated these errors in its articles *Government* and *Authority*: all these things were ingeniously connected together. A romance is a sort of poem; in both the rules are nearly the same; one of the most prominent is, never to allow the personages to act out of character, and to keep in all respects to the times, manners, and places chosen: nothing of this kind is done in the *Belisarius* of M. Marmontel; his Belisarius talks always like a Parisian shopkeeper or an Encyclopedist, repeats all that Voltaire has said in his poem of *La Loi Naturelle*, and all that Rousseau has written in his various works on government, finances, nobility, the court, and virtue; it is particularly ludicrous to represent Belisarius as an *esprit fort*, seeing that this great man was extremely pious, and that, to show his respect for religion after the conquest of Africa, he caused to be borne among the other trophies, the books of the evangelists, adorned with gold and diamonds.

I hope to be pardoned for this digression, since the subject at once belongs to morals and literature.

I wrote also about this time *Alphonso*, or *The Natural Son*, a work, in which I think I have developed all that can reasonably and morally be said on the subject of bastards; the situations in this novel seem to me to be quite original, and I think I have described very accurately the manners of country towns and of the colonies.

As I have already stated, M. de Cabre, who was always deeply interested for me, had introduced me to the Marechal Bernadotte and his sister the Princess Joseph, two persons for whom I shall always entertain the tenderest attachment. The Princess Joseph was afterwards Queen of Naples; she had conceived a high opinion of me, and M. de Cabre, without my knowledge, easily persuaded her to appoint me governess to her children—a thing which was proposed to me, accompanied with the most brilliant and advantageous conditions. I have always had a natural aversion to whatever appeared a breach of propriety, and I felt that a person who had educated three princes and a princess of the house of Bourbon, ought not to become the instructress of the imperial family of Bonaparte; besides, I was

receiving a pension from the emperor, who was my benefactor—the first and only one I have ever found among sovereigns. I knew that he did not like persons of talent to quit France, and I felt I ought to take no step without consulting him. I replied to the Queen of Naples, (after expressing my gratitude for the honour done me,) that it was not sufficient for me that the emperor did not refuse his consent, as it was possible he might grant it merely ont of complaisance to the queen; that it was necessary he should tell me that such a nomination was agreeable to him, and that I should write to him on the subject, which I did. The emperor gave me no commands on the subject —consequently I did not go to Naples. This is exactly the way in which the thing happened:

I ought to add, the *Queen of Naples of her own accord,* and certainly without my having any idea of the kind, insisted on granting me a pension of three thousand francs; she was a queen and acknowledged as such by all Enrope, so that I ought to have accepted this; but being unwilling that a pension should be given me gratuitously, I undertook a work specially for her; this was a written course of history and literature, which formed a manuscript work for her and her children; I gave it up without keeping any copy of it; I gave

her besides the originals of all my Mythological Arabesques, which I had painted with the utmost care, and had splendidly bound. I forgot to speak of that work in another place; I regard it, however, as one of the most useful books of education.

I believe at this time I published my *Maison Rustique*, one of the most useful books I have composed for young people, and which cost me a whole year's fatiguing research. It was also at this period that my aunt, Madame de Montesson, fell into a state which left no hopes of her life. From the time of my return to France she had never rendered me the slightest service—but I neither asked nor expected any thing at her hands. She caressed me greatly; I went to see her about once a fortnight, and we were on very good terms together. As soon as I heard that her life was in danger, I went constantly to her house to attend on her, and to keep her company, from eleven in the morning till nine at night, when I returned to the Arsenal. As she liked to hear me read aloud, I read to her sometimes four or five hours a day; she suffered but little, and preserved her senses to the last moment. I did not leave her even on her death-bed; I sent to a priest to read to her the prayers of the dying; she had asked and received all the sacraments; I prayed for her behind the

curtains, in an under tone, without letting her see me, during the whole of her last agony. When she was dead I caused two wax candles to be lighted by her bed, I left a priest in her room to say the prayers for the dead, and returned to the Arsenal. Until Madame de Montesson's will was seen, my brother and I were sole heirs: my brother was at Bourdeaux, therefore I was the only person qualified to give orders in her house until the seals were removed; but with my usual thoughtlessness, as soon as her eyes were closed, I left the house, and did not return: I learned a few days after my aunt's death, that by her will, (which was never shown me,) she constituted M. de Valence her universal legatee, and that she left to me twenty thousand francs, of which M. de Valence should only be held to pay the interest, amounting to a thousand francs a year. Lastly, she added to this strange clause, that I should be debarred of my right to plead against him in a court of law, if the sum should not be paid regularly; she left the same legacy to my brother and on the same conditions. As my brother's pecuniary circumstances were not comfortable at that time, I gave him up my interest in the will and left him to enjoy it during eight years. Madame de Montesson left my grandson and her own great grand-

nephew, Amable de Lawoestine, the sum of four thousand francs once paid—just such a legacy as she might have left to her footman; she never gave him a farthing during her life-time. Certainly his military conduct, his brilliant successes in society, his amiable disposition, his goodness of heart, and his lofty sentiments, might have gained the affections of his grand-aunt, who ought to have been proud of such a nephew. Her will contained no legacy to any of her friends. She made no provision for Madame Robadet, her companion, who had sacrificed to her the whole of her youth, and her charming accomplishments—and who had passed many years with her, during which she paid her the tenderest attention.

I was extremely well pleased with my residence at the Arsenal, where I enjoyed the society of Casimir and an amiable child, called Alfred Lemaire, (whom I have already mentioned,) an orphan without any friends, whom Casimir, touched with his situation, had requested me to adopt; Casimir was then nineteen, and the child was not quite five; he discovered the best of dispositions, much cleverness, and great aptitude to learn many things; he did not disappoint my hopes; I shall speak of him afterwards in detail.

Casimir made a journey to England, where he met in every way with the most brilliant success. He was seventeen, and having at that age, the greatest distaste for the profession of music, he did not wish to reside there in that quality; but his admirable talents, his personal amiability, and his excellent conduct, caused him to be courted by the princes and princesses, and all the most distinguished society in England. He received no money from any one, but various persons made him magnificent presents; he kept but a small part of these, which he presented to me on my return. He then purchased articles for furnishing a lodging, of which he gave me several which he thought I wanted. He bought a cabriolet and horse; the rest of the money was devoted to family purposes; he disbursed no other part of it in superfluities for himself. On his return to France, he found Pamela living in the same hotel at Dover; Casimir was with Prince Esterhazy, who was bringing him to France in a packet of his own. On the evening of his arrival at Dover, Pamela begged Casimir to call on her; he went and found her in tears; she informed him that she was pursued by creditors who would arrest her, and force her to return to London, where she was sure to find others, and be thrown into the greatest

difficulties; that she would be freed from her fears and from her present difficulties if he would pay for her at that moment fifty louis in French money, and procure her means of passing furtively in the night on board of Prince Esterhazy's vessel. Casimir paid the fifty louis to her creditors; he obtained with some difficulty the permission she desired, and conveyed her, himself, at midnight on board of the packet boat, where he hid her at the bottom of the hold, as she dreaded mortally the arrival of new creditors.

Casimir came at full speed from Calais to Paris to inform me of the arrival of Pamela, to whom I had written, conjuring her not to come to Paris, but to return instead to Hamburg with Mr. Pitcairn, her husband, representing to her that she had a daughter with him, to whom she owed all her attentions. In spite of all my exhortations, she came; considerations of interest, which seemed to her plausible, had decided her to take this step. Casimir begged me as a favour to receive her at the Arsenal, and to give her his lodging, saying that he was very willing to sleep in a camp-bed. I offered her all this—that is to say, to lodge herself, her daughter, the interesting young Pamela, daughter of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, and a companion, and to provide for her nourishment. I

only made one thing the condition of these arrangements, which was that she should only receive persons of my acquaintance. She refused all my offers; upon which I made every effort to induce her to hire a small lodging near me in the place Royale, representing to her that these lodgings were pretty and very cheap; that she might walk on foot to my house every day to dinner, and in this way her expenses would be very inconsiderable; but this offer she also refused.

M. Ameilhon, by his intrigues, aided by my natural indolence in all matters affecting my personal interests, succeeded in inducing the minister to write to me that my aparments were necessary to the library and proposing to me in exchange the lodging over-head, which was much less handsome, but consisted of more rooms, and to which belonged a little garden; the minister added that I was at liberty to remain my present apartments, but that my *love of literature* would doubtless lead me to accept his proposal. I did accept it merely to avoid all discussion, and to have the little garden. It was arranged that I should move when I chose; no time was prescribed.

M. de Laborie, whom I had long known, requested a private interview with me; he came and told me that he was charged by M. Michaud

and some other literary men, who had undertaken a new dictionary entitled *Biographie Universelle*, to propose to me on any conditions I might choose, to write in that dictionary, and to furnish the articles on celebrated women. I replied that I should agree to this, provided the dictionary was not written in an irreligious spirit; he replied that the very name of M. Michaud ought to make me easy on that head. That writer has always respected religion. I said also, that I should not engage in the work without having a list of my coadjutors in it; for that I should not like to place my name by the side of some other which I might despise; I added that my contempt for men of letters extended only to those who wished to destroy religion, consequently to annihilate morality; that I did not regard those as impious men who through levity had suffered a few phrases to fall from their pen, which might be erroneously interpreted; but that I should never consent to have for my colleagues men openly declaring themselves the disciples of Voltaire and Diderot; and that, in fact, I would willingly write in the same work with my personal enemies, provided they had written nothing against religion. M. de Laborie sent me the list, in which were the names of Messieurs Suard and Auger, both of

whom were my enemies, and passed for *philosophers*. The former had written in an irreligious spirit, cautiously; he was old, his works were forgotten, he had no longer any interest in flattering a powerful party; I believed he had become wiser, and I saw nothing wrong in having him for a colleague, any more than M. Auger, who had only written some newspaper articles, in which there was nothing positively reprehensible. I extended the same tolerance to several other persons who were in the list, but it was impossible for me to do so to M. Ginguené, who in some wretched works, had openly discovered the utmost fury against religion; he had besides given a public course of Italian literature, which discovered no sort of talent, and scandalized every body by its irreligious spirit.

This course has been printed; as the author had neither information nor industry, he procured the assistance in his miserable work of some young men, whom he paid at a low price for furnishing ready made extracts. He collected all these materials, arranging them at random, in chronological order, and frequently without inquiring whether the facts agreed among themselves. I shall quote but one example of this absurd

negligence, which will suffice to give an idea of the book and its author. In speaking of the famous Pico di Mirandola, M. Ginguené says, that this precocious person, feeing his end approaching, sent for Lorenzo de Medici; that the prince came to visit him, found him dying, took him in his arms and received his last sigh. Twenty pages afterwards, M. Ginguené says that Lorenzo de Medici on his death-bed sent for Pico di Mirandola, and died in his arms. Certainly here is a miracle as astonishing as those of religion which M. Ginguené denies. This inconceivable blunder has been pointed out in the *Journal of the Arts*, to which I sent a note along with the book; the thing was so curious that almost every body took the pains to verify it.

By discovering the same principles, M. Ginguené, M. Salgues, and some others, thought themselves the heirs of the wit of Voltaire. Being quite decided in my refusal to write in the same work with M. de Ginguené, I saw M. de Laborie in order to tell him so; I told him I was not desirous of the exclusion of any one, and that I begged him simply to reply to those who had commissioned him to speak to me, that my occupations did not allow me to undertake the work.

Instead of this mild and prudent reply, M. de Laborie related the fact, and wrote me on the subject a note, which I possess, and which shall be printed at the end of this work as a *justificatory document*. This note informed me that the Biographical Dictionary would gain every thing by the decision which had been made, which was *to procure the highest talent, and to exclude from the work a man unworthy to write in it.*

It is to be remarked that I had no personal feelings towards M. Ginguené; he had never written a word against me. I have never hated my enemies, but I have always sovereignly despised those of religion. Agreeably to the note of M. de Laborie, I undertook the engagement which had been proposed. My conditions were gladly accepted; I received in advance I believe, a thousand or twelve hundred francs, and I began to write the articles indicated, promising to furnish some within two months. In six weeks M. de Laborie wrote to me that they had not been able to get rid of M. Ginguené, and that they hoped I would take the necessary steps on the matter. I did not take any; I replied, that a bargain is void when you fail in the principal condition on which it is founded; I declared that I would not write in the *Universal Biography, a work altogether*

*new;** I returned the money, for which I got a receipt in form, and by the whole adventure I gained about thirty new enemies, who have continued so ever since.

Not wishing to lose the articles I had written, nor those I had prepared, I made up of them a volume on women, which I entitled *The Influence of Women upon French Literature*, a work which was wanting, and which, I think, I have written with the utmost impartiality. The collaborators in the *Biography*, already furious at my secession, became quite mad when this work appeared; for they knew in their hearts that the articles on women in their work were not equal to mine; they ventured to say, even in print, that the articles of my work belonged to them, and that I had injured the dictionary by withdrawing from my engagements. It is very easy to despise false accusations which relate to a point of literature; but it is impossible not to reply to those which attack your honour and probity. I might have justified myself not only by publishing the letter of M. de Laborie, of which I have already spoken, but also two others which he wrote me after the bargain was broken off, in

* Such was the singular title given to it by the writers.—*(Note by the Author.)*

which he formally declares that I am quite right throughout the affair, and that all my proceedings are unimpeachable.

I had preserved these letters. Nevertheless, through a feeling of honour and delicacy, I found myself greatly embarrassed; besides my repugnance to compromise M. de Laborie, and to raise up irreconcileable enemies against him, I could not have chosen a worse time to publish any thing of his; for he was then in disgrace with the head of the government, and even banished from Paris. I took the resolution of printing in a pamphlet, a formal denial of the calumnious imputation, adding that if another word was said in answer to my denial, in spite of all my repugnance arising from good feeling and delicacy, as every thing should yield to honour, I should publish *three letters with their signatures*, which would prove beyond doubt the honesty and uprightness of my proceedings, and the unworthy nature of the calumny of which I was the object; that I would recommend complete silence on the subject, which I should consent to accept as a retractation: I was obeyed; not a single line or word was made use of in reply, and the matter dropped. I reviewed in three pamphlets which I successively published, and which met with great success, the three first volumes of the *Biography;*

they were in fact, very open to criticism, as regarded four or five authors, (M. Ginguené at their head, and the worst of them all,) both in a religious and literary point of view: I pointed out among other things such nonsense by M. Guinguené, that he did not attempt even to justify it; but his hatred to me became implacable, and exhaled itself in the shape of a quantity of libels, all more absurd the one than the other: he made enemies to me of all the *small pamphleteers,* and *discoursers about literature,* who are more redoubtable from their clamours and intrigues than genuine literary men, whose enmities are *en grand,* who have not time to deal them out in retail, and who, with their talents and information, are capable of acknowledging and repairing their errors. I enjoyed however, in the course of this dispute a triumph which touched me deeply: the article Biron, (Duke of Lauzun,) was most unjust and injurious to the memory of that unfortunate person, and contained moreover real calumnies about the last Duke of Orleans. I do not believe that the writer, who was an estimable man, wrote this article with any malignant views; but he had been ill-informed, and his article was full of falsehoods. I wrote a pamphlet to refute it; and it produced such an effect that a cancel was inserted in the volume. Another author wrote

the article over again exactly as I had suggested, and a proof was sent to me. This success of a criticism dictated by truth, and the remembrance of ancient friendship, appeared to me equally honourable and satisfactory. I am so incapable of animosity, that having no wish to perpetuate the recollection of these quarrels, I never allowed these pamphlets to be reprinted in the collected edition of my works.

This moderation was the more meritorious in me, as these pamphlets had procured me not only universal approbation, but the private and special suffrage of a literary man distinguished for his taste, information and talents, and who was at the same time one of my dearest friends. The following is the letter which M. Pieyre wrote to me on the subject:

"On coming home last night, Madam, I received your pamphlet: the bad weather prevents me from personally assuring you of the great pleasure it afforded me: I could not go to bed before reading it; it is written with animation and interest. There is in it sound logic, allied to great strength of proofs, and strong evidence of the bad faith of your detractors. Yes, *upon reflec-*

*tion,* they must feel, that it would have been better for them to have assumed another tone. How noble and how worthy of you is that of your pamphlet! how firm and clear are the two first pages on biography! and what delicacy of conduct, when you are provoked to tell all! But how much honour your silence throws on yourself, and what shame upon them!—they will now be silent, their fear will oblige them to be so. What a noble motive! you crush them, and your charges contain matter which should make them blush ever again to raise their eyes: but the initial letter protects them. They have sought the combat—their malevolence has blinded them so as to give you many advantages! —your constant moderation emboldened them, and they fancied they could abuse you with impunity. They will see that every thing has an end; and that you can make use of your arms when you choose, if you are forced to it: you thereby render a service to all honest men. The shaft of ridicule in your hands never misses its aim: the laughers are all on your side! These Diomedes are now in the situation of Ajax, slaying the sheep; they must really have been as mad as he. Every thing is complete in your answer: solid reasoning and natural gaiety of sarcasm. There is something in it

for all tastes—and you will accordingly find that its success will be great.* The most indifferent cannot choose but be interested in the defence of so good a cause—that of a person so unjustly and violently provoked as you have been: judge then of the interest felt by one who is tenderly devoted to you. I am anxious to enjoy the general effect; I cannot discover a line which should enfeeble it; and your just indignation has no where induced you to overstep proper bounds. This is the way in which a person of talent writes who has a strong cause. An evil conscience betrays itself. You announce a pamphlet as in the press, on the two volumes which have appeared; and a continuation as the others appear. This will delight every body, and alarm those who have been the first to draw the sword: their own companions will blame them for an aggression which has led you to put on your armour. Your articles will sow division in their camp: there are too many different banners

* In spite of this success, which was so universal that it led M. Suard, (who was severely handled in those pamphlets,) to say that *my only talent was that of criticism*, I was so moderate as not to print these pamphlets in any collected edition of my works. In the last of these I threatened my detractors with the publication of letters which would prove the truth of what I said, if they were not silent: they were so, and the dispute thus ended.—(*Note by the Author.*)

to allow of their marching long together; and your trumpet will soon rally round you the bravest of them. I shall see you, Madam, as soon as the weather will allow; in the mean time, receive the expressions of my tender, respectful, and unalterable friendship.

"Yours, &c.

"PIEYRE."

I shall finish this article by the narrative of a little literary adventure, of a very singular kind: there had been placed at the head of the censure on books as minister, a furious philosopher, M. de Pomereuil: he was a warm protector of the *Biographie*, and being extremely indignant at my critiques, he struck out twenty-one pages of my pamphlet: as there was nothing personal that could lead to such a suppression, and as the whole referred to literature, this appeared to me singular. I demanded an explanation, and was informed that the suppression had been made by the immediate orders of the minister: upon this, I wrote to him to request an audience, which was granted me, and I called on him. The subject was an article on D'Assoucy,* a wretched writer, accused of an

* D'Assoucy, (says an author,) chose the most pitiful of all kinds of writing, without having the talents of Scarron to excuse

unnatural crime, and who, being almost convicted of the crime, was very nearly subjected to, and had great difficulty in escaping from, the penalty of the law, which then condemned criminals of that description to be burnt alive. The author of the article in the *Biography*, in order to inform the reader what was D'Assoucy's suspected *crime*, states, that he was accused of something which *ladies* hold in *abomination:* and in my pamphlet, I said, that without either endeavouring to explain or to guess what the crime was, I imagined that since the law punished it by burning, not only *ladies* but *gentlemen*, were likely to hold it in *abomination:* all this was suppressed.

M. de Pomereuil received me with a chilling coldness, which almost went the length of unpoliteness. I asked him the reason of the suppres-

it. His life, like his prose and verse, was a mixture of misery, burlesque, and stupidity. All the places he visited, (and they were many,) were marked by new misfortunes to him. At Calais he was nearly thrown into the sea as a sorcerer. He was very hardly used at Montpellier: at Rome, was thrown into the dungeons of the Inquisition; and on his return to France, was first imprisoned in the Bastile, and afterwards in the prison of the Châtelet, where he remained six months. This man, whose life was so strange, and had been so often in danger, lived to the age of 85, and died in 1679. His poetry has been published in 3 volumes 12mo.—(*Note by the Editor.*)

sion of my twenty-one pages; to which he replied rudely, and in a sort of passion—"*What the devil, Madam, are you not yet tired with thirty-five years scolding of the philosophers?*"—"No, sir," I replied, with a smile of disdain, "and the kind of indignation which you so *frankly* display, will not lead me to change my opinion: but, to return to the subject of my visit—why did you give orders for the suppression of the pages which I have had the honour to read to you; and particularly those relating to D'Assoucy?" At this pressing question, M. de Pomereul scratched his ear, and said, "What a strange thing is the intolerance of the saints! *they wish to burn a man because he did not happen to like women! his aversion for them was a piece of bad taste—that was all.*"

This discourse in the mouth of a minister, addressed to a woman with whom he was not acquainted, so astonished me, that I remained for a moment as if stupefied; he thought, apparently, that he had driven me to an extremity by the force of his arguments, for he assumed an air of satisfaction so comical, that it would have made me laugh if I could have overcome my indignation. I then stated, that in spite of my *saintship*, I did not wish any body to be burned; that I had even declared, I did not pretend to guess what

was the crime in question; that I had only said, if the law punished it by fire, it was likely to be the object of every one's horror. "Punished with fire! punished with fire!" cried M. de Pomereuil, "these are *Gothic barbarisms*, now happily out of fashion." "But once more, Sir, allow me to say, that I am only speaking of the law; I have nothing to do with the matter; I repeat, that I wish to know nothing about the crime."—"Know nothing! you know very well what it is, and I repeat to you, Madam, that *this crime* is only, as I have just said, a matter of bad taste, which surely does not deserve burning." "May I hope, Sir, for the restoration of my twenty-one pages?" "We shall see, Madam; I will think of it." At these words I rose: he wished to stammer out some excuses about the *useless trouble* I had taken in calling on him: I replied, that our conversation had been so curious, that I did not regret the time it had cost me; I turned my back to go away, and heard the sound of his footsteps accompany me a short way to lead me to the door; I pretended not to perceive this, but opened the door, and walked out. I do not think ever minister displayed in a private audience to any person more impertinence, folly, and want of principle. This union is only to be found in a modern philosopher, full of enthusiasm

for his sect. I greatly ridiculed this audience, which raised me new enemies; for M. de Pomereuil had many partisans. I have been told that he is a man of talent, and an honest man; but he is certainly not calculated to fill a high station.

For four or five years, I had been in the habit of seeing more society than I wished, yielding with too much complaisance to the wishes of others in that particular. Among foreigners, there was one to whom I became particularly attached; this was a Pole, called the Count de Kosakoski; notwithstanding his travels, his absence, and many revolutions, our friendship has always been equally lively and tender. M. de Kosakoski is distinguished for the elevation of his sentiments, the purity of his principles, and the originality of his mind. He did for my sake a thing which may appear puerile, but which I valued extremely. He asked me for little samples of all the things I worked, and I gave them to him. He had them arranged in a large box, which was made on purpose for them as large as a desk, and this he carried about with him in all his journeys. Being in the French service, he went to Russia. There he lost all his baggage; but he had taken so much care of the box containing my handy work, that it was the only thing he succeeded in preserv-

ing. One never regrets the time which is destined to friendship, however frivolously it is employed, when it is thus appreciated. The behaviour of the Emperor of Russia towards him since the restoration was so magnanimous, that I cannot help here citing some instances of it. M. de Kosakoski possessed large estates in Poland, and persuaded that Napoleon would restore its dignity to his native country, he had attached himself to him in that idea. After Paris was taken, he followed him and remained with him all the time he passed at Fontainebleau, and never quitted him till the moment he entered his carriage on his departure for the island of Elba; M. de Kosakoski on this returned to Paris, where he was informed, that all his goods were confiscated; he then determined to go in person, and solicit the restoration of them from the Emperor of Russia; he presented himself at that monarch's audience, who when his name was announced, asked him if it was true that he had followed Napoleon to Fontainebleau:—"Yes, Sire," replied M. de Kosakoski, "and up to the time of his departure I was with him; if he had asked me to accompany him, I should never have hesitated." The emperor applauded this answer, and asked M. de Kosakoski what he desired of him? "Sire," replied

M. de Kosakoski, "I ask the restitution of my property in Poland." "It shall be restored to you," replied the emperor; who immediately gave orders on the subject, and all the property was recovered.

Another foreigner, a charming lady, who was to me all goodness, was the Duchess of Courland; no one was ever more charming in face, disposition, or manners; I shall relate a curious anecdote of her. The empress had an enormous quantity of Bonaparte's letters, written in his own hand, and addressed to Josephine, (then his wife,) during his campaigns in Italy, and his residence at Turin; Josephine apparently attaching no value to them, allowed the box containing them to lie about, and had even left it open. A faithless servant stole them, unknown to her, and offered them, I do not know how, to Madame de Courland. She gave me all these letters to copy. I read them with avidity, and found them totally different from what I had imagined.*

The following is a charming expression which I found in one of the letters: Bonaparte was blaming Josephine for the weakness and frivolity

* The editor of these memoirs possesses a copy of these curious letters, and proposes speedily to publish them.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

of her character, and he adds—"*Nature has given you a soul of lace, to me one of steel.*" The common phrase is *a soul of cotton.* There was something of gallantry and good taste in substituting for that gross expression the word *lace,* which at all events presents a delicate and pleasing image. In another letter, he displays much jealousy with respect to Josephine's visitors, and especially on *the quantity of young dandies** whom she received daily; and he orders her rigorously to dismiss them all. It is plain from the succeeding letters that Josephine obeyed, but that she thenceforth complained of her health and of her nerves; Bonaparte then imagined that *ennui* was the cause of the derangement of her health—accordingly he writes to her, that he would rather suffer from jealousy, than know her to be ill, and that he allows her to *recal the dandies.*

These letters were in a hand very difficult to read, but nevertheless I succeeded in making them all out; they were truly clever and touching. There was no appearance of ambition in them; they expressed extreme sensibility, and proved that Bonaparte felt for his wife the most lively and tender affection, while Josephine was incapable of replying to these exalted sentiments.

* In orig. *muscadins.*

In the mean time, M. Ameilhon urged me to quit my handsome apartments, for those I was to have in exchange; and finding that I put off doing so, he bethought himself in order to quicken my motions, of an expedient at once simple and extraordinary. I had an antichamber, common also to the library, of which he was director; the large doors of my apartments opened into that antichamber, which I was obliged to cross in entering or leaving my rooms. One day, after paying some morning visits, I returned to my lodgings about two o'clock, and found the passage into my rooms particularly easy, as M. Ameilhon had removed the two folding doors. After having had a positive explanation of this proceeding, and seeing that the library was still open, I entered: I found several young men there, writing or reading for their instruction, and saw M. Ameilhon gravely seated before a large table, on which was lying a large quarto, which he was perusing: I am the person in the world the least fond of scenes, but this strange adventure completely forced me out of my natural character; I went up to M. Ameilhon, and said: "Monsieur, I have just been informed, indeed I perceive that you have carried off the door of my apartments; I suppose it is a right belonging to the director of the Arsenal library,

and in that case I shall trouble you to show me the authority by which you act thus, and I shall immediately submit; if not, have the goodness instantly to replace the doors, otherwise, I shall go without delay to complain to the minister, and in passing, to the judge." At these words, without waiting for his reply, I went out of the room, and entered my own apartments, placing two sentinels in the antiroom, in order to ascertain what was passing there, and desiring them to acquaint me with whatever should take place. On leaving the library, I had cast a glance upon the spectators, and read in every face surprise and approbation.

An act of such folly and violence is hardly to be conceived; the whole of the Arsenal witnessed it. I explain it by the idea that M. Ameilhon had of my good-nature and my invincible aversion to all sorts of discussion; I had yielded in so many things, to his fancies and his despotism, that he never doubted this act of vigour on his part would force me to depart that very day, and move into my new lodging, of which I had furnished two rooms. My discourse, however, produced its effect; he feared another revolt, and the doors were replaced without delay. He wrote me one of the most foolish notes in the world, to excuse

himself, giving me such foolish reasons, that I could not even remember them. I remained a fortnight longer in these apartments, and at last quitted them to the great satisfaction of M. Ameilhon. It was agreed that I should carry into my new lodging three handsome glasses from the old one, yet I could never obtain them from M. Ameilhon; but what was worst of all, I never got the little garden, which was the object of all my wishes; I used entreaties and threats, but all was of no avail. I should have been obliged to write to the minister in order to back my claim; but I dreaded a series of little persecutions like those I had already experienced, and I renounced the project.

I forgot to notice a fête which was given me in my old rooms, and which was so charming that I ought from gratitude to mention it. A lady whom I had never seen, Madame du Brosseron, who was acquainted with my brother, begged me to allow her to pass the evening of the *Mardi gras* along with some persons in disguise; I consented: the fête was to take place in four or five days. On the day of the *Mardi gras* they begged me not to enter my drawing-room till the evening—at half past eight I was told I might enter; I saw no other change at first than a curtain hung over the

folding doors of the entrance; shortly after I heard a fine symphony—it was the music of the Conservatoire; the curtain was then drawn, and Madame du Brosseron entered, disguised as an enchantress, holding a wand in her hand; she came up to me, and requested permission to show me some of the greatest prodigies which her art had ever produced. This little compliment was followed by a verse of a song, announcing that I was about to witness a long series of pictures, as charming as various. While the enchantress was singing, the curtain had been again closed; but she caused it to be once more opened, and I saw through a transparent screen a picture, admirable for its grouping and costume, representing a scene from *Adèle et Théodore*. Both the figures and attitudes were admirable. While I looked on, the enchantress explained it by saying a verse; the curtain then closed, and while a new picture was preparing, the orchestra played a new symphony; afterwards a series of pictures, taken from all my works was exhibited, of which the composition and colouring were quite brilliant and beautiful. Each picture was explained in a couplet sung by Madame de Brosseron, and each pause was filled up by a symphony. The persons of the scene, changing their costumes according to the

subjects, had faces which seemed created expressly for the characters they represented; for example, Mademoiselle d'Aubanton,* aged fifteen, of radiant beauty, covered with precious stones, and dressed in a robe embroidered with gold, was a perfect picture of the beautiful Duchess of Cléves, in *the Knights of the Swan.* Olivier and Isambard with their bucklers and their devices were admirably represented by Messieurs d'Offemont and Desangiers. Mesdames du Crest and Georgette gave a perfect notion of Diana and Alphonsine in the *Cavern:* (in *La Tendresse Maternelle ou l'Education sensitive.)* Madame d'Aubanton, still very handsome, seemed Madame de Maintenon herself. Madame de Sainte Anne, sister of Madame du Brosseron, who had a most agreeable face, was truly touching as Madame de La Vallière in her nun's dress, and in her cell. Madame Delarue, daughter of the late Beaumarchais, displayed infinite grace as Ida in the *Jupon vert.* In short, all these pictures were really delicious, as well as the couplets written by M. de La Tremblaye and my brother: they were given to me, and I still preserve them.

After this exhibition, which lasted two hours

* She afterwards married M. Carafa, the musical composer.—(*Note by the Editor.*)

and a half, Madame du Brosseron disappeared, and a few minutes afterwards returned with all the personages of the pictures, who still wore their splendid costumes. Madame du Brosseron was attired as Flora, she held in her hand a group of flowers, which she presented to me; all the rest of the company formed a group, holding up a beautiful picture splendidly framed and glazed, consisting of a wreath of beautiful artificial flowers, in the centre of which were my initials. I embraced all the ladies in company; I admired their costumes; afterwards we sat down, drank tea, and conversed till two in the morning. I never received nor witnessed a more ingenious fête. A short time previous, Casimir had given me one on my birth-day, the 25th of January; that fête was less brilliant, but more touching to my heart. Casimir astonished me by the diversity and the perfection of his talents; his harp played a new and interesting part; he composed a scene without words, of which his harp only was to express the subject; it was David calming the fury of Saul. Michelot, who had just come out with success at the Theatre Français, represented Saul; Casimir, aged seventeen, was David; he was dressed with admirable taste by Talma, who was invited to the fête, and who had the goodness to arrange his

costume. Michelot had a superb dress, and the energy and truth of his pantomime ravished the spectators. The handsome face of Casimir, his youth, the expression and beauty of his playing, and the singular beauty of his musical composition, rendered the scene quite enchanting and inimitable; the scene was played on a small stage erected in the anti-chamber. We played a Vaudeville proverb by M. Radet; Casimir and *Joly*, a delightful actor at the Vaudeville, played parts in it with all the gaiety and grace imaginable. M. Briffaut, author of the tragedy of Ninus, too, performed in another piece, a scene in verse written by him for me, which met with great applause. This piece of verse is so agreeable, that I have preserved it, and I have no doubt my readers will thank me for inserting it here. The vanity of a writer is gone at my age; the publication of it so late is a proof of this. I merely wish to embellish these memoirs by a charming literary morceau.

## LA RENOMMEE ET LA CRITIQUE.

DIALOGUE,

Lu à la fête de Mme. de Genlis.

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LA CRITIQUE.

Où vas-tu, déesse aux cent voix ?
Fixe un moment l'essor de tes rapides ailes ;
Ecoute.

LA RENOMMEE.

Je ne puis.

LA CRITIQUE.

Qui te presse ?

LA RENOMMEE.

Tu vois
Ces lauriers, ces palmes nouvelles.

LA CRITIQUE.

De ces lauriers si verts quel front doit être orné ?

LA RENOMMEE.

Un front que mille fois mes mains ont couronné.
Je vais chez la muse immortelle
Qui traça Théodore et qui peignit Adèle.
Tu ne la connois pas.

LA CRITIQUE.

Hélas! que trop.

LA RENOMMEE.

Qui! toi ?

LA CRITIQUE.

Son nom est un fléau pour moi :
Je ne peux pas mordre sur elle,
Moi qui, grâces au ciel, trouve toujours moyen
De faire au champ des arts une moisson si belle.
Chez elle, c'est pitié, je ne récolte rien,
Et pourtant j'y travaille bien.
Oh ! quelle disette cruelle !
Entre nous, je l'avoue ici de bonne foi,
Si tout étoit formé sur un pareil modèle,
Je serois bientôt sans emploi.
Chaque jour, sous sa plume élégante et fleurie,
Voit éclore un chef-d'œuvre où l'esprit se marie
A la piquante instruction ;
Où, sans la comprimer, le goût et la justesse
Réglent l'imagination ;
Où tout plaît, égaye, intéresse,
Par le secret d'un style harmonieux, coulant,
De verve, d'heureux mots, de traits étincelans,
Riche de sentiment et de délicatesse ;
Modèle universel mieux senti qu'imité ;
Soit que sur les travers de la société
Elle attache, en riant, le trait du ridicule ;
Soit que sur les erreurs d'une amante crédule
Elle fasse en secret soupirer la beauté
Qui rougit, rêve, s'intimide ;
Et l'œil fixé long-temps sur une page humide,
Mesure, d'un regard encore épouvanté,
Toute la profondeur de l'abîme perfide,
Dont, en passant, son flambeau si rapide
Nous découvre la vérité ;
Soit qu'au milieu des cours inquiétant le vice,
Sa main jette, en jouant, les cent masques divers

Dont il pare son front pervers ;
Et, de ses faux attraits dévoilant l'artifice,
Oppose à sa difforme et triste nudité
L'éternelle et chaste beauté
D'un cœur orné de bienfaisance,
De candeur et de pureté.
Et jusqu'en un cachot place la volupté
Sur les lèvres de l'innocence.
Dans tous ces tableaux enchanteurs,
Chaque portrait est juste et chaque ton fidèle ;
Le goût tient le pinceau, l'art choisit les couleurs,
Et la nature est le modèle.
Que faire? par instinct moi je veux censurer.
Mais voyez le malheur, je me laisse attirer
Par un plaisir secret qui, malgré moi, m'enivre :
Le crayon de mes mains tombe en touchant son livre,
Et je ne sais plus qu'admirer.
Je me détourne pour pleurer,
Ou je perds mon humeur dans un éclat de rire ;
Le beau profit pour la Satire !
Non, elle est sans défaut pour me désespérer.
Ce qui m'achève encor, sans cesse elle t'éveille.

LA RENOMMEE.

Avec elle, il est vrai, rarement je sommeille :
Aussi je me fatigue à porter en tous lieux
Le bruit toujours croissant de son nom glorieux ;
Elle m'occupe plus que vingt auteurs ensemble,
Et dans soi seule elle rassemble
Tous les talens, tous les succès.
Tant qu'on aura du goût, je ne dois point prétendre
Qu'on puisse se lasser jamais
De l' applaudir et de l'entendre,
Le moyen que je vive en paix !

Du moins si je n'avois qu'à prôner ses ouvrages!
Mais sur mille autres dons qu'elle sait réunir
Il me faut, sans relâche, appeler les suffrages
De l'Europe et de l'avenir.
Je la vois au milieu d'une troupe enfantine:
Semblable à ce Dieu bienfaiteur,
Qui parle par sa bouche et se peint dans son cœur,
Elle accueille en son sein leur foiblesse orpheline,
Et ses bras en tout temps sont ouverts au malheur;
Prévoyante, du haut de son fécond génie,
Elle épanche sur eux, comme un fleuve opulent,
Les dons de la vertu, les trésors du talent.
Et tous ces arbrisseaux dont la tige fleurie
Sans elle n'eût point vu ses rameaux verdoyans
Balancer dans les airs leur masse enorgueillie,
S'élèvent, sous ses yeux, comme autant de présens
Dont elle dotte la patrie.

LA CRITIQUE.

Tu ne me contes rien qui n'ait plus de cent fois
Excité ma bile et ma haine.
J'ai beau vouloir, au fond de mon esprit sournois,
Donner un mauvais tour à tout ce que je vois,
De son âme sensible, humaine,
Je suis certaine malgré moi:
Je le suis, et voilà ma peine.

LA RENOMMEE.

L'aimable caractère! adieu. Je m'aperçoi
Que le temps vole à tire d'aile.
On s'oublie aisément, sitôt qu'on parle d'elle,
Ou qu'on lit un de ses écrits.
C'est aujourd'hui sa fête, et pour tous ses amis
Ce jour est un jour d'allégresse;

Je vais m'associer à leur touchante ivresse.
Le cercle sera court, mais il sera charmant:
De nos brillans Français c'est l'élite imposante,
Et tout ce que le Nord présente
De plus aimable et de plus grand;
Je serai dans mon élément:
Tous les arts lui rendront un hommage fidèle.
De cette enceinte solennelle,
Comme tu peux penser, ton visage est banni;
Adieu. Je plains ton sort; c'est être assez puni
De ne pouvoir approcher d'elle.

Between the acts, Casimir danced a *pas seul* in a beautiful manner, and afterwards he performed on an instrument but little known, called the *fer harmonique;* he played upon it in an angelic manner, to the delight of the whole audience, and finished the performance, by a short comic scene, which he performed behind the curtain, which was let down; he first played on the guitar and afterwards five or six different parts, with various imitations, of which the illusion was surprising. After the performance, he presented me with two beautiful pictures by himself, the one representing a landscape, the other flowers in relief, sculptured in wax with curious perfection. The fête terminated by an *ambigu*. There were present about forty persons, and all were in a state of enthusiasm. This evening's performances led my friends to ask

for others; and I gave several which met with the same success.

My acquaintance with M. Briffaut became daily more intimate, as he showed the greatest friendship for Casimir—a sentiment which Casimir partook with all the natural sincerity of his character. I had also become acquainted with a young man full of talents and excellent qualities—the Count Joseph d'Estourmel, one of the friends belonging to this period, whom I have had the good fortune to preserve. I shall here detail a scene which would have formed a very fine incident in one of Mrs. Radcliffe's romances. One day the princess de Beaufremont came to carry me out on a morning visit to the Duchess of Courland; we found her in her cabinet with eight or ten other persons; M. de Talleyrand, the Viscountess de Laval, M. de Narbonne, &c. &c. Half an hour passed in conversation, and as I rose to take leave, I was induced to stay, by hearing the persons present say with a mysterious air, "*She must see it.*" I asked for an explanation of this, but none was given me; and I imagined, by the number of select persons assembled, and who did not appear to be accidentally on a visit, that there was to be some little fête of which I was to be a witness. In a quarter of an hour a footman entered and

said, *All is ready*; we then rose, and the duchess begged us to pass into the drawing-room. I expected to see something charming, and I was greatly surprised at the scene which struck my eyes on my entrance. In the middle of the room stood a table, before which sat a tall man dressed in black, of a severe aspect, and whose face was unknown to me. I was told to advance: I approached, cast my eyes on the table, and saw that it was entirely covered with human skulls. The person was M. Gall: he was demonstrating his system to the persons present from these heads. He was not told who I was, and he began to lecture. It appeared to me very curious and satisfactory, consequently, I do not think that his system leads to materialism. M. Gall only wishes to prove by facts that we are born with divers dispositions and inclinations: but he always adds, that morality and religion may modify, correct, or perfect them. There is nothing new in the system, or that can be disputed, except the experiments and the signs, which indicate these different dispositions and inclinations. In showing us the different protuberances upon the heads, he told us that all which were to be found on the lower part of the head were animal, and denoted bad and low inclinations; and that those which were on the top of the head or

forehead, were indications of talent or elevation of character; he finished by showing us the finest and rarest of all the protuberances, because it marks, according to him, three virtues—religion, elevation of mind, and perseverance; it lies on the top and middle of the head.

This demonstration was in secret particularly agreeable to me, because I have the bump in question to a degree of size which is quite extraordinary. I did not boast of having that glorious protuberance, but I determined to exhibit it in proper time and place to M. Gall, and very soon I had an opportunity of doing so. It was agreed, that all the party present should come next morning to my apartments to see the library of the Arsenal. They came as agreed on, and M. Gall was of the party. When the company met in my drawing-room, I took him apart; I had no bonnet on, and I made him touch my head: he immediately cried out with enthusiasm—"Ah! how fine that is!" He then explained the subject of his admiration; and M. de Talleyrand, in speaking of me, said, "You see, ladies, that she is not a hypocrite." I was sorry that Casimir's absence prevented his head from being examined, but I have felt it since, and he has also in a remarkable manner that fine protuberance. I begged M. Gall to examine the head

of Alfred: he found it a fine one, and immediately said that he had the protuberances of geometry and mechanics: in fact, he has a genius for mechanics of a high kind. Alfred was then nine or ten years old.

M. Marigné, to whom I had presented a little basket made by myself of melon seeds, wrote immediately the following impromptu:

Joli panier, don plein de grâce,
Souvenir cher et précieux,
N'abandonne plus cette place:
Reste toujours devant mes yeux,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, de ta présence
J'éprouverai plus d'un effet;
Déjà je ressens l'influence
De l'effet rare qui t'a fait,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, du temps qui passe
Tu m'apprends comme on doit jouir.
Comment l'esprit qui se délasse
N'est pas oisif dans son loisir,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, quand je contemple
Tes réseaux qu'a tissus Genlis,
De bon goût j'y vois un exemple,
Un emblème de ses écrits,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, ta transparence
De son style peint la clarté :
Tes contours en ont l'élégance,
Tes liens la solidité,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, dans ta texture
Je me trouve aussi retracé,
Car comme toi, de ma nature,
Hélas ! je suis panier percé,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, garde ces lignes
Qu'à toi seul je veux confier,
Et puissent mes vers être dignes
D'être mis tous dans le panier,
Joli panier.

Joli panier, pensant à celle,
Pensant jusqu'à l'instant dernier,
A celle que ce don rappelle,
Je dirai, lors, adieu panier,
Joli panier.

M. Fiévée, whose conversation, when you are well acquainted with him, is so animated, interesting, and clever, often spoke to me of articles which he addressed to the emperor, and which were always full of good sense: if the correspondence were printed, it would do him infinite honour. Napoleon gave him the situation of auditor, which entitled him to be a member of the council. I gave him on this head some important advice, for which

he has often thanked me since. I advised him when he had any thing important to propose in council, to reserve it always for his correspondence, unless the matter was so pressing as not to allow of delay for a day, or even for a few hours. M. Fiéveé followed my advice, and gained thereby two things: first, that the emperor felt gratified; second, that appropriating the idea as it were to himself, he naturally was more interested in it, and supported it more strongly. M. Fiéveé told me that he was quite astonished at the talent, the acuteness, and the goodnature which the emperor discovered in council: he allowed himself to be contradicted, and even interrupted while speaking, without appearing to be at all offended: this is a fact which renders those who were about him the more criminal if they did not boldly tell him the truth.

M. Alibert, a physician, and a man of letters and science, came also from time to time to the Arsenal: I loved exceedingly his animated, instructive, and frank conversation: he joins to this talent many excellent qualities, among others that of being unalterable towards his friends.

The Countess of Choiseul, a lady of whom I am never weary of speaking, has a face as charming as it is regular, and unites to the best principles

the most attaching qualities. She was born a poetess, and of a very elevated kind: she composed at sixteen, verses which would do honour to a poet of forty. She has constantly cultivated this fine talent; but her modesty has led her to retain her productions hitherto in her portfolio. She afterwards married the Count de Choiseul Gouffier, so celebrated and so worthy of being so, through his love for the arts, his talents, his travels, and the splendid works he has published. He might in point of age have been the father of Madame de Choiseul: she had for him an attachment founded on esteem and admiration: she married him in order to take care of his old age, a duty which she fulfilled in an exemplary manner; and she honoured his memory not only by erecting a tomb to it, but by the most touching regrets.

M. de Fontanes came three or four times to see me at the Arsenal. Never did a man of so much talent show so little in his conversation. He cannot be accused of the *galimatias* of the new schools; but he has something in his manner of pretension to the light and lively tone of other times, which seemed to me wanting in grace. As a poet he is below his reputation, for he never composed any great poetical work; as an orator in the Senate, he may be justly praised for having

had the good taste to reject all false brilliancy and neologisms, for having written his speeches with purity, and talent, and elegance. He has always displayed sentiments of religion, and this is a species of courage which in our days at least can only belong to a correct thinker, and a person of an elevated mind.*

At an early period of my return to France, M. de Cabre introduced me to Madame Cabarus, formerly Madame Tallien, and since, Madame de Caraman. I found her to be what she is,—handsome, obliging, and amiable. Madame de Valence had written to me in Germany, that she had saved her life during the reign of terror, and I looked upon her deliverer with tender emotion: in the same person I saw the woman who really freed France from the cruelties of Robespierre. I heard M. de Valence employ a very pretty phrase in speaking of Madame Tallien while we were both at Hamburg; some one was saying that we ought to give Madame Bonaparte the title of *Notre Dame des Victoires*, on which M. de Valence said, that in that case, Madame Tallien merited the surname of *Notre Dame de Bon Secours*.†

* He is dead since this was written.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† There existed at Paris before the Revolution a large abbey of this name, where my mother was educated.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Prince Jerome, afterwards King of Westphalia, came several times to see me at the Arsenal; I found him possessed of the most amiable manners, and great politeness, besides the talent of conversing agreeably.

I had just finished a work which had long been commenced, to which I had devoted all the pains which were likely to enhance my talents in this way. This was a set of all the mythological flowers, painted of their natural size; two or three lines, written beneath each plant, explained the metamorphosis or the consecration. I had written no particular text; frequently several plants were drawn upon the same piece of paper, encircled with a frame which was called a *passe-partout*. The whole formed seventy-two pictures. I showed them to several artists, who were charmed with them—among others Alphonso Giroux. Some time after being in want of money, I was desirous of selling them. I was sure that by proposing them to the King of Westphalia, I should obtain a liberal purchaser; but being unwilling to abuse either his natural generosity or his kindness for me, I found means of getting the collection mentioned to him as being executed by an unknown artist. He expressed a wish to see it; the idea and the execution pleased him; he offered six

thousand francs for it, which I accepted. When Giroux was informed of this, he told me he was extremely grieved that I had not given him the preference.—The King of Westphalia, on learning that the drawings were mine, addressed very obliging reproaches to me on the subject. I replied in such a way as to convince him that the same feelings of delicacy which had led me to conceal my name, would never allow me to change any arrangements I had made in the matter.

Several years afterwards the Queen of Westphalia, who was at Mendon, invited me to go thither; I have visited her there several times, and I congratulate myself on having become acquainted with a princess, charming in all respects, and whose conduct as a wife has been since so exemplary and so admirable.

I ought not to forget in this list a person then so agreeable for her face, the charm of her air, her manners and her talents—Madame Delarue, daughter of M. Beaumarchais. Madame Roger had a handsome country-house near Paris, where I went to pass a week with Madame Kevens; I was touched with the union which seemed to reign between Madame Roger and her husband, who was as handsome as she was pretty, and very agreeable in company. I there saw M. Carion de

Nisas, brother-in-law of Madame Roger, a man of talent, who has since written some tragedies, of which one has been several times performed at the Theatre Français, and the other was composed on a plot of my invention, of which I gave the plan in my *Imaginary Journal*. This piece is still in his portfolio; M. Pieyre, who has heard it read, has told me that it was extremely fine. There happened to me at this country house, an adventure in which Madame Roger was involved, which occasioned me the most painful embarrassment I have ever experienced in my life. I was one evening in the drawing-room, *entre chien et loup*, alone with her and Madame Kevens; we were talking of a woman whom she praised highly; I began by blaming her for having separated from her husband, and ended by declaiming against divorces: in the midst of this appropriate discourse, some one entered; we rose, and Madame de Kevens dragged me with her into the garden; on our arrival there, after having well scolded me, she threw me into the deepest surprise by informing me that Madame Roger was a divorcée, and that her first husband was called M. Bignon. I could not recover from my surprise to think that so young a woman, with so ingenuous a physiognomy, and who talked so well on virtue and reli-

gion, should have two husbands alive! .... I could not conceive, I repeat, that so young a person should have been separated from her husband; but it is to be remembered that she was but fifteen at the time of her separation. I did not like to venture again into the drawing-room—I rather wished to return immediately to Paris; but Madame Kevens prevented me from doing this, by representing to me that nothing could be so marked towards Madame Roger; that I must appear again; that I should find no feeling of resentment, but only a little embarrassment in Madame Roger, for that of course she would only ascribe what had passed to my ignorance. I remained, and Madame Roger was as obliging to me as usual. She never discovered any ill-feeling towards me on account of my blunder. This accident occurred shortly after I went first to the Arsenal, when I was totally unacquainted with the intrigues of existing society.

I became also acquainted with a woman, who was celebrated, and deserved to be so, Madame de Vannoz, as estimable in point of virtue as of talent; she wrote an Elegy on the *Tombs of Saint Dennis*, which has been thought fine by the best judges, even those who most admired that

of M. de Treneuil on the same subject; it was her lot to struggle successfully against the greatest poets, for she afterwards composed an *Epistle on Conversation*, which appeared at the same time with that of M. Delille, and which has been generally preferred to the work even of a person of such talents. The Abbé Delille's poem *on Conversation*, like all his other works, is deficient in imagination, in plan and in purity of style, and possesses none of the beauties which in his other productions serve to excuse his defects. This poet, whose works are full of false brilliancy, false thoughts, and strange expressions, had some animation and brilliancy of colouring; he was a fine versifier, and no author ever knew better than he the mechanism of alexandrines. He has thrown away all these advantages by composing his poem *on Conversation* in verses of ten syllables; he was not accustomed to that kind of measure, which is the cause of his failure, at least *as a poet*; in this work, in which he has *caricatured* the characters of La Bruyere in endeavouring to imitate them. The best of M. Delille's works is his earliest, the translation of the *Georgics of Virgil*. His poem *Les Jardins* has a radical defect, arising from his ignorance

of the subject; he had never been in England, nor seen the finest gardens laid out in the style which he has described; but the description of the farm was sufficient, and deserved to ensure its success. His *Homme des Champs* is full of charming passages, but it is a failure as a whole His poem on the Imagination is destitute of fancy, which in such a subject is certainly a capital defect. His translation of the Eneid contains some fine pieces, but it is somewhat cold and dull on the whole; his poem of the *Trois Règnes*, is a dry and tiresome work, because the sciences are not fit subjects for poetry;* nevertheless, this poem contains several fine passages; among others, the lines on *a Tempest in the Desert*, the verses *on Coffee*, and a large number of happy thoughts and lines; there are three very remarkable ones in the Episode of the Civil Wars of Florence. viz.

"Un vain peuple, à la fois et féroce et volage,
"Après, l'avoir formé, détruisit son ouvrage,
"Et, toujours entraîné, croyait toujours choisir."

* With the exception perhaps of Botany; there might be an agreeable poem framed on this subject with the help of some fancy. This task is yet to be performed; Darwin's *Loves of the Plants* is excessively monotonous. *(Note by the Author.)*

The last line is excellent; but the poem is full of bad lines, as for example the following:

"Dodone inconsultée a perdu ses oracles." †

In the same poem the Episode of Mussidor is destitute of ideas, of grace, and even of talent, and throughout the poem is cold. I have forgotten in my enumeration the poem of *Pity*, (a work which might have been so touching, but in which the author has succeeded only in spinning detached passages of a poem,) which without any interest, possesses nevertheless some pretty passages. The same criticism will nearly apply to his translation of Milton. M. Delille was a fine versifier, and a clever and brilliant poet, it is a pity that his taste was not more severe; he has spoiled that of a great number of young poets, who have copied his defects without possessing his talents; but it is impossible to leave him without lauding the profound respect which he has always shown for morals and religion.

My brother, whose wife and daughter were in

† An equally absurd verse has escaped from the author's pen in l' *Enéide*;—

"Né d'un père persan et d'une mère maure."

*(Note by the Author.)*

Switzerland, suffered a great falling off in his health about the time of my first establishment in my new lodgings; in order to have an opportunity of better attending to him, I entreated him to reside with me; Casimir gave him his room, and slept in an antichamber, on a folding bed, during the two months which my brother passed with me; I had the happiness of seeing him recover his health, after which he left Paris to rejoin his family. During his residence at the Arsenal, he acquainted me with several projects he had to propose to the government; in all the successive memorials he presented, there were always excellent and clever ideas; even the Institute, in several of its reports on his works, has acknowledged them in terms the most honourable to him; but all he wished to do has always been undone by a magical phrase in order to injure him in the eyes of every government; it has been said, that he was a *projector*,* as if all inventors of every description were not always *projectors!* My brother is incapable of intrigue; he contents himself with meditating profoundly, with reflecting, and labouring in silence; but these things will not enable a man to succeed. My brother might have been, if he had chosen

* In orig. *Un homme à projets.*

that career, a most distinguished man of letters; he has received from nature the most fortunate organization; great natural taste for the arts, and talents for musical composition; he has composed airs for several songs which have been greatly liked in company; one of these airs was thought so pretty, that the famous Jarnovitz made variations on it for the violin. My brother commenced a large work, entitled *Henry IV.* of which he was to have composed both the words and the music; the poem which he finished was charming; he composed the music of the two first acts, which he shewed to Méreau (an excellent composer) who was quite astonished at it, and who encouraged him by the highest eulogies to persevere. At this moment, however, some business occurred, which made my brother abandon his opera; afterwards he forgot it entirely; and lastly, in some of his various changes of house, or of country, he lost it. He limited his poetical talents to the composition of charming familiar verses, which he wrote with uncommon promptitude and facility. I will venture to say, that his disposition and his heart are worthy of equal praise with his talents; no one was ever more sincerely obliging, more incapable of hatred or resentment, or more naturally good hearted,

feeling, and generous; no one was ever more trusty or of milder temper in company; we have lived much together, and in the course of our long career, we have never had a quarrel, nor even any thing in the nature of a dispute; we have been as strictly united by the ties of friendship as of blood.*

M. de Treneuil was now attached to the library of the Arsenal; I found in him the most obliging of neighbours, and the most amiable of friends; his place was immediately next to that of M. Ameilhon; if he had at that time held the latter, I never should have quitted the Arsenal.

I had fixed for myself at the Arsenal, occupations which I had marked out and adhered to. The certainty of having all the books I asked for led me to occupy much time in reading, though I had no longer the ardour and the passionate relish for study which I formerly possessed. From the time that Mr. Stone had stolen my extracts, which I had left to my daughter in his care, I had lost that powerful attraction which engages one to augment a large collection which has been formed with much labour and pains; besides, I had read again and again all our good writers,

* I had the misfortune to lose my brother in 1824. *(Note by the Author.)*

and all our best works. I now turned my attention to our curious books, but I no longer felt the pleasure I once had in endeavouring to make entertaining extracts; I felt my courage fail me on reflecting that I had lost in quantity more than sixty printed volumes, all written by my own hand. I confined myself to making some notes, which have since produced a great many manuscripts. However, one very interesting new book I read, the work of M. de Bonald, entitled *La Législation primitive*, a work full of talent, excellent principles, and genius, and written in a style at once brilliant, piquant, and natural. It made the deeper impression upon me, as I knew, like every other person, that the author who in that work displays so much feeling of religion, had at all times professed the same principles, and his noble and virtuous conduct had always been in harmony with his belief. This eulogy is not of a suspicious kind. I have never had the least connection, direct or indirect, with M. de Bonald; I have been even informed, that he had conceived some prejudices against me. My natural indolence, when any sedentary work is not in question, has always prevented me from endeavouring to justify myself to him. I have no need of his friendship in order to admire

him; I even regard it as a satisfaction to render him a piece of justice, which is altogether disinterested.

When M. de Bonald's book appeared, Napoleon had been some years on the throne, and he had had the glory of re-establishing religion and of putting down false philosophy. The disciples of Voltaire and others durst not venture to avow their principles. Voltaire, and all the writers of his party, had lost a great share of their reputation; all their works were sold at low prices, and the worst of speculations would have been to have reprinted them; in short, modern philosophy was universally decried and despised. What proves this fully is the following paragraph, extracted from the *Législation Primitive*, which I shall here literally copy:

"There are many persons who pretend to sense, who refuse either to be convinced of certain truths or to be led into certain ways, and who take the unreasonable resolution of denying what they will not venture to investigate. These persons may have given themselves the title of *esprits forts*, at a time when those who wished to free themselves from a rule troublesome to their self-love and inconvenient to their passions, contented themselves which looked like reasoning; but now, when these matters are more looked into and

rendered palpable by decided experiments, the title of *philosopher* will be more highly valued; it will not be obtained by repeating the sophisms of J. J. Rousseau, the follies of Helvetius, the *logograghs* of the Baron d'Holbach, or the sarcasms of Voltaire."

Such, in fact, was the state of things when M. de Bonald thus expressed himself; it was to have been supposed that the restoration would have annihilated false philosophy, and the contrary is the case. This is a fact which gives rise to many afflicting reflections.

The *Génie du Christianisme*, of M. de Châteaubriand, appeared two or three months before the *Legislation Primitive*. The former work made a great sensation, and deserved to do so; there are many admirable fragments to be found in it, among others, the first cultivation of the lands, and the fine episode of *Atala*; this work has been of great service to religion, and consequently to the monarchy; for legitimate government, like morality, has no solid base but religion. The enemies of M. de Châteaubriand never cease to reproach him with the affectation and obscurity of his style; and they think they do him ample justice by acknowledging that there are *some fine pages in his works*; to be just, they ought to say quite the

contrary; the general structure of his works is always worthy of praise and admiration, and the severest criticism would be unable to discover more than a dozen of hazardous phrases. We might find more in the sublime writings of Bossuet—in the *chefs d'œuvre* of Racine (that is to say in all the pieces of that great poet which are performed) we may find out fifteen or sixteen bad lines; and as many may be discovered in the *Jerusalem Delivered*, the most interesting of all epic poems. M. de Châteaubriand is not susceptible of attack even on this head in his poem of *The Martyrs*, in which he seems to have taken Homer for his model. That work certainly contains great beauty, but it appears to me, that by contrasting Christianity and Mythology, that is to say fable and truth, the author might have presented a picture of the admirable manners of the primitive Christians, of their union, their charity, their disinterestedness, their adoptions, their religious solemnities, which would have formed a striking opposition to the bloody fêtes of Bellona, the infamous Bacchanalian entertainments, the feasts of Flora, and the pagans, to whom the author does not allude. The work of M. de Châteaubriand, which I admire the most is the *Itinéraire de Jérusalem*; that work contains some delicious descriptions

and from beginning to end, it is pervaded by a religious feeling, which is always true and touching; the different effect produced upon the traveller by the sight of the islands of Greece, and by the sight of Jerusalem, are described with perfect truth, and in an admirable style. That work would of itself secure to its illustrious author the most brilliant and solid renown.

The following are the relations I had with M. de Châteaubriand. I was not at all acquainted with him when he sent me on its appearance the *Génie du Christianisme*, with a very polite note. The *Génie du Christianisme*, when first published, was at once the subject of the best founded praise and the biterest censure. You might, it is true, cite from the work a few adventurous phrases. I defended M. de Châteaubriand in company, with all the vivacity which marks my character; he had against him all the enemies of religion, and all envious men of letters, who formed a host; and I may say truly, that I acquired many foes personally by defending him. I was, nevertheless, quite aware, and even certain, through M. de Cabre, that M. de Châteaubriand was quite of a different feeling towards me; but this never prevented me from conducting myself in the same way with regard to him, or from writing to

the same to the emperor, at a time when he was much irritated against him I showed this letter to M. de Cabre, who thought it so full of interest in M. de Châteaubriand, that he begged me to allow him to show it to Madame de Laborde; I gave it him, begging him to say to her at the same time, that I had charged him (which was true) to seal the letter as soon as she had read it, and then to send it to M. de Lavalette, who managed my correspondence with the emperor; so that my conduct in the business is sufficiently clear. M. de Châteaubriand was not allowed to remain ignorant of the matter, and he thought himself obliged to call and thank me. He remained with me on this occasion a considerable time; we were *tête-à-tête*, and I received him as politely as I could; without any kind of explanation, we spoke on literary subjects; he expressed himself with remarkable simplicity and modesty; he appeared to me extremely amiable, and he has in reality more talent and wit than is necessary in order to be so.* I have since written eulogies of him,

When I wrote this, such were our respective relations; the Viscount de Châteaubriand has since shown me much kindness, and I shall always preserve a sincere attachment for a person who unites religious feelings to such high talents.—*(Note by the Author.)*

without adding to them a single word of criticism, in several of my works, and I have always held a language corresponding with such conduct. I have never been able to endure to hear any accusation of hypocrisy made against M. de Châteaubriand; first, because no one has a right to say that an author does not think as he writes; and next because one must have no feeling of what is true, if he is not persuaded thnt M. de Châteaubriand has written in a spirit of good faith, the finest parts of his works upon religion and the whole of his *Itinerary*. The writer of *Atala*—the person who, when at sea, and addressing himself to God, said "*Jamais je ne fus plus troublé de ta grandeur!*" he who has so admirably described the impression which he felt at the sight of Jerusalem—can never be a hypocrite. I must not be understood to speak of the episode of *René*; this is a brief romance, of which the conception is quite false and immoral; a young person perfectly pure and pious, could never have experienced a passion so monstrous.

Since I am mentioning literature in the present work, I ought to consecrate an article in it to Madame de Staël. I have never criticized her in my works, but because in hers she has openly attacked both morals and religion. Had it not been

for this, I should have only censured in general the incorrectness and obscurity of her style, but I should never have cited any part of the absurd phrases which are so plentifully scattered through her writings. I have never written these criticisms without observing all the rules of politeness, and without speaking with esteem of her person and her character. Madame de Staël had the misfortune to admire whatever was turgid, antithetical, and nonsensical. The bloated style of M. Thomas was to her, from her earliest youth, the perfection of eloquence. She joined to this misfortune, that of having always neglected the writers of the brilliant age of Louis XIV.; she had little solid information, and had never made a serious study of the French language, of which she did not even know the commonest rules, as may be seen in her first works, and in many parts of her later ones. Thus, she wrote—*qu'il est doux d'aimer et de l'être**—and she frequently puts masculine nouns in the feminine gender; for instance, I pointed out in one of my printed critiques upon her, that she ought to have said *un charmant épisode*, not *une charmante épisode*. The work which stamped the reputation of Madame

* Eloge de J. J. Rousseau.

de Staël was that entitled *Des l'Influence des Passions sur les Nations et sur les Individus.* Its object is to prove the utility of the passions: this was the doctrine of the Encyclopedists, who were constantly about Madame de Staël both in her infancy and youth. Her memory must not be charged with these pernicious principles, which she had imbibed from her cradle. Madame Necker, her mother, was a philosopher without knowing it: M. Necker was an antiphilosopher, from the uprightness of his character, but a philosopher, through the falseness of his judgment; he combatted sincerely the impiety of his sect, but adopted many errors which might serve as a basis to irreligion: for it is to be remarked, that the plots of the modern philosophers are so well laid, that they have deceived the understandings of a great number whose hearts they could not corrupt. It is in that work of Madame de Staël, which I have just cited, that she pronounces the highest eulogy on suicide, styling this crime in words at length, *a sublime act.* She exclaims, "How fortunate it is that all wicked men are incapable of performing so sublime a deed!" I replied at the time, that I thought it strange she should have forgotten that the most wicked men, and the most

dishonoured names in history have been suicides—*Judas, Sardanapalus, Messalina,* and *Nero.* For the sake of morality, religion, and literature, I have turned into ridicule many sentiments and phrases in the works of Madame de Staël, especially in my novel, entitled *La Femme Philosophe:* and afterwards in the *Influence of women upon French literature.* These critiques (though accompanied by much praise,) have rendered her my enemy.* However, in some respects, she has profited by them; she has publicly acknowledged since the restoration, that she repented of, and disavowed all she had written upon suicide; so I hope, that in a second edition, published twenty-three years after the first, of *the Influence of the Passions,* and which has appeared since the death of Madame de Staël, her panegyric on suicide has been withdrawn. I have also been of some use to Madame de Staël in point of style. It is certain, that since the publication of the *Femme Philosophe,* there has been much less affectation

* With an excellent house, and much talent and celebrity, it is easy to obtain many partisans. For my part, I have always been exceedingly offended when any one depreciated the talents of Madame de Staël, in order to flatter me, and I can sincerely say, that I have never allowed it. I confess, my pride had as much to do with this as my generosity.—(*Note by the Author.*)

in her mode of writing. Nevertheless, in her work on Germany, there are several phrases, and even paragraphs which are incomprehensible in the ideas, the surprising assemblage of words which ought never to come together, and the sense, which the author herself could not possibly have comprehended; for example, the following passage:—

"In order to conceive the true grandeur of Lyric poetry, we must wander in a reverie into the regions of ether, and forgetting the sounds of the earth, listen to the harmonies of heaven, and consider the universe as the symbol of the emotions of the soul. . . . The poet feels his heart beat for a celestial happiness, which traverses like lightning the glooms of fate." (Volume iii.)

The first of Madame de Stael's novels, Delphine, met with no success, and indeed was quite unworthy of it. That of *Corinne*, like all the other writings of Madame de Staël, was not successful in point of sale: for it is remarkable, that in spite of all the efforts of her friends, she never could procure the sale of an edition of any of her works in a few days. Her second novel, *Corinne*, with all its faults of style, which the author has always retained, passes for her best work; but it wants invention, probability, and interest. The heroine,

who loves so passionately, is neither attached to her country nor her family; she braves all received usages and all notions of propriety; she gives herself up to a furious passion, and I must confess I regard it as inexcusable, to create heroines in order to describe them as extravagant, and then to propose them to us as models worthy of our entire admiration. In this work, Corinne is represented to us as prostrating herself on the shore before her lover, and rising with a scratched forehead. It has been discovered, that she imitated in this novel a scene in one of my romances, where my heroine is made to wander in despair through the fields and woods, and return home pale, trembling, frozen, and overwhelmed with misery. It was not undesignedly that I placed this scene in winter. If, in such a situation, my heroine had wandered about the country in summer, under a burning sun, she must have returned perspiring and flushed, and could have offered no idea to the mind but that of a Bacchante. Madame de Staël, in changing the scene, has also changed the season; the adventure takes place at Naples, during the fervours of a thirsty summer. In this work are to be found, besides a continual want of taste, the most singular ideas: thus we see Corinne, who

from time to time experiences some religious feelings, goes to pray in the chapel of the Virgin, and confide to her the torments of her flame, "because, (says she,) a *woman* [she speaks of the Holy Virgin!] must feel a natural compassion for the afflictions of the heart." Yet this work presents many passages worthy of praise; the improvisations of Corinna, however, required a fine style, which is never discoverable in them; they want both eloquence and ideas.

Towards the close of her life, Madame de Staël had a splendid house at Paris, and a large fortune; she had aided in the restoration, which fairly ensured her the respects and attentions of the royalists; and she affected the most liberal principles, and received the chiefs of that party at stated hours. Thus, at the end of her career, she had partisans and praisers among all parties; she speaks well of them all in her posthumous work which has been praised by the liberals with the most inconceivable exaggeration. For example, they laud excessively the phrase in which Henry is styled *the most French* of all our kings; a phrase which is borrowed from the portrait of this monarch drawn by me in my *History of Henry the Great*. I venture to say, that my phrase, which

expressed the same idea, and of which no journalist had ever spoken, was better turned than that of Madame de Staël.

Literary works never reach posterity with honour but when they possess acknowledged and incontestable beauty of style. Seneca, in spite of his superior talents, which were eminently brilliant, and the most elevated sentiments, has never been a classic author.

Madame de Staël will always rank among celebrated women, but her productions will not rank among our classical works, though there is often a superior mind to be discovered in them. I have always regretted that a mind such as her's was not better cultivated and better directed, and that she did not derive her notions in literature from a better school; the enthusiasm, *sur parole*, of the first years of her youth, has excited a melancholy influence on her literary existence. I had often seen Madame de Staël at her mother's before her marriage; she then discovered great cleverness, but at the same time an uneasy vivacity.

Madame Necker often brought her daughter to me while at Belle-Chasse; there was always something exaggerated in her demonstrations of feeling, but never any thing like falsehood. She was sincere in her errors and in her emphasis, and

nothing can be a better excuse for her bad system and her bad taste, both in her conversation and in her writings. She has often made me experience a sentiment of which she never suspected me: often when I thought of her, I have regretted sincerely that she had not been my daughter or my pupil; I should then have given her good literary principles, just ideas, and unaffected manners; with such an education, joined to her own talents, and her generous mind, she would have been an accomplished person, and the first female author of our days.

The journals were not as numerous at the time that I inhabited the Arsenal as they now are, when the spirit of party and of politics sometimes render their judgments on literary works so unjust. I was in the habit of reading the *Journal de Paris*, and the *Journal de l'Empire*. Geoffroy* was still alive; he had talents, but he has been far too highly praised as a critic. Incapable of judging of works of sentiment, he spoke of them erro-

* The dramatic critic. His notices are often unjust and ill-natured, but almost always clever and piquant. He wrote the greater part of his critiques in the *Journal des Debats*; but he degraded his pen by making a trade of his praises, and showered all kinds of abuse upon those who refused to purchase his laudation.—(*Note by the Editor.*)

neously, and sometimes absurdly. He has never said any thing against me; he has never spoken of my works but favourably; therefore my opinion of him is quite impartial. He has written many excellent articles in his journal, but he has also written many which are exceedingly bad; his extreme partiality perpetually perverted his judgment. His style was in general piquant; there was some pleasantry in his manner, but there was no variety. He has never joined serious and solid arguments with his wit, nor lauded with good taste; he wanted tact, and was always in extremes He has often spoken grossly of Madame de Staël, and unjustly of Voltaire's tragedies; he said of the emperor, that *it would be atheism to deny his great qualities;* no one ever carried flattery further than he did, or was less sparing of the bitterest and most abusive criticism.

I have never in my life meditated so much on what I read as I did at this time; I read all the old authors, not only of the age of Louis XIV., but that which preceded it; I particularly endeavoured, in studying the progress of the French language, to ascertain what were the motives that had led to the rejection of the old words, and old modes of speech, and the introduction of our new methods of expression, and the new turns of which

a language was composed, which is so rich in *chefs-d'œuvre*. I had not till this time studied any thing relating to this subject, but the exact propriety of words, and harmony of the language; Racine in verse, and Massillon and Buffon in prose, have in this respect been my principal masters; but the new study I had undertaken, possessed to me a particular charm; it was necessary to penetrate into and divine the meanings of the greatest writers we have had; this exercise pleased my imagination, flattered my self-love, and piqued my curiosity. It seemed a fine thing to be initiated into such secrets; and from all I have been able to discover on the subject, I am led to think there is always something moral, delicate, or ingenious in the changes or retentions which have been made; for instance, I have endeavoured to find out why, when we banish from poetical language words and expressions which are only used in familiar speech, and which are in no way disagreeable in themselves, we have nevertheless retained several ignoble words, which present the most disgusting images, such as *boue, fange, fumier;* and I have discovered that the language of an elevated mind and heart required the retention of these words, in order to be able, by odious comparisons, to depreciate the better what is vile,

and discover for all kinds of mean vices, the last degree of contempt. If I were to detail all my remarks on this subject, I should have to write a volume; I shall content myself with saying, that this study has proved to me that the fixation of a fine language is the fruit and the work of the most ingenious, sound, and deep reflections, and the purest taste.

Eight or ten months before I left the Arsenal, Casimir went to Vienna, where he met with the utmost success of all kinds: he there saw frequently the Prince de Ligne, to whom I had given him a letter, and who in writing to me, and speaking of him said, he thought him *an accomplished young man.* Casimir not having yet been confirmed, received that sacrament at Vienna; and, agreeably to the custom of that country, he had a godfather: this was the Prince de Ligne. Another custom of the same country authorises a godfather to give his godson one of the family names; accordingly, the Prince de Ligne gave Casimir his, which is not *de Ligne* but *De la Morald,* which Casimir had thenceforth the right to bear on all occasions. He was confirmed with great pomp by the Archbishop of Vienna. Casimir performed at Vienna a very handsome action: Madame Larcher,

an interesting person, full of talent, and who played on the violin with surprising skill for a woman and an amateur, lost all at once a considerable fortune, without any fault of her own. She was advised to go to Vienna, in order to turn her talents to account; but, she knew nobody there. She made no money, and was sunk in the utmost embarrassments: in this extremity she had recourse to Casimir, who immediately proposed to her a concert for her own benefit, promising to perform in it, and permitting her to announce him. This announcement had the desired effect; the theatre was filled, and Madame Larcher delivered from her distressing situation.

I could quote many traits of this description in Casimir, but I shall content myself with one more. He had the good fortune to procure, through one of his female friends, an excellent place with an illustrious Polish lady, for Madame Robadet, of whom I have already spoken. He attached so much value to this favour, that he thought himself bound to acknowledge the kindness of his friend, by giving her daughter gratuitously eighteen months lessons on the harp.

During Casimir's absence, I had with me a very clever and estimable person, called Madame Rous-

sel,* whom I specially employed in the education of Alfred, with whose behaviour I had every reason to be pleased, on account of his mildness, docility, and goodness of heart. He began to play very prettily on the harp: his address and dexterity in every respect were truly extraordinary. Casimir had given him an enormous quantity of playthings; when they were broken, he mended them again, or made others as well as the best workman could have done: he has since cultivated that talent, which has now become incomparable, as well as his talent for mechanics. From the age of fourteen or fifteen, it was he who mended, (and admirably,) all my most complicated locks, and who regulated all my clocks, with the mechanism of which he was so well acquainted, that he succeeded in making one with his own hands, without taking a single lesson from any watchmaker. He afterwards made without any advice or instruction a repeating watch, and a handsome clock for my grandson, of which he gilt and bronzed, himself, all the ornaments.

During my residence at the Arsenal, I passed three summers in the country with Casimir and

* She has since separated from me for her own advantage, as I procured her an excellent place in Italy, which she has since lost through the revolutions of that country.—*(Note by the Author.)*

Alfred; the one with Madame de Brady, at the château of Rebrechien, near Orleans: the other with Madame du Brosseron, at Sorel; and the third at Sillery. I could not again view the scenes where I had passed the happiest years of my early youth, without profound emotion. I found the estate deplorably changed: the superb woods of Meseril had been cut down, as were the fir-trees in the court. A wing of the château, which contained the handsome gallery and the chapel, had been thrown down; the delicious isles and the charming fabrics, which had been reared on their surface, by the polite attention of M. de Genlis, were destroyed, and now presented only a view of melancholy marshes: the rest of the château was deprived of its furniture. The handsome floors on the ground story, which had been new laid with precious woods by the Marechale D'Etrée, had been torn up by revolutionary fury, because on them were represented coats of arms, and the truncheon of a French marshal. I saw nothing to give me pleasure, but the room in which Henry IV. had slept three nights: all the ancient furniture was still standing; the crimson damask which covered them was so old and decayed as not to have tempted the cupidity of the revolutionists. I experienced no other feelings than those of melancholy, while

in this residence, formerly so handsome and so brilliant—which a celebrated Englishman, (Mr. Young,) in his journey through France before the revolution, characterises by saying, that he had seen nothing in France like Sillery. I caused to be performed in the parish church, a funeral service for my husband, as magnificently as such a thing can be done in a village. All the curates of the environs were present, and in order to have them all together, it was necessary to have the service celebrated on a working day. It was announced from the pulpit, and not a single peasant was absent. Even old and infirm men were led to the ceremony; and sick persons left their beds for the first time, in order to render that homage of their gratitude to the memory of their beneficent lord, whom they formerly loved so *well!* The church was so full, that part of the peasants could not get in, but remained under the porch, and conabout the church. All the peasants without exception subscribed something for the poor, and consented besides to lose the value of half a day's work: what academical discourse is equivalent to a eulogy like this!

In the mean time at the Arsenal, the water having soaked through the old walls, there happened several accidents, which might have proved

fatal: in the first place, the infiltration caused an excessive humidity in my bed-room: next, several parts of the wall decayed; among others, a window frame, which fell on Madame Roussel, and nearly killed her: however, by a miracle of good fortune, she was not wounded; and it is equally surprising, that during the last six months I lived in these rooms, I never had the rheumatism. At length I requested that the necessary repairs should be made; but M. Ameilhon, with his accustomed good-nature, persuaded the ministers that the expense would amount to more than fifteen thousand francs: the whole might have been accomplished for one hundred louis. I was informed that the library did not possess the necessary funds; so it became necessary for me to resolve on quitting the Arsenal. As the government had undertaken to lodge me during the remainder of my life, and as it had no lodging then disposable which might have suited me, I thought I was entitled to demand an equivalent in money; and with my usual moderation, I only asked for eight thousand francs, though I knew I could not be commodiously lodged for less than ten or twelve thousand francs. I immediately received the eight thousand francs, and as my lodging daily became more threatening and perilous, I quitted it with all pos-

sible haste. The sensations I experienced on quitting the Arsenal, easily accounted to me for the feelings which bind us to our country. The Arsenal in which I had lived for nine years, in spite of all the vexations I had undergone in it, had to me become a sort of country. All feeling hearts soon attach themselves more or less to the place which they have long inhabited; habit in certain things, is only insipid to persons of bad hearts and light heads, who always fancy they must find some advantages in change. I quitted the Arsenal with a feeling of pain, of which the bitterness was augmented by my separation from Madame Roussel, who at this time was going to Italy. Alfred, who was sincerely attached to her, burst into tears when he took his farewell of her. I was obliged to take, for want of a better, a very inconvenient lodging in the same part of the town, Rue des Lions: it was sufficiently large and on the first floor; but Gothic, absurdly arranged, and extremely unhealthy on account of its dampness.

However, I passed here some very agreeable evenings, thanks to Messieurs d'Estournel, Briffaut, and de Treneuil, who came to see me every Saturday evening. Each of them read to me a little unpublished fragment, which was always in verse. I read to them in return some pieces in

prose. These readings were terminated by a very animated conversation, which was kept up frequently till midnight. This lasted all the winter.

I was living in the Rue des Lions, when M. Ameilhon got a terrible fall on the great staircase of the Arsenal. In spite of the advice of his attentive and virtuous wife, he always insisted on walking alone; he was very old. Assistance was immediately procured, and he was conveyed to his bed in a dying state, and his life was despaired of. I sent every day to inquire how he was; he was informed of this, and appeared touched by it. One day he sent word by my servant, that he remembered with uneasiness our little quarrels at the Arsenal, and begged my pardon for his share in them; this proof of repentance affected me much; he died a few days after. He was an odd and morose person, but he had a great deal of information, and some excellent qualities.

I wrote a work on common plants, for the use of young persons; it is impossible to put into their hands those commonly sold, because they are filled with details on the most infamous diseases. In mine, I suppressed all these details, and tried to supply their place by something of an agreeable or moral kind; in short, I neglected no pains or research which could tend to give interest

to this work, or render it useful to mothers of families, or their daughters.

I gave this work to M. Barrois, without making any engagement with him in writing. I have received no acknowledgment, but the work has never appeared; I do not know for what purpose M. Barrois retains it. I have several letters of his in my possession, which prove that several years have elapsed since it was to have been published. As I have reason on many accounts to esteem M. Barrois, I am unwilling to do any thing that might be disagreeable to him; I have taken no steps in the affair; but I regret, the suppression of that work, which M. Correa, a very celebrated Portuguese botanist, pronounced to be exceedingly useful to young people, in every point of view. M. Correa had even the goodness to make two or three additions to the work, of exotic plants unknown to me. I have no copy of the work, but only a few fragments of it. The manuscript given to M. Barrois, was in the hand writing of a young Corsican of my acquaintance, nephew of the Count de Brady, who copied the fragments I have preserved. The rest was written under my dictation.

On my arrival at Paris, I experienced treatment which surprised me extremely, from a book-

seller introduced to me by my friend, M. Pieyre, on the subject of a new edition of the *Rival Mothers*, with the addition of a third volume; the edition was sold in the course of eight days. I had not made any written agreement, and the bookseller flatly refused to pay me; I had no means of forcing him by law to keep his engagements. I never experienced any thing like this in my transactions with Maradan; I always found him very upright and exact; to be sure, he has made many advantageous bargains with me, but this was with my own consent, and because I esteemed him. In the Rue des Lions, I wrote my *Notes on La Bruyère:* the first edition, of which I did not read the proofs, was full of errors; the miserable notes of Lacoste had been left, which were inserted below the text, while mine were placed at the end of the volume, and all the piquant titles of the chapters were suppressed. These absurdities hurt the sale of the edition, which did not go off so fast as all my other works had done. However, it was generally agreed that my remarks were just, and might prove useful to the young. In the Rue des Lions, I also formed the plan of my little poem, called *The Youth of Moses, or the Shepherds of Madian.* It was M. Alibert who entreated me to take this subject;

I published the poem some months afterwards; Cardinal Maury, who was a judge of style, was enchanted with the piece; he said it was the best written of all my works—an opinion in which I concur.

M. Horace Vernet had the goodness to design an engraving for the second edition, representing one of the most interesting scenes in the poem. You discover all his talent in that charming print, and I found in it a proof of his friendship which touched me deeply. My attachment to him and his amiable wife has never varied.

I did not publish this work with Maradan, because, in order to oblige Madame de Bon, I had agreed with a bookseller with whom she was in treaty for the translation of an English novel. I gave him *Moses* almost for nothing, on condition that he would purchase Madame de Bon's translation at the price she demanded for it.

I had been about a year in the Rue des Lions, when Casimir returned from Vienna. It was at this time that I sold the absolute property of all my works, a property of which I had clearly a right to dispose, without feeling any scruple, seeing I had abandoned without reserve to my family, from the time of quitting France, my dowry, and all other rights, without demanding a farthing.

A few months after Casimir's return from Vienna, we fixed ourselves in very handsome apartments in the *Rue Helvetius*, called before the revolution the *Rue Sainte Anne*. I had the satisfaction, the very day after the restoration, of having the name of the philosopher effaced, and that of the saint replaced. My friend, M. de Charbonnières, was also the friend of the Prefect of Paris: my first feeling, on the king's return, was to express to M. de Charbonnières my desire of banishing Helvetius from our street: M. de Charbonnières easily obtained that favour of the prefect, and I soon had the pleasure of seeing scratched out the name of the author of a work, pernicious and detestable in all respects. I went into the street on purpose to witness the agreeable spectacle, and since that moment I have never cast my eyes on the corner of the street, nor read the sweet and sacred name which I had caused to be traced there, without feeling the most pleasing emotions.

I had published my *Historical and Literary Botany*, a work containing the researches of thirty years; but as I had only spoken generally on the plants mentioned in the Bible, and those which bear the names of existing persons, I wrote for my private amusement, a manuscript work on these plants under the title of *The Eight Herbals:*

in consequence, I had a quarto blank book bound in morocco, in which I painted four Herbals, forming the first volume of the eight, which I intended to compose. These four Herbals are—*The Sacred Herbal, The Herbal of Gratitude and Friendship, The Heraldic Herbal,* comprising all the French coats of arms in which there are vegetables, together with those antique devices of which plants form the subject; lastly *The Golden Herbal,* in which I have placed all the fruits of gold mentioned in history. In ancient times it was a custom,—a kind of magnificence very common among sovereigns and other high personages, to have in their palaces a gallery or artificial garden filled with golden plants, which they sent to each other in presents. A thousand dissertations have been written to discover the allegorical sense of the fable of the Hesperides and the golden apples: some have pretended they were merely oranges, others sheep, the golden apples expressing their value in commerce: I think I have proved in a brief dissertation, which was long ago printed, that the golden apples of the Hesperides were in fact nothing but apples of gold. I have painted in my *Golden Herbal* with gold all my representations of the plants made of this metal, of which I found the details in history; the number is con-

siderable. In this book I have written under each plant the explanatory text, and embellished the whole with vignettes. I have painted all the plants with a careful accuracy, which has been lauded by all the artists who have seen them; there are also in the work some unpublished verses of mine. This large book, magnificently bound, is certainly one of the most curious and most precious manuscripts existing. As I could not work at this undertaking daily, I took several years to finish it; I completed it on a very remarkable day—that on which the allies entered Paris, when every one was in the most terrible alarm.* I am now engaged on a second volume,† which will finish the work; I shall give an account of it hereafter. Besides the work of which I have just spoken, I have amused myself with composing and painting one hundred and sixty devices taken from the vegetable kingdom.‡ I venture to say that these devices are perfectly accurate; there are no situations or sentiments which they do not express, and the subjects represented deserve to be engraved in a volume. Lastly, since the re-

* This now belongs to the king, and is in his private library.

† This volume is commenced under the title of a supplement or continuation, but I have not yet been able to finish it.

‡ A work which is now in England.—*(Notes by the Author.)*

storation, I have written for the pretty pack of cards invented by M. Athalin, about five hundred lines: I wrote them with my own hand on the backs of the cards: I have never in my own opinion written more flowing and agreeable verses: I gave this pack of cards to Casimir. It was in my apartments in the Rue Sainte Anne that the marriage of Casimir was solemnized; he married the daughter of M. Carret, *Mâitre des Comtes*. Casimir loved Mademoiselle Carret, and she deserved all his affection, by her talents, her virtues, and her noble and beautiful air and face.

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# MEMOIRS

OF THE

# COUNTESS DE GENLIS,

ILLUSTRATIVE OF

THE HISTORY OF THE

EIGHTEENTH AND NINETEENTH CENTURIES.

WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

VOL. VI.

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# MEMOIRS

OF

# MADAME DE GENLIS.

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In the winter of 1812 I saw a great deal of company; I had one day in the week on which I received my friends, and my drawing-room was constantly filled from between five and six in the evening till one in the morning. Besides this, I had private parties, in which we had music, and performed proverbs; with all this I had very little time to myself, yet I found leisure to write the novel of *Mademoiselle de Lafayette*. There was one great difficulty in this subject, that of rendering the hero, Louis XIII., interesting, and likewise preserving the truth of history, which should always be preserved in drawing historical characters. I believe I conquered this difficulty, by supposing that Mademoiselle de Lafayette flattered herself with being able to render him by her in-

fluence such as he ought to have been to reign in a heart like hers. At any rate, there are very unjust prejudices prevailing relative to Louis XIII.; that prince was pious, and on that account has been greatly depreciated by the philosophical party, who have taken good care not to render justice to this great age, which is perhaps the period of our history in which civilization has in all respects been carried to its highest degree of perfection; all our great charitable establishments were founded at this epoch: the French language produced its first masterpieces, and the first representation of *the Cid* was seen at the same period, while the glory of our arms was very brilliant, chiefly by the exploits of Louis XIII., a monarch whose skill in war and whose courage equalled his piety. In this work I think I have also drawn with great truth and discrimination the portrait of Cardinal Richelieu. This novel had a prodigious success; the sale of the first edition proved that years had not diminished my reputation. The work had been scarcely announced two days, when it was published at eight o'clock in the morning, and by ten in the evening not a single copy remained; I did not even get my own copies, as they had been sold along with the rest of the impression.

During this winter I often saw Madame de Chastenai, one of the friends of my youth, a lady charming by her graceful manners, sweetness of disposition, and pleasing turn of mind. Before this time I had often seen at the arsenal her daughter, Madame Victorine de Chastenai, whom I had known from my infancy, and who is so distinguished by her literary talents and the purity of her conduct. These two ladies, whom I truly loved, and for whom I shall always feel a lively interest, have completely forgotten me since the second restoration. At this period M. Pieyre brought to my house an individual in all respects interesting, but who was particularly so to me for many reasons; this was the Count Amedée de Rochefort,* a relation of M. de Genlis, whom I

* His father, the Count de Rochefort, a short time before I entered the Palais Royal, married a charming lady, Mademoiselle de Provenchére, who was not more than fifteen or sixteen years of age, and of uncommon beauty; her decease had just taken place at the time of my return to France. The Count de Rochefort was still alive, and came several times to see me. I always received him with the emotion we experience in seeing once more those with whom we have passed the happiest years of our life. We were never weary of talking about Sillery, of our fêtes, our conversations, of the amusing anecdotes related by Madame de Puisieux, by the old Countess d'Egmont, the Princess of Ligne, the Marechals de Richelieu, d'Estrées, de Byron, de

had not seen since his early youth, when I got him appointed, (while I was at Belle Chasse,) captain in the regiment of the Duke of Chartres; since that period he had become as distinguished by his excellent conduct as by the profound knowledge he had acquired. He had spent the whole of the reign of terror in France, in an old country-house, which he never once left during the whole time, and there he was absolutely forgotten, notwithstanding his noble birth; he was not exposed to persecution of any kind, and the time that elapsed was not lost by him, for he secluded himself along with a learned ecclesiastic. Young Rochefort was very clever, had received an excellent education, knew Latin well, but was quite ignorant of Greek; he entreated his companion in solitude and misfortune to teach him that lan-

Balincour. I have already quoted a charming saying of Madame de Puisieux, who had been married at twelve years of age, and was only thirteen at the coronation of Louis XV., who from that moment was so much struck with her resplendent beauty, that he never saw her at court for a long time afterwards without exclaiming: "Ah! Madame de Puisieux, how pretty you looked at my coronation!...." At last Madame de Puisieux got tired with this eternal repetition of the same thing, and said to him one day without reflection: "And you, Sire, you were beautiful, —as beautiful as *hope*," and hope had never been realized.—*(Note by the Author.)*

guage, and his ardent application soon produced the most rapid and surprising success. Having fortunately some books with him, he became perfectly conversant with English and Italian, and in this profound retreat acquired more knowledge in the space of eighteen months than is commonly acquired by five or six years' study. Thus, while the revolution ruined his fortune, he enriched himself in another way, and acquired those gifts which are beyond the power of fortune—an example of wisdom and courage worthy of notice in a young man not then seventeen years of age. His father, the Count de Rochefort, had been my friend; I had often seen him at Sillery in my youth; he is the only man without exception (so far as I know) who corresponded regularly with Voltaire without becoming impious; he entertained religious sentiments that nothing ever changed, and for this a firm mind was requisite: his excellent principles he transmitted to his son, who has always gloried in following them. Finally, the Count de Rochefort, the father, is the person who was in love with the nun (before she took the vows) whose story I have described in *Adele and Theodore.*

At Casimir's marriage, Messieurs de Cabre and de Rochefort acted as witnesses. At this

period, M. de Charbonnières came often to read some of his poetry to me, amongst the rest a small poem, entitled *A Treatise on the Sublime.* Although Longinus in ancient times wrote a treatise on the sublime, the subject was not a happy one, for rules cannot be given concerning sublimity. Yet there are fine verses in the work of M. de Charbonnières, and very interesting episodes: the portrait of Pascal is exceedingly beautiful by its precision and its discrimination of character: it is as follows:—

> "Du sein de l'Eternal il sort, il prend sa course,
> Embrasse l'univers et remonte à sa source."

The shortness of that great man's life, and the versatility of his talents, cannot be more beautifully expressed. M. de Charbonnières asked me to write some notes to his poem, which I agreed to do, but told him at the same time that the notes would indicate a great intimacy between us, and make my own enemies become his, particularly as he displayed in this little work religious sentiments, which he really felt, but which were highly displeasing to certain literary characters of that period. This he ought to have been prepared for; however he obtained more indulgent criticism since he praised Voltaire to excess, though even then

he did not abandon his principles; (for of that he was incapable;) but there was great want of firmness in saying so much in praise of a writer, whose principles and the greater part of whose works he detested in his own heart. M. de Charbonnières had a noble and pleasing person, was still in the flower of his age, and was most agreeable company. The Abbé Delille was a natural son of his father's brother, so that he was consequently his nephew; from him he derived his taste for poetry, and the talent of reciting verse with singular perfection. M. de Charbonnières was also very obliging and endowed with excellent qualities, and notwithstanding some petty quarrels that his morbid sensibility was wont to produce in his intercourse with his acquaintances, his friendship could be safely relied on: his soul was noble and generous, and this is the source of true friendship.*

* This individual, so interesting by his virtues and talents, died suddenly a few years afterwards: he was in the flower of his age, but the morbid state of his complexion, which was more florid than ever, gave great alarm to his friends; I several times advised him to get bled with leeches, but he would never consent. After dressing himself one morning, he ordered his servant to go to the kitchen to bring him his chocolate, and when the servant came back a few minutes afterwards, he found his unfortunate master lying dead on the floor. Every means were adopted to

Whilst I resided in the Rue Sainte Anne, I had the high satisfaction of seeing my cousin, Vice-Admiral Sercey, settle with his family in Paris. Never was the public or private conduct of any individual more pure and perfect than his. He was in the navy from his infancy, as his relation, M. de Chézac, who was a commodore, had received him as a midshipman at twelve years of age; by his merit, services, and gallant actions he was rapidly promoted from rank to rank without the aid of patronage; he had been sent on every long voyage, and at the age of thirty-two, when he was made a captain, he had been sixteen years at sea. During the whole of this time, he lived on his pay, and never asked for money from his family, not even for his patrimony; he did not share the property of his family with his brothers, who were then alive, till he was four or five and thirty; he never incurred a single debt, and became vice-admiral solely through the reputation he had acquired for his valour and his skill as a commander. As he was hostile to every excess, and a true and faithful royalist, he was persecuted in the time of the republic and thrown into prison. His first wife, who was a native of St. Domingo,

restore him to life, but all was of no avail.—*(Note by the Author.)*

was along with him in Paris during the revolution; and it was through her courage and perseverance that he was so fortunate as to be extricated from prison and preserved from death. At this time, M. de Sercey was at sea with a very inferior force, and gained a complete and memorable victory over the English; this engagement, in which he displayed equal talent and bravery, was the only successful one during the course of the war, and it succeeded in rendering his name for ever illustrious in the navy. At the death of his wife, being disgusted with what was going on in his native country, he went to the Isle of France, where he made a fortunate marriage. The convention sent commissaries to revolutionize the colony, when M. de Sercey conceived the bold idea of saving it by carrying off the commissaries and sending them home, and this daring measure prevented torrents of bloodshed. The island was declared in a state of rebellion by the convention; but M. de Sercey during four or five years contributed to sustain the administration by his prudent counsels and by the use of his fortune, the income of which he generously gave up to supply the most pressing demands. Only a part of his advances was paid to him afterwards, but he never regretted his loss, and he has been amply rewarded

by the glory of having been the preserver of this fine colony. Still faithful to his principles, he would not serve under Napoleon, but sent in his resignation; the emperor kept it six weeks to give him time to change his mind, but he remained inflexible. At the restoration, he found in his sentiments and his love of the royal family the recompense of his virtues and of his conduct. By his first marriage, he has a son named Eole, who is now in the navy; and this young man has proved by his courage and activity that he will worthily sustain the honour of his father's name. M. de Sercey has been fortunate in his wives and children; his first wife was an angel, and his second equally distinguished by her virtues; by the latter he has two charming daughters, and two sons, whose early youth announces every quality that a father can desire. Since my childhood I have always tenderly loved M. de Sercey, (who is five years younger than myself,) and I have all my life considered him as a brother.

In the course of this winter, I also saw M. de Sabran much more frequently, and the more he is known, the more does one become attached to him; it is impossible to possess a combination of more amiable and solid qualities than he does; he has an original way of his own which produces

in conversation happy sallies of wit, to which his habitual absence of mind gives more piquancy and surprize. His mildness in company has nothing dull or insipid in it, and only seems to increase the pleasure of the ingenious sayings he is in the habit of making. One day that I was telling him he was the only really absent man I ever knew, he answered me: "*How do you know?*" This obliging answer reminds one by its precision of the witty saying of the Marechal de Luxemburgh, who being told that the prince of Orange called him the little humpback, replied: "Humpback! how does he know it." M. de Sabran has been constantly faithful to the royal family and the ties of friendship, and he has many true friends attached to him; but notwithstanding his honourable name, the services of his ancestors, an irreproachable conduct, talents, and personal merit universally acknowledged, notwithstanding the persecutions he was exposed to for his opinions during Napoleon's reign, nothing whatever has been done for him since the restoration.

Time as it passes along produces few real pleasures, but many grievous losses! Since the year I have just mentioned, I have witnessed the death of four persons younger than myself whom I shall

always regret: Madame de Brosseron, M. de Treneuil, M. de Charbonnières, and M. de Choiseul. The latter had given the royal family constant proofs of the most noble, devoted, and disinterested attachment. Every one knows the great merit of M. de Choiseul as a writer and a man of science, his taste for the arts, and his personal skill as an artist. No one could be more pleasing in society; he was the model of the ancient French graces, as he was of the politeness and *bon ton* of the ancient court; he had travelled much, and all the interesting things he had seen acquired still more interest in his descriptions by his manner of relating them; lastly, he was the first great lord of his time who proved that an individual may show great talent as a diplomatist, and brilliantly distinguish himself in the career of science and the arts; he was also the first who wrote a *picturesque* journey. Many bad imitations of his work have appeared, but no writer has surpassed him.

Meanwhile we were approaching the period that was to bring about a mighty revolution. Napoleon himself prepared it by his mad expedition to Russia. Before I come to this subject, however, I wish to finish my sketch of the social habits of the time, but only comparatively with those of the *ancien regime*. I shall first notice one

of those things that interest me most deeply, public and private education. Both, for the last fifty years, have been subjected to numberless systems of a contrary nature. Young men were first of all educated *à la Jean-Jacques*—no masters, no lessons—the pupils were left from infancy to the *guide of nature*, and as nature does not teach grammar, much less Latin, young men were soon seen in society of most astonishing ignorance. People then rushed into the other extreme; children were overloaded with knowledge and study—they were to be made prodigies of, particularly in scientific knowledge. Geometry, natural philosophy, and chemistry came into fashion. The study of history and morals was much neglected, but the courses of Charles, Mitouard, and Sigaud-de-Lafond were assiduously attended: people learned to ride in the English manner, called themselves partisans of Gluck or Piccini, talked of experiments with fixed air, &c.—and this was called a good education. At the revolution, people rushed into politics, and all the young men became statesmen. From 1791 till 1796, education of every kind was suspended, children enjoyed some repose, and were allowed to grow up without being troubled with study. At last it was remembered that a great number of young men

could not have had time to learn reading and writing. Professors were appointed who had but one object in view; that of rendering their disciples as eloquent as the orators of our modern tribunes. The pupils were taught to write essays without number, and the most ridiculous always obtained the prize. When these dashing young men left the schools, they betook themselves to literature, and carried into it all the neologism, wordy phraseology and philosophism that had procured them so much success in their college classes. Paris abounded with political pamphlets, *philosophical* novels, pathetic dramas, and melodrames, in which an adulterous wife or an *unmarried mother* was invariably the heroine.

How much reason have we at the present day to excuse those who are thirty or forty years of age without a particle of common sense! How greatly we ought to admire men of that age who possess good principles and sound ideas! . . .

Yet one useful reform was effected in public education. The professors were changed, and at the head of national instruction was placed a director, who by his talents and principles was worthy of raising it to distinction; but the *conscription* came forward to destroy these pleasing hopes. The sword of Bellona cut asunder the

thread of morals and study that had been happily united; youth had no longer the choice of a profession; their tastes were no longer consulted; their predilections for study were no longer a subject of joy to their families; a mother groaned at seeing her son rising to manhood. . . . . The finest developement of the talents of a beloved child could bring nothing but sorrow to a father, who would sadly say to himself: He will never be able to cultivate the talents he evinces! War established a hateful equality of talent and knowledge among young men; it stifled genius for the arts and sciences, or rendered it altogether abortive. . . . . A new code was forming at the time, and paternal authority was forgotten amongst its enactments.

Of late years it has been asserted both in conversation and in books, that it is ridiculous to attempt to unite amusement with the instruction of children, and that the plan is altogether worthless. Yet is it certain that instruction should be tiresome to be useful, or that fatigue and ennui are the sole bases of knowledge? Our antagonists reply: *That nothing is known well but what is learned with difficulty.* In that case, scholars without memory or intelligence would become the only well informed literary characters; for those who

possess a strong memory, vigorous fancy, and lively talent learn without trouble beautiful pieces of poetry, and also *retain without difficulty* the most remarkable passages of celebrated moralists and orators, as well as the most important historical events. Those who have educated children know that on the contrary they only retain well what they have acquired by close application, that is to say, what they have acquired with pleasure. You may force a child to keep himself quiet on his chair, or to keep his eyes fixed on a book, but attention cannot be commanded; it is produced by curiosity, and fixed by inclination. It was assuredly a bad system not to confine children to fixed rules, and to make their instruction consist only in what they learned under amusing or frivolous forms; yet it is a good plan to remove every useless thorn from the path of study, and every difficulty that is not absolutely requisite. Lastly, the care of instructing them even in their very games, and of rendering their amusements instructive, is so evidently advantageous, that I cannot conceive how it can be neglected, much less ridiculed.

It is said that the method of study in use sixty years ago was infinitely better, because it was avowedly what it ought to be, that is, very

difficult, and that, consequently, there were no *abridgments* in those days, no amusing works on grave and abstruse subjects. They forget that Bossuét made *abridgments;* that Fenelon wrote dialogues, and a fine political poem for his pupil; that Madame de Maintenon wrote charming conversations for Saint-Cyr; that she employed the Abbé Ragois, to make abridgments of history and geography for the Duc du Maine; that Fontenelle wrote pretty dialogues on astronomy, that were full of gallantry; that the Abbé Terrasson put all his learned researches concerning the Egyptians into an interesting romance; that Pluche endeavoured to give a very amusing form to the study of natural history, in his *Spectacle de la Nature;* that Lamothe made excellent historical abridgments in verse, for the use of schools; that the best teachers of that age, perhaps of any age, that the Jesuits made it their particular business to render study agreeable; that they wrote tragedies, comedies, and moral ballets for their pupils.

The education of young ladies has also undergone an infinite number of changes. For a long period, nothing was thought of but teaching them dancing, music, and painting, without paying the smallest attention to the cultivation of their minds.

After spending twelve years in teaching them to dress elegantly, to dance gracefully, to sing and to play on musical instruments in the most dashing manner, they were married from motives of ambition, or suitableness of rank and fortune, and they were then pushed forward into the world, with this grave advice: Go, be modest and unaffected; let your inclinations be always solid and moderate; never fascinate any one—it would be a crime; and above all things, be always insensible to the praise you may receive for your personal beauty and accomplishments. One may easily conceive the effect of such a fine advice on a young lady of sixteen, who, during the intervals of her occupations, has never been able to think of any thing but the happiness and the *glory* of obtaining distinguished success at a ball or a concert. From this system of education, people rushed into the opposite extreme. During a considerable time, they wanted to make their young ladies only *good housewives;* as if ignorance and rudeness were the best guarantees of good conduct, and as if it were impossible to conduct a house well with a cultivated mind. It was settled that women should neither read, write, nor cultivate the fine arts.

Yet would it not be a loss, if Madame de Grol

lier and Madame Le Brun, or Mademoiselle Lescot had never painted; if Madame de Montgeroux had never played on the piano, and if some other ladies had never written? In education above all things, no exclusive system must be adopted; we ought to second the dispositions given by nature, and not pretend to force them. Education gives much to those only who are born rich; to a certain extent, it corrects defects; it guides, developes, and brings to perfection, but has never created any thing. The most skilful gardener can do no more than double the flowers of a beautiful plant, (no other is worth the trouble of careful cultivation,) but it is not in his power to produce a single blade of grass, for nature must supply the seed. If your pupil has neither memory, intelligence, nor application, you will never make him a learned man; if he be not endowed with a certain mental constitution, be assured that he will never become an able artist or a distinguished writer. If the ambition of the teacher for his pupil be either too great, or be wrong directed, his education, however carefully conducted, has failed; a pupil will invariably be disgusted with his studies, when more is required from him than he can furnish.

When all the attempts I have just mentioned

had been made in France, the mistresses of boarding schools had the mania of teaching the sciences, and the very cooks wished to make their daughters learned in grammar. At last, after so many errors, the only constant taste for the last thirty-five years, that of novelty will, perhaps, lead us into the right path; it is to be wished we may remain in it, for education will always exercise the most powerful influence over public morals, and consequently, over public happiness,* since it contributes to prevent selfishness, which is its most fatal enemy.

In the age of Louis XIV., and in that which preceded it, a mother did not require adoration from her daughter, nor the little attentions of passionate affection; she was not jealous of her at-

* In ancient times, when it was asked by what signs a stranger on his arrival in a town could perceive that education was neglected, Plato replied: "If there be great need of judges and physicians." It must be allowed, that the public education of women in France, for the last ten years, has been much superior to that of men. The school of Madame Campan was deservedly celebrated, and several others might be mentioned well worthy of praise; I may notice one amongst the rest at this moment, the establishment of Madame Boucot, (Rue du Roule.) The good sense, merit, and accomplishments of this teacher, are well worthy the confidence of enlightened mothers, and the approbation of every one who has thought much on education.—(*Note by the Author.*)

tachment to her husband, mother-in-law, or sisters-in-law, as we have since seen, and as we see at the present day. The purest of all sentiments was not profaned by being mixed with the imperiousness and personality of love. A mother could love her daughter with undivided affection, but she never required from her the same return of affection, which is in fact impossible, since nature has bestowed this excess of love only where minute cares, benefits, and devotedness, are absolutely necessary. If the heart of a mother be not corrupted by excessive vanity, there is none in which less selfishness exists. Does not a mother know that she brings up her daughter for another family, and that she herself will never enjoy either her virtues or the disposition she delights in forming, by devoting herself to the education of her child? Every thing is a sacrifice in maternal enjoyments, every thing, even the happiness that forms the most endearing and solemn epoch of a mother's life, the marriage of her daughter. She must separate from her, or at any rate, confide her happiness to the care of another! . . .

In former times, parents did not take children of seven or eight years old into company; they very seldom took even a daughter of fifteen or sixteen. Now, they can no longer separate from

their children, and the fonder they are, the more do they become slaves to their caprices; yet this does not prevent widows and widowers from marrying again, and often sinking part of their fortune in life annuities. Formerly, parents often went and secluded themselves for three or four years in an old dilapidated country-house, a hundred leagues from Paris, that they might save wherewithal to form a marriage portion for their daughter, or to collect a sum sufficient to establish their son. At the present day, a tender mother spends only a few months on her estate, because good dancing, and music-masters cannot be obtained in the country. Formerly, when people built a house, they built it to last two or three hundred years; the house was furnished with tapestry as durable as the building; plantations were respected as the inheritance of the children; in fact, they were sacred woods. Now, copses are cut down, and children are left with debts, paper-hangings, and new houses falling to pieces! . . . Formerly, one friend wrote to another:* "I am in want of two thousand crowns; if you have not got them, sell, pledge your goods—I must have them in twenty-four hours." And the friend wor-

* It was Voiture who wrote this letter.—(*Note by the Author.*)

thy of receiving such a letter, *sold and pledged* his goods, and sent the money next day.

In 1707, Du Guay Trouin, after a glorious cruise, refused a pension that was offered him, but asked for and obtained it for Saint-Auban, who commanded under him, and who had his leg shot off in an engagement.

All these modes of acting are very *Gothic.*

Agesilaus, king of Sparta, said, "I cannot conceive how the king of Persia should be greater than myself, if he is not more virtuous." May we not also doubt the superiority of our so much boasted *lights*, if our ancestors surpassed us in disinterestedness, in magnanimity, and in goodness?

In all the important affairs of life, our conduct is so much regulated by the rules of society, that a selfish individual cannot even go astray from them, but in the petty details of life, his conduct becomes insupportable. Every attention towards others, were it but a kind look, is in his eyes an attack upon his independence. Be sure not to ask any attention from him, or give him any commission to perform, for as he forgets nothing that concerns himself, he never recollects what merely concerns other people. You are to be pitied if you are his neighbour, unless you go to bed, and get

up at the same time as he does. He is very imperious with his servants, in obtaining his own comforts, but does not trouble himself the least with those of others. His servants will waken you every morning with their noisy rioting, and he will see nothing amiss, and if he takes a notion of blowing the horn himself at daybreak, all your entreaties could not obtain from him a quarter of an hour's delay. Of all vices, however, selfishness is that which most frequently carries its own punishment along with it. As he considers every thing solely in its relation to himself, the selfish man is ardently desirous that people pay attention to him, and nobody thinks of him. Whatever talent he may possess, he cannot enjoy that of others, through his eagerness to display his own, as admiration is never just in his eyes, but when he is the object of it. As the attentions of society are reciprocal, he never receives any; he is continually offended and irritated by forgetfulness and negligence that is never shown but to him; always discontented, he becomes a grumbler and a misanthrope with the progress of years, and attains old age without the happiness of possessing a single real friend.

In the fifteen years that immediately preceded the revolution, the affected display of friendship,

and the exaggerations of sentiment in society, were altogether unbounded. This species of affectation has been so fully described in *Adèlè and Théodore*, that nothing further can be added here, but it may be merely remarked, that if the sentiments expressed were generally unfounded, there existed, at any rate, certain noble and generous modes of acting, with which nothing could dispense. A man was never seen to supplant his friend, or even to accept his place, though he had not solicited it, or to avoid visiting a minister in disgrace. There was at that time a tribunal in society, formed by public opinion, and this tribunal condemned to infamy every mean and base action, and never pardoned the guilty. In good company, men were never seen of such a bad *ton*, as to sport the most depraved sentiments, as they are made to do in the tales of M. Marmontel;* but towards the end of the eighteenth century,

* The author of these memoirs thinks she has demonstrated, in the tale entitled, the *Two Reputations*, the falsehood and ridiculous absurdity of the portraits of society to be found in Marmontel's tales. No complaint was ever made of the injustice of the criticism, and when M. Marmontel published a new edition of his tales some years afterwards, he expunged this phrase from his former preface: *These tales have no merit, if they are not a faithful picture of the manners of society.*—(*Note by the Author.*)

the affectation of sensibility, which every day seemed to increase, became in some respects so excessively ridiculous, that, in spite of the gracefulness and elegance of the persons who had rendered it fashionable, it all at once fell into discredit; it was cleverly and gaily ridiculed, judgment was in harmony with wit, and when this occurs, epigrams and satire become truly formidable, for judgment exercises all its weight and authority, when it assists and amuses the spirit of scandal. An *opposition party* was formed in society, and by its gaiety, light manner, and cutting sarcasm, it constantly disconcerted the serious tone of the *sentimentalists*, and broke up their most pathetic dissertations. While some pretended the most exaggerated sentiments of every kind, others pretended a carelessness and indifference, that were often equally unfounded, and truth was no longer to be found on one side or the other. By constantly ridiculing fictitious virtues, they ended by losing their esteem for those that were real, because they no longer perceived them, and because the habit of satire and unbelief extends itself to all subjects indiscriminately. When people are so unfortunate as to make their vanity consist in affecting to be the dupe of no species of affectation, they lose the happy faculty of admiration,

and are then carried easily along from censure to ridicule, and from habitual scandal to malignant calumny. Hence is the spirit of observation not altogether without danger in society; it doubtless sharpens the intellect, but it may spoil the temper, if the heart be not essentially feeling and kind. The most astonishing contrasts were to be found in society; the most strange discussions went on, and the most singular and opposite topics were handled in the same company. Women, whose conduct was, to say the least of it, imprudent, made long harangues upon the affections of the mind, and the duties of life. Slaves to ambition, and the most unbridled dissipation, they boasted with enthusiasm of the charms of retreat and study, and of the power of friendship; they described love only in the most romantic colours, and conceived it as a mere Platonic affection. While this was going on in one company, in another, or often in the same room, love and friendship were never mentioned but with irony and ridicule, and they gloried in believing in the existence of no sentiment but vanity. In fact, self-love was the real source of the greater part of these connexions; it was requisite that they should be brilliant, the language of sentimental prudery was thought to render concealment and

mystery unnecessary, and it was reckoned besides that the *éclat* of the conquests they made, effaced the shame of their errors.

In fact, there was in every heart (with very few exceptions) a tumultuous combination of pride, high pretensions, and ardent desires of making a distinguished figure, no matter how, which, added to the confusion of moral ideas, and the total want of principle, gradually burst the bonds of society asunder, and withered the soul, by heating the imagination. Vice was not recklessly and shamelessly approached, nor was the mask of virtue pulled off; on the contrary, it was always the subject of conversation, and if not described with the charms of truth and sincerity, it was at least eulogized in the language of enthusiasm. Yet people were not altogether hypocritical in their language; they were more anxious to deceive themselves than to deceive others; they perverted their judgment, by attempting to refine all the affections of the mind, and if design did not always accompany unfounded pretensions, want of sense was universally prevalent. Amidst this moral and intellectual confusion, and this universal selfishness, love was represented with as false colours as every other sentiment. At last it was represented, *in conversation*, as a passion violent

even to madness—while, in real life, its general influence was confined to the formation of intrigues during the latter half of the eighteenth century.

I shall endeavour to enliven this melancholy picture, by noticing the amusements of our own time. The amusements of the greater part of the last century were brilliant and dignified. Great magnificence reigned in the establishments of princes, and even in those of private individuals of wealth; great fêtes were given in them, plays were performed, and the most perfect freedom prevailed. At Paris, a great many houses were open to company. In private parties, music and proverbs were performed, which was somewhat more witty and ingenious than playing *charades*. All at once, the pretensions that were made to talent, rendered the sciences fashionable, and every winter courses of chemistry, natural philosophy, and natural history, were attended; if nothing was learned, a few scientific terms were remembered; the ladies became slightly pedantic; they became less pleasing, and thus prepared themselves for the discussion of politics at a future period.

Women might devote themselves to the study of the sciences, as well as men, were they to renounce a part of the frivolous amusements that

occupy nearly the whole of their time. But when they are merely desirous of possessing the appearance of knowledge, no one is deceived by their pretensions, while they lose all the pleasing characteristics of their sex, for pedantry is peculiarly ridiculous, where claims to knowledge are unfounded.

There is one fashion that has at all times prevailed in France, and which will probably never be out of date:—that of constantly complaining, and of affecting disgust at dissipation and noisy pleasures. Were we to believe men of the world, we should think that they wished for nothing but retirement, and that a simple, rural, solitary life was the sole object of their desires. Women are particularly distinguished for their eternal complaints, and their philosophical and sentimental talk about the happiness of independence and calm tranquillity: To listen to them, one would think they were nothing but unfortunate slaves, forced in all things to act against their own will and inclination. From their conversation, one would suppose that they would be infinitely happier in a cottage, or in the peaceful cell of a hermit. When they go to a theatre, they are disgusted with it; they find the *Théâtre Français* insipid, the Opera tiresome, Brunet and Potier contemptible; and will never

confess that these actors have brought a smile to their cheeks. With all this, they have boxes for the season, or are continually borrowing those of other people. Are they invited to a dinner? What complaints they make of the necessity of dressing themselves, and the mortal ennui of appearing in company!—Yet they spend three or four hours at their toilet every day, and ruin themselves by purchases of shawls, dresses, and trifles. When they come back from a ball or a party, what melancholy is displayed—what depression of heart—what bitter complaints of the pressure, the crowd—the lights and the heat—what depreciation of the fête, and every thing that took place in it! Yet they had been most eager to obtain tickets for this very fête, and would use every effort to obtain them should a similar one occur. When they pay visits, what sorrow they express for the practice, and *the loss of time* it occasions!—Yet they go out regularly every morning, and never return till dinner-time. Lastly, when they hold assemblies, and receive a great deal of company, what bitter complaints they make of their fatigues, what pains and head-aches are the inevitable consequences of the cruel obligation of doing the honours of their mansions! . . . All this discontent is displayed from early youth; they have heard all these things

said, and they repeat them, for they form part of the customary phrases learned during their education. Every well educated young lady learns them by heart, and adopts the practice, while those of mature age, at the present day, carry it to a still greater excess. When they have daughters of fifteen or sixteen, it is for them, forsooth, that they go into company, that they are present at every party, that they attend every ball. *It is for the young ladies* that they dress pretty nearly in the *same style; it is for them* that they make them adopt a mode of life, that renders it impossible for them to acquire real accomplishments, and solid instruction. Twenty-five years ago, young unmarried ladies never appeared in company; during the carnival, they went to children's balls, which commenced at six, and ended at ten o'clock. How is it that those mothers, who are so fond of their homes, do not adopt this ancient custom, which is so well suited to education, and so salutary for health?

Whence spring this spirit of depreciation, and this tone of misanthropy, so prevalent among ladies of all ages? They do not render themselves interesting by affected complaints, imaginary troubles, and an opposition between language and conduct, so evident to every observer; for nothing

is so tiresome as eternal complaints of ennui. Do young women think that this sort of language is any excuse for excessive devotedness to pleasure, and total idleness? They are mistaken; they might have some claim to indulgence, if novelty or amusement were the cause; it might be said, that they would get tired of it in a short time, and would then alter their habits of life. But what can we expect from a young lady of eighteen, who is tired of every thing, misanthropical, disgusted with all the dazzling pleasures of society, and who is seen and met with wherever we go? All that we shall venture to say on this point is, that art is peculiarly worthy of condemnation, when their inclinations might be openly avowed, without danger or the loss of reputation.

Young ladies in former times, even those who had been introduced into society several years before, went very seldom to the theatre, because it was then necessary to hire a whole box, as they would not run the risk of being seated beside a woman of the town. Women, in those days, were of much more sedentary habits; in their youth, they never went out without their *chaperons*, and then it was chiefly to perform their domestic duties. When they reached the age of maturity, if they were of pleasing manners, they collected a choice

party in their own houses, which met solely for the purpose of conversation. They attracted company without expense, and were not obliged to promise music and *charades*. At the present day, what is called a *soirée* is a theatrical performance. Every thing is to be found in it, but ease, confidence, gaiety, conversation, and social habits.

Young women at the present day, attach in general a great deal too much importance to dress and *fashion;* they are by far too fond of *invitations* and the theatre; they are not sufficiently pleased with their own homes; and such inclinations do not promise for mature life, either pleasing, sensible women, or excellent mistresses of a family. Yet no real nor complete praise can be bestowed upon a woman, if it be not asserted, that she preferred her own home to all the pleasures of the world. Hence the ancients thought, that nothing was wanting to the full praise of a virtuous woman, in the following beautiful epitaph:—

Casta vixit,
Lanam fecit,
Domum servavit.*

This ancient epitaph describes the invariable cha-

* "She lived chaste, was industrious, and fond of her home." —*(Note by the Author.)*

racteristics of a virtuous woman. Finally, the interests of health and beauty perfectly agree on this point with the interests of morality.

At this period, likewise, prevailed the sentimental mania which I have exposed in one of the pieces of my *Theatre of Education.** During the imperial rule, this mania rose to a pitch of great extravagance, for ladies openly wore wigs, belts, bracelets, and presents from their lovers of rings and hair set in jewels. Our grandfathers and grandmothers were very far from employing this affecting prodigality in the use of hair. Yet we find on this subject, in the *Memoirs of D'Aubigné*, an anecdote that is worthy of notice. In a battle that was fought during the wars of Henry IV., D'Aubigné had a personal combat with a captain of the name of Dubourg. During the heat of the action, D'Aubigné perceived that an arquebusade had set fire to a bracelet formed of his mistress's hair, which he wore on his arm; without thinking of the advantage he gave his adversary, he instantly employed himself in extinguishing the fire, and preserving this precious bracelet, which was dearer to him than liberty or life. Captain Dubourg sympathized with and respected the sentiment, suspended his attack, inclined the point

* *The Dangers of Society.*

of his sword, and began to trace on the sand a globe surmounted by a cross.

Pretensions to talent and genius have, likewise, become much more common than formerly, and mental pleasures much more unfrequent.* In former times, proverbs were performed, which required some talent, as these proverbs were little comedies impromptu; this amusement was given up for charades, which most assuredly require no exercise of mind. In the country, works were read aloud for the instruction of all; this was abandoned; even conversation was withdrawn from company, for people entered into discussions, or maintained philosophical arguments, but they no longer conversed; at length, *private plays* came into universal fashion.

These ornaments of hair, worn as *love* presents, present a very striking contrast with the traditions which have come down to us of the period of the greatest decency that ever existed in France, both

* During the true age of genius, that of Louis XIV., the word *genius* was scarcely ever used in praising a work or its author Hence we see from all the memoirs of the time, that Louis XIV., who knew so well the value of words and phrases, never praised the masterpieces of Racine, but in language of this nature: "It must be confessed that Racine is very clever." Praise in those days was never hyperbolical. In this mode only is it flattering and honourable.—(*Note by the Author.*)

at court and in the capital, since the third dynasty. That golden age of civilization was the reign of Louis XIII.; but it is to be remarked, that the French nation was never more religious than at that epoch. How many admirable establishments were founded at that period, the Hotel Dieu, the Foundling Hospital, the Sœurs de la Charité! All these establishments were the work of one man, Vincent de Paul, whose ardent charity extended even to criminals, because they were wretched, and to galley-slaves, whose chaplain he wished to become, that he might soften their lot, attend to their wants, and accomplish their conversion. No single individual has ever had such an influence over the happiness of so many of his fellow-creatures; imagination is lost in wonder, when we reflect on the immeasurable benefits he produced by his sermons, by his devotedness to the cause of humanity, by his charitable missions, by the assistance he procured for those who were the victims of war, and by the journies he made among the infidels, for the ransom of Christian slaves. But how greatly was this hero of Christianity aided by the public spirit of his age! Who would not admire that public spirit, which brought together and rallied round the same

standard all ranks and conditions, which united them in one single object, that of making every sacrifice to aid the unfortunate—that public spirit which influenced all the ladies of the court, young and old, to sell their diamonds and plate, that they might give the amount to the hospitals, and to devote during several years two days of each week to the service of the sick. That public spirit which brought forward young girls and ecclesiastics to encounter fatigue, danger, and death; the former in dressing the wounds of soldiers in the hospitals of the army, or in tending those attacked by contagious diseases; the latter, animated with the hope of delivering their brethren, in traversing the seas to visit barbarous nations:—finally, that public spirit which engaged an infinite number of men of all classes to give up their whole fortune to pious uses.* What pure morals accompanied such noble actions! What peace, what union, what filial respect prevailed; what decency in the families of every rank! Such were the fruits of the public spirit of this pro-

* Amongst others, the Commandeur de Sillery, who gave up a hundred thousand livres a year; M. de Rougemont, who gave sixty thousand; and many others; and, very recently, the late Duc de Richelieu.—*(Note by the Author.)*

foundly religious period. What have been, and what are now the fruits of public spirit since it has become *philosophical?*

Decency was maintained at court till after the regency of Anne of Austria. Women then exposed their bosoms more than formerly; but widows preserved all the rigour of their ancient costume, and other ladies all the modest habits established in the preceding reign. Every lady had either a companion or a seamstress who constantly remained by her side. The object of this practice was to secure themselves from scandal by never admitting a man, whatever his age might be, to a private interview. Thus we see Madame de Maintenon, in her letters to Madame de Caylus, who was then thirty-six years of age, advising her not to leave off this prudent custom, though she was then the mother of a young man who had been introduced into society. It was also an idea springing from decency that established the practice of ladies never going out in a carriage without having two servants at least with them, and in the evening, taking a flambeau. Witnesses and *light* were wanted, and this practice was maintained till the revolution.

In the age of Louis XIII. and in that of Louis XIV., a lady who got her portrait painted, sat

only for the head; the painter drew the breast and shape from models. This refined decency ended with the death of Louis XIV. At the downfall of the throne, every kind of decency was abolished; women dressed like the *Venus de Medicis*, and the men *thou'd* them, which was quite of a piece with the rest. If *Grecians* were seldom seen in these transparent dresses, French women were not seen at all—all the graces that had distinguished them hitherto, abandoned them when they abandoned modesty.

In another work I have long ago asserted that objects of mysterious belief are necessary to the common people, and that when they abandon religion, they invariably become superstitious. This is what the philosophers who declaimed so much against superstition had no idea of: it is they who established it and renewed its influence. We shall prove by the following extract, the extent to which superstition was carried:—

"A short time after my arrival at Versailles, I had an opportunity of learning with certainty that a witch, worthy of the age of Catharine of Medicis, was manufacturing wax models for jealous lovers who were desirous of causing the death of their rivals by driving knives and poniards into the models. I then laid my *first information*,

gave the prefect of Versailles notice of the fact, the correctness of which he ascertained, and the witch was banished. On my return to Paris, I found a female magician in great reputation; she had foretold a high destiny for the *reigning* empress, who openly protected her. The explanation of dreams was announced by public criers in the streets; Paris swarmed with wizards, witches, *tireuses de cartes*, illuminati, prophets, young girls who performed miracles, who with their eyes shut read from the stomach, who told fortunes by the colour of the hair, danced and prophesied in their sleep; all these things were talked of seriously, and even men of science protected them! . . . Would it not be better to believe in the Gospel, and to regulate one's life by this salutary and divine belief?"

The plan of invading Russia displeased every one, even the soldiers who afterwards displayed such courage in this unfortunate campaign. It was generally said that Napoleon, being certain of annihilating Russia, had determined on marching forward into Asia to go to the conquest of China; and as one proof of this, people talked of the immense order that had been given for spectacles, for the use of the army, which, as they said, were to protect their eyes in marching across

sandy deserts:—a supply of fur clothing would have been much more useful during the flight of his scattered army.

It could not be conceived how Napoleon, after reaching such a pitch of power and glory, could have formed such gigantic projects. His court reminded those who liked it least of the finest verses of the first act of *Berenice*. In fact, the courtiers on leaving these splendid public audiences, could mutually say to each other:—

Tes yeux ne sont-ils pas tout pleins de sa grandeur?
. . . . . .
Ces aigles, ces faisceaux, ce peuple, cette armée,
Cette foule de rois, ces consuls, ce senat,
. . . . . .
Cette pourpre, cet or, qui rehaussoit sa gloire,
Et les lauriers encore, témoins de sa victoire;
Tous ces yeux qu'on voyoit venir de toutes parts
Confondre sur lui seul leurs avides regards . . . .

All this display and oriental pomp existed at the court of Titus, but there was never seen elsewhere than at Napoleon's court that confusion of etiquette which showed every foreigner some of the usages of his own country, for the spirit of conquest had been extended to such a pitch that the royal customs and ceremonies of other courts had been adopted indiscriminately; and lastly, the

language and manners of some of the great personages of this court presented the most singular contrast with its dazzling magnificence.

During the three months that preceded the departure of Napoleon and his army, my grandson Anatole de Lawoëstine came often to see me, and spent whole mornings at my house; I never tired him, while I, for my part, felt inexpressible charms in talking to him, and even in looking at him, for his charming figure combines the features and the look of his mother and grandfather, M. de Genlis, whose fine person he inherits; he derives from them also the graces of his mind and the gaiety of his disposition; I know no nobler or more feeling heart than his; no act or incident of his conduct from infancy has been in contradiction to the openness and sincerity that from his peculiar characteristics. In one of his moments of gaiety, without giving me the slightest hint of it, he took a fancy to bring me on Shrove Tuesday a great number of persons in masks whom I knew only by name, amongst whom was the Duchess of Bassano; all this company, with Anatole at their head, burst all at once into my room at eleven o'clock at night; I was undressed, and with my night-cap on, busy writing; nobody unmasked but Anatole, who informed me that

there were no *robbers* in the company, as I had been really alarmed when I heard the startling noise they made at their entrance. All the masks came round me to obtain my promise that I should give them a party that day eight days, to which they all engaged to come unmasked: I consented, and they went away without taking off their masks, so that it was a real fact that I did not learn till next morning the names of the parties, who came at the day appointed, with one person additional, the Duke of Bassano. The party was highly pleasing; Casimer was its principal ornament by his skill on the harp, and his performance of proverbs; we had music and played proverbs. This little kind of fête was much talked of in the capital, and in fact it was very brilliant.

My correspondence with the emperor still continued, and I employed my influence in obtaining from him favours for a great many individuals, several of whom have since forgotten him. As I never solicited any thing for myself, I felt more confidence in speaking in favour of others, or in proposing what I thought useful and expedient. While at the Arsenal I had been much pleased with my successful interference in one instance: the prefect of Paris (M. Frochot) appointed for every district in the city *ladies to inspect* the pri-

mary schools and all the establishments for education, and I was appointed the inspector of my own parish in conjunction with Madame Robert, as two *dames d'inspection* were chosen for each *arrondissement*. As the place was honorary and without salary, I thought it my duty to accept it, though it took up a great deal of my time; but this I did not regret, as it was usefully employed. I consequently went to visit all the schools, and discovered an infinite number of pernicious abuses; I drew up a memorial on the subject, and pointed out the means of bringing about a reform; this memorial I sent to the emperor, who was so pleased and struck with its contents, that he ordered M. de Lavalette to tell me that he was extremely well satisfied with it, and that he wished me to write another memorial much longer and more circumstantial, with the plan of a free school for the common people; M. de Lavalette added, that the emperor would certainly offer me the direction of this establishment, and I should have accepted it with pleasure; it was the only place that could suit me. I wrote the memorial I was commanded to do, and to make it more valuable, I spent fifteen days from eight o'clock in the morning till two, in revisiting anew all the schools, large and small, and in examining the

children's attendants, both in my own district and in every one in Paris; and as I had no right to ask questions except in my own division, I visited them under the pretence of having children to place in them. I kept a copy of all the memorials I sent to the emperor, and had the satisfaction immediately after sending the last one, to see imperial decrees in the public papers removing the abuses I had noticed, and ordering for their suppression the very measures I had advised, particularly concerning the *gardeuses d'enfans*. My success in this attempt emboldened me to make another proposal to the emperor, which was also well received: I knew that his passions had made him adopt in his private life the principles of the philosophical party, but this did not prevent me continually addressing him, in my correspondence, against the principles of modern philosophy.

I have already mentioned that my colleague in the business of inspection was Madame Robert, with whom I necessarily made a great many visits: she is a very amiable and interesting lady, and has met with several incidents in her life that are worthy of notice. She has had several children, alternatively bearing a child deaf and dumb, and one perfect in all its organs; I was well acquainted with the eldest, Mademoiselle

Robert, who was then fourteen or fifteen years of age. She was uncommonly fair and very beautiful; to this remarkable fairness she added wonderful intelligence, of which advantage was taken to teach her all sorts of accomplishments; she had all the skill that a woman can desire, painted well, and even played on the piano; I have seen her take her lesson and go through it tolerably well, in the following manner. Her teacher took a seat behind her, and stretched out his arms so as to place his fingers slightly over those of his pupil; he then pointed out the notes by touching the fingers that are to press the instrument. The invention is ingenious, but it does not produce an effect equal to the trouble and study it requires, for what is the measure *without ear*? Mademoiselle Robert was perfectly understood by means of signs, even by those who were ignorant of this mode of communication, which was so well taught by the Abbé de l'Epée and his worthy successor, the Abbé Sicard, from whom Madame Robert had taken a great many lessons for the purpose of conversing with her daughter, and maternal affection soon made her as conversant with the subject as it is possible to become. The look of Mademoiselle Robert was so expressive, and her eyes so piercing, that she could un-

derstand what was said perfectly well without the use of signs. Madame Robert took her one evening to a grand ball given by the city of Paris to the emperor. Mademoiselle Robert was seated on the bench set apart for the ladies that were to dance, when the emperor was struck with her fine figure, stood sometime beside her, and said a great many polite things which she perfectly well understood; she made several modest signs of gratefulness with such a simple and natural expression, that the emperor thought he heard her answer. He went away without suspecting that she was dumb.

It was at the same ball that Madame Cardon made her clever and feeling reply to Napoleon. Napoleon, in general, was not fond of those who enjoyed a large fortune independent of his donations. He had never seen Madame Cardon, had never even heard of her name; he was told that her husband was immensely wealthy; when he approached her with a slight shade of ill-humour, and bluntly said to her: "Are you Madame Cardon?" A profound curtesy was the reply. The emperor again said: "Are you very wealthy?" "Yes, Sire, I have ten children." The emperor felt all the force and charm of the reply, his features relaxed, but he soon hastened away.

Towards the close of the emperor's reign, I proposed to him to print beautiful editions, adorned with fine engravings, of all the pretended philosophical works that enjoy the greatest share of reputation. I advised that a certain number of literary characters should be employed to expunge from these works every thing they contain against religion and morality, and to add critical notes to the remainder. I proposed to aid this undertaking by giving a great number of extracts and reflections I had made long before, and which Providence had permitted I should not lose along with the manuscripts I had given in charge to my daughter. The emperor approved so highly of the idea, that he immediately sent for M. Pierre Didot to ask him how much the undertaking would cost, and to engage him to estimate the amount: this was a short time before the Russian campaign, which put an end to the project. This is what Bonaparte was desirous of doing!

I was still in the Rue Sainte Anne, when the disastrous campaign of Russia began; every one blamed that distant war. Sound politicians foresaw its dangerous consequences, and even men of the smallest sagacity felt a presentiment of its disasters; I was amongst the number, and re-

ceived with profound emotion the adieus of my grandson and of M. Kosakoski. Napoleon came back from this fatal enterprize humiliated, dejected, and irritated. Since this catastrophe he was no longer the same; deep depression of heart in a man of such boldness and enterprize naturally produced confusion in his mental faculties; when he ceased to rule over fortune, he became its sport and victim; irritated against Providence, he gave himself up to the guidance of chance; fearful of seeing new misfortunes in wait for him, he disdained foresight of every kind, and no longer able in fancy to govern future events, he would not even attempt to look forward, but sought for consolation only in the dreams of blind fatality. I shall give no account of the political events that took place; I shall merely state that, with respect to my own situation, for more than a year I was involved in pecuniary difficulties that embarrassed me for a long time afterwards; in the confusion of public business, the pension I held from the emperor, which I was soon to lose for ever, was not paid for six months previous to his downfall; during the whole of this period, I lived on an allowance that Casimir received from his father-in-law. The bookselling business was at a stand, nothing was published but political pamphlets;

so that I had no longer any resource in this quarter, and my children were absent. My situation, however, was not so painful as might be imagined; I was pleased at being maintained by Casimir, who displayed on this occasion, all the delicacy of his mind and the sensibility of his heart. During these events his situation was very peculiar; he was born in Prussia, and had from inclination adopted France as his country; he had naturally a strong predilection for a military life, and could not fight against the Prussians or French, in arms against each other; yet, as he was determined on seeing a battle, he adopted a singular resolution; he went to the battle that terminated the revolution, and which was fought at the gates of Paris; he went beyond the gates to the field of battle solely to assist the wounded and to remove them from the field of action, and in this occupation he spent nine hours. He told me on his return from this dreadful scene, that "the force of a grateful and affecting look cannot be fully conceived unless by those who have lifted a wounded man and conveyed him from the field of battle." This is one of those scenes that are beyond the reach of the imagination; but the reflections that spring from it are such as could have arisen in none but a feeling heart.

The terror that prevailed in Paris was unbounded, for every one was afraid of the most dreadful scenes of plunder, and it was naturally to be expected for the last eighteen months that such a reign should terminate by a grand catastrophe; but none could have foreseen that the bold and brilliant head of the empire should end his political career by such inconceivable want of firmness and resolution. When we reflect upon all these events, we find in this short period of history the most important lessons that it can present to us. It was the pride and tyranny of the government of England that caused the revolt of its oppressed colonies; yet without the support and assistance of France, the Americans would never have acquired independence; but France was in profound peace with England; nevertheless, contrary to the interests of justice and sound policy, it secretly supplied the Americans with money, arms, warlike stores, the clothing of their troops, even of their officers; the Americans succeeded; their success insured the triumph of all the republican ideas that the philosophers had spread abroad for sixty years before; and Louis XVI. who protected these ideas in America, became their melancholy victim in France! After the most violent commotions and unparalleled

crimes, Providence led to the scaffold all the leaders of the parties which had produced them; anarchy still prevailed, and there was neither government, morals, nor religion; a young warrior, already celebrated for dazzling exploits, who had participated in none of these crimes, fixes upon himself the looks and the hopes of all! . . . Bonaparte rallies all parties round him, and without shedding a drop of blood, without commotion, mounts upon the throne! . . . . What did he then accomplish? He re-established religion and public worship, and was the magnificent protector of arts, literature, and national industry; but all Europe declared war against him; he fought them, because they compelled him to do so, and his success at this period was altogether miraculous; though victorious, he was not a premeditated conqueror, for he had not formed plans of conquest and dominion; he also displayed lofty sentiments of generosity towards the capital cities that fortune delivered up to his arms. After the battle of Jena, he might have annihilated the Prussian monarchy; he did not do so; and this was the greatest and most glorious epoch of his life. But after this he carried every thing to a dangerous and fatal excess, his renown, his victories, his power, and his active and enterprizing

genius. The murder of the Duc d'Enghien was the first crime of his reign; a sincere return to religious feeling could alone obtain his pardon from the Almighty, but nothing could efface it in the eyes of men. Instead of repairing or atoning for what he had done, he heaped fault upon fault. He was so ungrateful as to wish to degrade the pope and to persecute him; yet the holy father had come to France, and had determined to crown Napoleon as emperor solely for the interest of religion: he was certain, as I have already said, that if he did not take this step France would have become Protestant, for Napoleon would have certainly separated from the church. The emperor was recognised by all the Catholic powers of Europe. The enemies of the papal power always maintain that the popes should never in any manner interfere with political affairs; they ought, therefore, to approve of the pope's conduct in acquiescing in the decision of all the sovereigns of Europe; as he recognised Napoleon as emperor like them, he did nothing wrong in coming to his coronation.

Napoleon, corrupted by pride, seemed gradually to lose all his political and military skill, with all his foresight and precaution; his attack upon Spain was equally impolitic and unjust, and the

act of treachery by which it commenced, roused against him the hostile feelings of every one who had a spark of justice in his bosom. At last Providence suddenly overthrew the formidable power which had conquered and humbled to the dust whatever was opposed to its views. But God, willing that this great work should be attributed to himself alone, did not raise up for the the overthrow of Bonaparte, any mighty warrior in the flower of his age; it is true, that it was produced by an august and virtuous prince, who joined to his incontestable rights the most enlarged and cultivated mind; but he was also an infirm old man, of whom a very small number of faithful Frenchmen preserved any recollection; as their enthusiasm was founded upon immutable principles, it was suddenly adopted by those superficial spirits whom dangerous illusions had so long plunged into a sort of madness and intoxication like that which is produced by the poison of opium, which gives rise at one and the same moment to enthusiam, furious ardour, courage, and blind obedience! When truth burst forth in all its splendour these vain phantoms disappeared: the impulse of every French heart raised the cry of *Vive le Roi, vivent les Bourbons,* and the fair surname of *The Desired* was unanimously given to

the sovereign, on whom the love of peace and order, morality and religion placed such well founded hopes.

In fact, when we reflect that with the aid of beaten and conquered troops, Louis XVIII. drove from the throne, with inconceivable rapidity the first captain the world ever saw, the captain who had made Europe subject to his rule, we must be blind indeed not to see in all these events the omnipotent hand of the Almighty!

As I put these recollections together just as they rise in my imagination, I often write these Memoirs without order or fixed plan, but they will not on that account be less agreeable to those who love simplicity and truth.

I was present at the entry of Monsieur* into Paris; I went on foot to mingle with the crowds that were waiting on the boulevard to see him pass; he was on horseback, and presented himself in the most graceful manner, with a firm carriage, and most pleasing expression of countenance; there was in his whole person something chivalrous and sincere that reminded one of Henry IV., and which gained every heart. His language and conduct were perfectly in harmony

* Now Charles X.

with this first impression he gave of his character and sentiments.

Madame de Choiseul (by birth, princess of Beaufremont) has written on this part of our modern history, several small pieces of poetry entitled *les Epoques*, which are extremely beautiful and affecting: none of them have been published. The following are some of the lines of the poem she wrote on the return of *Monsieur, Comte d'Artois*:—

. . . . . .

Un prince, toujours cher, se présente d'bord,
" C'est un Français de plus," dit sa bonté touchante;
Il se montré, on accourt, une jore enivrante
Saisit et se repand sur son front radieux,
Tous semblent des amis! Un geste gracieux
Des serviteurs zélés vient payer la constance,
Il sait les decouvrir! A sa noble présence
On pleure, on rit, on crie, on repete avec lui:
" Vive à jamais le roi qu'on nous rend aujourd'hui!
" D'un regne long, heureux, il confirme l'annonce;
" Rassuré, satisfait, on redit sa response:
" Pour lui nous marcherons, il pensera pour nous."

The author then gives a well merited eulogium of *Madame*, the Duchess of Angoulême, but a mere extract of this fine passage would spoil its effect.

At this period, Napoleon had lost all his parti-

sans; the close of his reign had destroyed the magical influence of his exploits and of his past greatness; while as soon as the universal terror had subsided, people enjoyed with delight the tranquillity and pleasing surprize produced by the moderation and general conduct of the allies, whose soldiers, thanks to their commanders, conducted themselves in the most admirable manner in Paris. Since that time, that moderation has been too much forgotten. Royalist ideas sprung up, as if by a miracle, and almost universally prevailed; for myself, who always felt these ideas, as all my works testify, I saw the return of the august family of the Bourbons with inexpressible joy; it was impossible for me to behold with indifference the descendants of Louis XI., Louis XIV., and Henry the Great.

I at this time witnessed an inconceivable kind of injustice, which, though it was not universal, prevailed but too much among those even who were friends to the royal family. People seemed hurt that the Duchess of Angoulême did not display in her countenance the expression of joy and even of gaiety!—Of gaiety! . . . . . Can any one conceive that the most observing, most feeling, and most delicate people in the world as to certain rules of propriety, should not have felt how

natural it was for the princess to be painfully affected at her return to a city which recalled such melancholy ideas to her mind, and that the sight of the throne should not efface her recollection of the Temple, or her horror at the prospect of the *Place de la Revolution.** Nothing can be a stronger proof than this fact of the incomprehensible thoughtlessness of the French character, which depriving it of all reflection on the past, leaves it to all the impetuosity of its first movements, and effaces those recollections that might tend to restrain it. Had the Duchess of Angoulême appeared alone for the first time at Paris (after so many crimes) it was not by fêtes, by displays of merriment, by cries of joy, that the august daughter of the unfortunate Louis XVI. could have been worthily received; affection, then allied to melancholy, should have presented to her eyes nothing but deep-felt sympathy; a whole people profoundly affected, and silently advancing to meet her, should have expressed its sentiments only in appearing to feel those of filial piety; the tears of *Madame* would have flowed, but with all the softness of gratitude, and the universal emotion would have been at once an homage to virtue,

* Where Louis XVI. was guillotined; now the *Place Louis XV.*

a triumph for monarchy, and the most solemn atonement for the past.

When the king arrived, he gave notice that he would receive all the ladies who had been formerly presented at court: I had never set foot within Napoleon's court, but I thought it my duty to present myself once at that of our legitimate king; I accordingly went to present him my homage, but never returned afterwards.

This revolution procured me the inexpressible happiness of once more seeing my pupils Mademoiselle and the Duke of Orleans. In our first interviews, they both displayed towards me all the affection, all the emotion and delight that I myself experienced. Alas! how deeply I felt at this interview the absence of three deservedly beloved pupils, the Duke of Montpensier, and his brother the Count de Beaujolais, who both died in exile, and my dear and unfortunate nephew, Cæsar Du Crest!

This interview, which was so deeply affecting to my feelings, had lasted a quarter of an hour, when the Duke of Orleans left us, saying that he was going to bring the Duchess; he came back in a few moments leading her by the hand. The princess advanced, did me the honour to embrace me, and said that she had long been

desirous of knowing me, adding, *for there are two things I passionately love, your pupils and your works.* It was impossible to express in a more able and graceful manner with a single phrase, the due feelings of a wife and a sister, and at the same time display so much kindness for me.

A few days after the king's arrival, I again began to trace out the plan of the history of Henry IV.; and to write assiduously without being withdrawn a single moment from my occupation. In proportion as I composed the work, I sent it to Maradan, who printed it with great care and speed; but it was not completely finished till the very moment of the king's departure for Ghent, though I had time before that event to offer him a copy, which I am sure he received. The greater part of this work I wrote at Ecouen, to which I had retired with Casimir and his wife. I wrote without intermission, and amidst all the political changes of the time, in spite of numberless causes of anxiety and emotion, my health remained unimpaired. At Ecouen I saw Madame Campan, who still resided there: she lent me memoirs she had written at court, while first *femme de chambre* to the queen. These memoirs were begun long before the revolution, and terminated with the imprisonment of the royal family; they are written

with great simplicity and feeling. Madame Campan, in every part of them, displays the utmost attachment to the unfortunate queen, and triumphantly refutes the abominable calumnies that were spread concerning her. Madame Campan has always displayed religious sentiments, and a charity that was never inactive; her memory is held in veneration at Ecouen, the poor bless her name; she always gave away whatever she possessed, and with all her means of accumulation, remained poor—these are facts that put calumny to flight. Casimir likewise rendered himself much beloved at Ecouen by every act of charity he had in his power to perform, and by the kind attentions he paid to the sick poor: he spent three summers at this country house. Those whom he attended will never forget him; they are of the most obscure of all classes, and their blessings make no noise in the world, but they are a thousand times more valuable than the praises that are bruited forth by the public voice.

The report of Bonaparte's arrival renewed all my terrors, and created infinite consternation in Paris, for it was generally expected that there would be fighting, bloodshed, and vengeance for the past; but nothing of the kind took place. On his return Bonaparte displayed an intrepidity

that obliterated the remembrance of his disasters in Russia; he entered the towns without attendants, and rushed alone into the very midst of the crowds assembled to see him—yet his head was proscribed! This bold demeanour, this inconceivable success, without an army, without soldiers, the want of foresight and precaution on the part of the government, which was unable to prevent his landing at Cannes, every thing in fact, combined to favour his bold attempt; which was more joyfully hailed because he every where proclaimed sentiments breathing peace and generosity. My *History of Henry IV.* was completely ready, but not published, when this event occurred to render its appearance unfortunate. I had not been able to write it during Napoleon's reign, for he would not have allowed it to appear, and now the publication was about to take place at the moment of his return. But as he proclaimed the liberty of the press, I had the boldness to publish the *History of Henry the Great.* I can truly assert that I had no intention whatever of making allusions in the work; but there happened to be a great many naturally excited by the history itself, all of them offensive to Napoleon, and particularly in the portrait of Philip II.

I was advised to expunge several passages from my work, but I would not consent, and published it immediately without altering a word. I had prepared my mind for all the horrors of a sanguinary reaction, but every thing remained quiet in Paris; every thing in the peaceful and triumphant career that Napoleon had just made, announced magnanimous feelings and heroic actions. At these first moments, it was not easy to refrain from feeling some share of the universal enthusiasm that burst forth at Paris, particularly after having feared all the disasters that might have ensued after such a sudden and astonishing revolution. There is a sort of magical effect produced by daring and extraordinary enterprizes; when they do not wound the feelings of humanity, they irresistibly command the admiration. The victories and conquests of the emperor had not dazzled my imagination, because they had been obtained only at the price of torrents of blood; but all the circumstances that accompanied his return fascinated my mind, and I admired on this occasion both his great character and his splendid triumph.

I never regarded as a usurper the great warrior, the hero, whom the nation placed on the throne without commotion, and without violence; the

hero who had extricated us from anarchy, who had re-established religion, who was crowned by the pope, recognised by all the Catholic sovereigns, and even by all the Protestant powers of Europe, with the exception of England, which, after all, only contested his title, and had already recognised him under another name, as chief of the French government, and whose sovereignty was recognised even at his downfall, since it was thought necessary to make him sign an act of abdication. But while I admired his return, and the sentiments he displayed, I could not but feel that on this occasion he was truly a usurper, since he had abdicated and solemnly renounced all his pretensions to the throne. This idea should have restrained my admiration; it did not do so, and it is a fault I willingly admit.

Yet I can truly say that I had not the less anxiety respecting the dangers incurred by the king and the princes after they quitted Paris. It solely depended on Bonaparte to have arrested the king; some said that he would do so, while others maintained that he would, on the contrary, make it a point of pride to favour his journey. Under the pretext of renewing my correspondence with him, I instantly addressed him on this subject at

the moment of his arrival, not in a sentimental manner, which would have produced no effect, but in a way that might flatter his vanity. I told him *that every one thought he would have the magnanimity to protect the journey of the royal family.* I cannot flatter myself with the persuasion that this letter alone decided his conduct, but I do think that it contributed to confirm the idea in his mind; in the same letter I said, *that every one expected to see him display all the clemency of Henry IV.* This is the only letter I ever wrote in which I employed flattery, but the motive for which it was done is its best excuse. It is certain that in three days afterwards all the shops, by his orders, displayed *busts of himself, and of Henry IV.* To have contributed in making him form such a pretension, at such a period, was certainly a good action. My *history* of Henry IV. was, as I have mentioned, published the evening before his entry into Paris. I knew from undoubted authority that this work was excessively disagreeable to Bonaparte, and it is quite natural that it should have been so; he gave orders to the journalists to criticise it severely, or not to notice it at all. All of them, (with one solitary exception,) adopted the latter alternative, which

was certainly the most polite they could adopt towards me, and the most honourable to themselves.

Notwithstanding the unfavourable circumstances that attended the publication of my book, the second edition came out two months afterwards. Bonaparte did not restore me my pension; I ceased altogether to write to him; but I was not exposed to any kind of persecution. *The Hundred Days* were, however, not less disagreeable to me, on account of the total want of money I experienced, the trouble of constantly changing my residence, and the loss of several sums that were due to me. The pension of Casimir still remained my only resource. I was dangerously ill for six weeks, but, thanks to the attentions of Casimir and Alfred, and the skill of M. Carret, (who had been chief surgeon of the grand hospital of Lyons, before he became *Maitre des Comptes,)* my life was preserved. I cannot sufficiently congratulate myself on the affectionate and truly filial attentions lavished upon me on this occasion by Casimir's wife, who was herself very ill at the time, being on the eve of her confinement. My recovery was as rapid as that of a young person could have been, and I have constantly enjoyed the most excellent state of health ever since, with the ex-

ception of the time I passed in the Rue de Vaugirard. What chiefly contributed to produce this illness, was the anxiety I felt on account of the harassing and disagreeable life led by Casimir, and the dangers of all kinds he was at this time constantly exposed to in the national guard. Once every five days he spent the night at the guard-house, without sleeping a moment, because he made all the rounds necessary for the public safety, and visited the taverns to put down the quarrels that occurred; and even during the days, when he was off duty, he could find no time for repose, as he never failed to rise the moment he heard the drum beat to arms, which took place almost every night. No one could fulfil his harassing duties, so long as any danger existed, with more activity, zeal, and precision. I cannot help noticing a little adventure that he met with at the time of the king's return, when he happened to be stationed at the Barrière St. Denis. No person was allowed to go out of Paris; but a young man, whom Casimir supposed to be a *garde du corps*, came up, and desired leave to pass on. Casimir was corporal at the time, and ordered the sentinel to let him pass. The young man came back three different times to obtain permission to take with him a man who was leading some horses,

and another with arms, whispering to Casimir that the whole was going to the Count d'Artois. Casimir went immediately to the two men, who had kept in the rear, and conducted them through the gates. The young man returned once more to ask his name, which he refused to tell, till the young man pressed him so earnestly that he became afraid lest their conversation should be remarked, and he told it to him at last.

My illness had cost a great deal of money, considering our circumstances and we were forced to borrow at exorbitant interest. Casimir had also been obliged to be at unusual expense; the necessity of maintaining a great many soldiers for a length of time, the charitable donations which the public misery rendered indispensable, and, lastly, the high price of provisions, which had become excessive; all these, and many other causes, produced very great disorder in our affairs.

Notwithstanding all the troubles I felt at this period, I wrote the historical romance of *Jane of France*, wife of Louis XII. It is the first and only romance, hitherto, in which a heroine is represented, who is deprived by nature of personal attractions; for it could not be concealed that Jane was neither beautiful nor handsome, and was lame besides. Yet, without departing from the

truth of history, I have found the means of throwing some interest even over her person, by giving her extreme fairness of complexion, charming hands, beautiful hair, and pleasing expression of features. The lethargy of Jane in this work, has been universally praised, as a novel and original incident. This romance is, I believe, among the number of those that may be put, with advantage, into the hands of young ladies. I dedicated it to my daughter.

We were again obliged to be at farther expense by changing our residence, for the purpose of taking a cheaper house; Casimir and his wife went to live at Ecouen. As I had long desired to enter into a convent, I went with Alfred to inhabit an exterior apartment of the convent of *Carmelites*, in the Rue de Vaugirard. The king had now returned: I continued my incessant labours, and at this time published the *Memoirs of Dangeau*. I have already stated, that the emperor would not permit them to be printed, but had accepted them for his private library; and when I sent them, I wrote to him that I had kept no copy of any part, which was the fact. I have also mentioned, that I made the extracts from the work, by marking on the manuscript the passages I wished, and getting them copied as I proceeded. With my facility of

composition, it was easy for me to re-write the work, if I obtained possession of the manuscript again; and I justly imagined that it had remained at the palace of the Tuileries. After the second restoration, I requested M. de Talleyrand to obtain the loan of it for me, but I could not obtain it. I mentioned my chagrin on the subject to M. de Treneuil, and four days afterwards, he brought me all the volumes of the work, a proof of friendship I shall never forget. All that I had marked on the manuscript I got copied immediately, but I was obliged to write all the notes anew, as I had not preserved any of those I had made formerly. Whilst I remained in the Rue de Vaugirard, I also published *The Battuécas*, and the tales of *Inés*, *Zuma*, and *Zeneide*, or *Ideal Perfection*; I was likewise engaged in writing a little journal, entitled *Journal of Youth*.

I have omitted to mention two works, which I finished in the Rue St. Anne; the one was entitled, *Le Journal Imaginaire, où la Feuille des gens du Monde*, and the other, the *Dictionnaire des Etiquettes*, a very improper title, for a thousand other subjects are mentioned in it. This work is now out of print, but a new edition is in preparation, which will contain nothing but the laws of etiquette, and the usages of society; and it is for

this reason, that I have inserted some parts of the old edition in these memoirs. The *Imaginary Journal* was a very novel sort of review of the general literature of the day; it was supposed to have been published weekly, and all the numbers collected into a volume at the end of the year. Every thing was *imaginary* in this supposed journal; the criticisms related to works that had no existence, and the praises awarded, or the discussions maintained, had not a more solid foundation. The extracts that were given from dramatic pieces, from poems, novels, and history, were altogether fictitious, or merely plans of works, in which young authors might find some original ideas. The ludicrous quotations were invented like the rest, and not extracted from any actual work; in fact, every thing in the volume was the offspring of the imagination. I thought that this supposition of a journal already published, presented an interesting and novel form of criticism, and afforded a very natural opportunity for presenting a great variety of portraits and striking situations. The following is the manner in which I noticed a supposed work.

"*Ursula and Julian.*"—2 *vols.* 12*mo.*

"The author of this work announces in his

preface, that there are no great incidents in his novel, that every thing is simple, and that those who wish for action, striking surprises, and strong emotions, should refrain from reading it. We must confess that our taste is very similar, and that a work of imagination, without *imagination*, does not interest us at all. Yet we can be pleased with a novel, without striking incidents, provided it be founded on a new, novel, and well developed idea. None of these conditions is fulfilled in the work before us. Under the pretext of presenting us with *family portraits*, we are introduced into a family circle *full of quarrels*, in which nothing occurs but petty conversations, and petty disputes —and these incidents fill up the two volumes. Lastly, Ursula, (who is an *angelic* woman, married to a brutal husband,) conceives a violent passion for Julian, an impetuous young man, full of heroic qualities. For a long time, Ursula thinks she feels nothing but a tender friendship for Julian, who, on his part, thinks that in adoring Ursula, he is only in love with virtue. This error, and this enthusiasm, lead the lovers such a long way, that Ursula opens her eyes all of a sudden, and becomes mad; and in her madness talks in such an *ingenious* and pathetic manner as to astonish and affect—if not the reader—at least all the per-

sonages of the story, even to the brutal husband, who becomes an enthusiastic admirer of her virtue, her love, and her remorse. Julian becomes raging mad—and every one thinks him sublime. He wishes to poniard himself, which he is prevented from doing—but he takes poison. In order that she may give him her last farewell, and a sermon, Ursula all at once recovers her reason, and after making a most noisy and long-winded discourse upon the reciprocal duties of women and young men, she dies of grief, *pressing to her heart the death-cold hand of the unfortunate Julian,* and pronouncing these last words: 'In making the avowal of my weakness, and the sacrifice of my life, I have given satisfaction to virtue; and now, liberated by death from the bonds of detested existence, I am at last free. We have a right to dispose of ourselves, when on the brink of the grave yawning to receive us; life is now nought but a cloud ready to vanish into the vast fields of eternity, but a vain shadow that cannot be reflected from the depths of the tomb. The devouring flame of the flambeau of love, is purified by mingling with the livid and sombre fire of funeral torches. O, Julian! for one moment awake to life again; thou canst yet, in a few minutes, efface all the horror of a deplorable existence! Why cannot happi-

ness, that fugitive being, still exist for us during this solemn moment? Our two hearts still beat,-thy death-cold hand presses mine, thy eyes are fixed on mine—an eternal veil, drawn over the universe, separates us from it for ever! . . . Oh! how grand and beautiful is the solitude of the tomb! . . . I am there with thee! . . . Ah! let our last sighs be mingled together, no human power can prevent them; they are the last oath of an invincible passion, sanctified by death! The grave has become the sublime altar that is to receive them; the angel of death presides over it, a funeral lamp is the sacred flambeau which is to enlighten our immortal union. Thus the agony that is the forerunner of death, shall be for us but the last thrilling impulse of love, and our souls united shall rise together to the bosom of the Divinity!'

"Notwithstanding the extravagance and bad taste of this long rhapsody, we confess that we have seen in other novels things considerably more ridiculous. Yet we must advise the author to give up this mode of writing, and, above all, the idea of rendering mad women and demoniacs sublime. There is, perhaps, some wit in all these fine phrases; but assuredly, there is neither talent, morality, sensibility, nor truth. We have met with several instances of incorrect language in this work, upon

which we do not wish to be severe; but there are other faults, such as the total want of sound sense and feeling, the affectation of the style, the false sentiments, and, above all, the depravity of the principles, which are altogether inexcusable in any writer."

Amidst all these studies, I found time to give Alfred his finishing lessons on the harp. As he was not quite eighteen years of age, he had for eighteen months before felt a very warlike ardour, and had a great desire to enter the army, a contagious disease, which affected all the young men of the time, and which greatly injured the completion of his education; but with his natural talents and disposition, that loss could be easily recovered. He played extremely well on the harp, and had a most extraordinary cleverness in every thing he attempted; he had shown a great taste for mechanics, and had acquired great skill in practice; he made a lathe to turn wood for chairs; he constructed a 'larum clock, and learned to take a harp to pieces, to mend it, to put it together again like a manufacturer of musical instruments. We occasionally read aloud, yet with all my care, I could not prevail on him to cultivate his mind so much as I wished. He read no works with

pleasure but mine, but I was astonished at the account he gave me of what he had read, and the keen and clever way in which he formed his opinion of it. The following incident may give some idea of his intelligence, his talents, and disposition. He was in my room one day whilst I was writing, and remained more than three quarters of an hour by the fireside, without doing any thing, a very extraordinary case with him. I was astonished at his inaction, and asked him what he was thinking about, when he answered me in his usual unaffected way, that he was making verses *on the fireside, and the pleasure of stirring the fire.* I began to laugh, for he had never spoken to me of poetry. I desired him to repeat this piece of verses, expecting to find it very ridiculous; he repeated sixteen or eighteen lines, and to my great surprise they were very pretty, and very well expressed; they did not contain a single fault in the measure, and only two or three hiatus. I desired him to write them down, which something prevented him from doing immediately, and they were afterwards forgotten. I was very sorry for it, and likewise for his not having cultivated an accomplishment for which he had great dispositions. During more than a year that I remained in the Rue de Vaugirard, I constantly suffered from violent nervous attacks that took away my sleep.

At this period, I went to Maupertuis, to see Anatole de Montesquiou; I remained twelve days, which I passed very agreeably; in this little journey I had nobody with me but Anatole, Pamela, and Alfred. The amiableness, sweetness of disposition, and pleasing liveliness of Anatole, charmed me during my whole stay. Pamela had before this time retired to the Abbaye-aux-Bois, a proper and suitable step, that I had not only approved of but advised. I lived adjoining to her; she came often to see me in the Rue de Vaugirard, and as her health was much out of order, I thought that the air of the country might do her good, and took her to the house of M. de Montesquiou, with whom she was not acquainted, but who received her with his usual kindness.

On my return from Maupertuis, I narrowly escaped being killed. The evening that I arrived in the Rue de Vaugirard, my trunk was left in my room, as I wanted to unpack it myself before I went to bed. Alfred began to play on the harp, and as I was fond of making him perform in the dark, I did not ask for a light after night came on. I wished to fetch something at the other end of the room, and in crossing it I fell over the trunk with great violence, and struck my face against the stone floor, which was covered only with a thin carpet; in my fall I scratched my

right leg from the ancle to the knee, I broke two of my teeth, and cut my face in three places, on the forehead, the nose, and the right cheek, while at the same instant I had, for the first time in my life, a violent bleeding at the nose. Alfred rushed in great alarm towards me, placed me in a chair, told me to wait for a moment, and ran out of the room; he instantly came back with a light in one hand, and a glass in the other, into which he had squeezed the juice of a lemon, which he made me take. I was inexpressibly affected at seeing his excessive paleness, and the alarm expressed in his features, and his look was the more remarkable, from his complexion being naturally very florid. As soon as I drank the lemon juice, he left me to the care of the other persons who were with me, and hurried out to fetch a doctor. In about an hour, he returned with an excellent physician, M. Moreau, who found my pulse in good condition, but was alarmed at the wounds on my face; he prescribed leeches for me. I had no doubt but that I should be totally disfigured; but this was not the case! This accident has altogether changed my look; my nose was slightly turned up formerly, and like all noses of that kind, had a small bump, and the point had those little cavities called *meplats* by painters. At the present day, I may be allowed

to say that this nose was very delicate, and very pretty; it has been much celebrated in verse and prose, and I had hitherto preserved it perfect in all its delicacy. Since this accident, it has become neither enlarged, nor in the slightest degree awry, but the little bump has fallen, and the cavities have disappeared. I was so disfigured for a fortnight, that I did not once look at my face in a glass, for I knew how frightful it had become, by observing the looks of the persons who came to see me. After having anointed the wounds with a composition given me by M. Moreau, I put no dressing over them, but merely bathed them constantly for eight days with cold water; they healed perfectly well, and left no scar behind.

Casimir was at Ecouen, but as Alfred sent him instant notice of the accident, he hastened to Paris immediately, and I again felt an indescribable sensation when he entered my room, and my look met his, the melancholy expression of which I shall never forget. He remained several days at Paris, and feeling assured of my recovery, he made me promise to join him immediately at Ecouen. During my solitude in the Rue de Vaugirard, I had the honour of receiving frequent visits from the Duchess of Bourbon. This princess is very amiable and accomplished, and is particularly distinguished by her unbounded cha-

rity towards the poor. She came and spent whole evenings with me; this was after the second restoration, and at that period (1815) it is well known, that the public misery was deplorable; a frightful scarcity was superadded, and the dearness of bread was extreme, while this bread was as bad tasted as it was unwholesome. The poor wandered in crowds through the streets, and one could not go out without being surrounded by them—it was a heart-rending sight! I gave all I could spare to the poor of my own parish, but this kind of aid was of little avail: I then formed the idea of taking for their benefit two young ladies as pupils, whom I should engage to teach to write letters correctly and elegantly in four months. For this purpose, I had invented a very sure, simple, and easy method, and as there were no teachers of the kind worthy of confidence, I was sure of finding more pupils than I wanted, but I required some one to take upon him to select them for me. As I was constantly conversing with the Duchess of Bourbon concerning the public misery, I communicated my plan to her, which she highly approved of, and immediately proposed to me to give the lessons I have mentioned to two young ladies whom she had known from infancy, and whose mother, (Madame Gros,)

she had brought up and established. The princess agreed to the conditions I proposed, which were that each young lady should pay five louis per month for two lessons a week, the first month paid in advance; and it was agreed that the young ladies should themselves take the money to M. Bourgeois, prior of the convent of the Carmelites, who engaged to distribute it to the poor. These young ladies delighted me by the graces of their person, their accomplishments, and agreeable dispositions; they were as grateful for my lessons as if I had known them for years, and merely taught them out of friendship. I became acquainted with Madame Gros, whose merit, and amiable disposition excited my sincere esteem and friendship; I never knew a lady whose conversation was more agreeable and fascinating. Madame Gros has given the Duchess of Bourbon the most disinterested and heroic proofs of attachment during her misfortunes. M. and Madame Gros have an only son, who is worthy by his virtues of belonging to so interesting a family.

At the same period I became acquainted with two persons to whom I am strongly attached, Madame la Marechale Moreau, and Madame Recamier. I had long known the most endearing acts of goodness on the part of both; I shall at

present relate an action of Madame Moreau, that is worthy of being more generally known. During the time I remained at the arsenal, a lady of the name of St. Aulaire, (but who is not of the same family as that with which the Duc de Cazes intermarried,) wrote me to ask my permission to pay me a visit, and to bring her two nieces along with her. Her letter was very polite; I answered it accordingly, and this lady came with her two nieces, whose melancholy story she related to me as follows:—

"These young ladies were born at St. Domingo, and at the time of the revolution, when the negroes were perpetrating their massacres, they were between eleven and twelve years of age, when they were taken with their mother to the public square in a cart, and there, *as a lesson for their youth*, their mother was beheaded, and her head fell into the lap of her eldest daughter; they both swooned away! A charitable negress took them to the black *empress*, who not only had nothing to do with the cruelties that were committed, but who detested them sincerely; the property of the unfortunate children was confiscated; they were orphans, destitute and forlorn; the *empress* took a great interest in their situation, caressed them, treated them with extreme kindness, and took

care of them for more than a year; she then learned that they had relations of some rank in Europe, and resolved on sending them to the United States of North America, thinking that it would be easy for them to find a passage from that country to France. She ordered a very handsome fit-out to be made for each of them, and gave them some very valuable pearls; the value of the whole might amount to fifteen or eighteen thousand francs; this kind and beneficent sovereign of barbarians put them on board a vessel, under the charge of a negro and negress, who were married, and in whom she reposed implicit confidence; their voyage was fortunate, but when they reached Philadelphia, every thing changed its appearance. Those who had charge of the poor orphans took possession of their trousseaux and pearls, dressed them in rags, and reduced them to the rank of servants; as they had nobody to assist them, they resigned themselves to their lot. They were exposed to every sort of indignity, to blows, drudgery of all kinds, and the worst of food; they were in this miserable state for more than eighteen months; they went once a week to market to buy vegetables and fish for their oppressors. They became acquainted with a greengrocer, who was affected by their wretched situa-

tion, and promised to obtain them the protection of a lady, who was occupied solely in doing good, and in assisting the unfortunate; that lady was Madame Moreau. In reality, Madame Moreau became their liberator; she snatched them from the tyrannical hands that oppressed them; but it was not without difficulty; she was exposed to lawsuits and legal persecution, but she was not discouraged; she succeeded in obtaining the liberty of these interesting victims of oppression, took them into her own house, and wrote to France to Madame de St. Aulaire, their aunt, to learn her intentions respecting them. Madame de St. Aulaire, desired them to be sent to her as speedily as possible, and this was done." It was not long after their arrival, when they were brought to see me; at this period they were from fourteen to fifteen years of age. After giving me this authentic statement, with all the particulars, Madame de St. Aulaire told me that she had brought them on purpose to ask me, as a great favour, to write a tale on the subject of their adventures, with the names of her nieces, because that could not fail to obtain them an advantageous establishment in marriage; I endeavoured to show Madame de St. Aulaire, in as polite a way as I could, that young ladies do not obtain an establishment by having their lives

published, how interesting soever they may be, particularly in the form of a novel. Madame de St. Aulaire pressed me to consent, but I remained firm in my own opinion; she left me, and I have never seen her since.*

On her return to France, Madame Moreau received the thanks of Madame de St. Aulaire. It may be well imagined that it was with great pleasure that I yielded to the request of Madame Moreau to pay me a visit. I know many acts of goodness performed by Madame Recamier, that are less extraordinary, but equally affecting; one soon forms acquaintance with persons of such a disposition; I conceived a tender attachment for both of these ladies, which has increased more and more by their friendly attentions, and by many important services which they have rendered

* Yet this singular idea was successful: Madame de St. Aulaire did not give it up; when I refused, she got another person to compose and publish their adventures, which made no noise in society, as the book was limited to a very simple narrative of facts, but which fell into the hands of a wealthy young man of good family, who after reading it, was desirous of seeing the heroines of the story; he became in love with the eldest, and married her. Madame Moreau contributed greatly to bring about this marriage by her care and protection. I did not learn this fact till I met the young lady that was married at the house of Madame Moreau.—(*Note by the Author.*)

me. At this period, both of them gave me further proofs of their kindness; I knew a young lady of fifteen, whose father was in the greatest distress; he applied to me to obtain a situation for his daughter, whom he had brought up, and who was really a prodigy for her age; she was perfectly conversant with Latin and Italian, and consequently, with French grammar; she was pretty well acquainted with history and geography, wrote pretty verses, was acquainted with music, played on the piano, and could draw; her sweetness, modesty, infantine look, and pleasing figure, and above all, her innocence and piety, affected me deeply; I made Madame Recamier interested in her favour, and she supplied the most pressing necessities of her family; as she did not compose well in prose, I gave her lessons three times a-week, during three months, which made her perfect in this department; when she had no longer need of my lessons, we thought only of obtaining a situation for her. Madame Recamier first of all paid her board in a convent; then Madame Moreau obtained for her a most excellent place in the boarding-school of St. Denis, though she was far from being of the age required to perform its duties; she was not quite sixteen. Madame Moreau gave her a *trousseau*, and defrayed all the necessary expenses

upon her entry into that respectable establishment.

At the convent of Carmelites, in an apartment adjoining mine, there resided a lady very celebrated for her intimate connection with M. de Voltaire; this was the Marquise de Villétte, whom M. de Voltaire had established in marriage, and whom he had justly called *the beautiful and the good.* To my great surprize, she wrote me the most polite letter imaginable, to request leave to visit me; but, as I thought our conversation would be very embarrassing, I made use of the pretext of my age and state of health to decline altogether complying with the wish she was pleased to express; she was not discouraged, but wrote me several notes; I gave the same answer; finally, she persisted in her attempt, sent me an invitation to dinner, which I declined, and here our correspondence ended. My numerous occupations and the state of my health were, in fact, the chief causes of my extreme shyness. I knew that Madame de Villette was an example to the whole neighbourhood by her charitable disposition, and that, though a pupil of Voltaire's, she was constant in the performance of her religious duties, and was extremely pious; I also knew that she preserved all the gratitude she owed to the memory

of Voltaire, but I confess that her display of it did not please me; her house was full of busts and portraits of Voltaire, and of *altars*, covered with inscriptions in his praise; hence, I said in sport that she wished to allure me to her house, solely for the purpose of *sacrificing me* on the altar of Voltaire; but in sober truth, I should have made but a sorry figure in such apartments as these.

I ought, in this place, to speak of Lady Morgan. I am delighted at having become acquainted with a person so deservedly celebrated. I confess, however, that she fascinated me by a sort of warmth of heart and good will, that gave infinite value to her praise.

Lady Morgan is not beautiful, but there is something lively and agreeable in her whole person; she is very clever, and seems to have a good heart; it is a pity that, for the sake of popularity, she should have had the mania of meddling with politics. She says gracefully, that her vivacity, and rather springing carriage seemed very strange in Parisian circles, as they offered such a contrast to the manners of French ladies. She adds that, for her own part, the external calmness of Frenchmen gave her great surprize; she soon learned that good taste of itself commands this

kind of demeanour. In fact, gesticulation, and a noisy manner have never been fashionable in France. When people go to the promenade, it is to take a seat. This fact is noticed in Lady Morgan's writings with great talent and correctness. When she came one day to my house, she told me that she had a very interesting lady in her carriage, who was desirous of seeing me; this was Mrs. Paterson, the first wife of Prince Jerome Bonaparte; Lady Morgan pressed me earnestly to receive her, and I consented; I saw a very fine woman, mild, melancholy, and quiet, who was worthy of a better lot.

Madame Recamier was also very constant in paying me visits at this period; every succeeding day increased my attachment to her; she is charming on a slight occasion, and still more charming when intimately known. Notwithstanding all the troubles and misfortunes with which her life has been chequered, there is so much sweetness in her temper, so much calmness in her heart and conscience, that she has preserved nearly all the fairness of her complexion, and all the charming appearance of her early youth. The round of pleasure in which she has lived has rendered her completely unable to apply to serious occupations, which is the more painful in her case, as she is naturally endowed with good talents.

Disgusted with frivolous amusements of every kind, tired of trifling, she now only gives herself up to them through habits of idleness, but she is a proof that it is the most disagreeable situation any one can be placed in who possesses judgment and talents; yet her indolence does not prevent her from showing affectionate attention to two young ladies whom she is bringing up. I was much gratified in assisting her in this object; we agreed that I was to give subjects of composition to these young ladies; that each of them was to write me twice a-week, and that I was to send them back their letters corrected. This was done during six months; both the young ladies were possessed of talents and excellent sentiments, and made rapid improvement from my lessons.

In this convent I spent the whole of that year which certain liberals have called *the period of terror*, although nothing took place but the punishment of a very small number of men who had proved false to their oaths; people were also occasionally pestered with informers and ridiculous examinations, through the fault of those who possessed the confidence of the court, and who performed in a very awkward manner, those sort of secret commissions, which, after all, were not measures of persecution, but which produced

quarrels and ill-will, that diminished the respect that was due to the government; of this I shall give a very singular instance. I was told one morning, that some one wanted to speak to me on the part of the *prevôt* of the department of the Seine; I was much astonished that he should have any thing to say to me, and made the messenger come in; he gave me a note partly printed and partly written, containing a summons to go before the prevôt without delay; my respect for whatever is printed in the name of the government prevented me from making any objections; the bearer of the note said that he had come in a carriage, for the purpose of taking me with him immediately; I hurried a gown on, and followed the stranger, still feeling nothing but surprize and curiosity; I was a little hurt at finding that the carriage was nothing but a hackney coach, but I got in; the stranger ordered the coachman to drive to the house of M. le prevôt, and we set out. As the state of my affairs did not enable me for several months before to keep a servant, I had only a kitchen-maid, and as Alfred was absent, I found myself quite alone, in the power of the stranger, whose countenance I now, for the first time began to examine, and found it at this moment frightful; I then began to reflect, and

repented bitterly for having allowed myself to be taken away in this manner upon the faith of a small scrap of paper; we arrived at the prevôt's house, the appearance of which rather tranquillized me, as it was large and had pillars at the door; but as soon as I entered, I saw that the whole court was full of shops, which told me that the prevôt occupied nothing but an apartment in the house, and that, consequently, he could not be a sort of minister of state, as I had at first imagined. We alighted from the carriage, ascended a staircase, and stopped at a little door on the first floor; my strange guide rang the bell with great violence, when the door was half opened, and an ugly little hump-backed servant appeared; I entered mechanically (for it was with great repugnance) the door closed on me, and I found myself in an antichamber along with the little hump-backed girl, who took me into a large, ugly, wretchedly-furnished room, where she left me alone. As my imagination travels a long way in a very short time, I felt persuaded that I had fallen into a den of robbers, and I had plenty of time to enjoy this agreeable fancy, for I waited more than a quarter of an hour; at last M. le prevôt admitted me into his cabinet, where I saw that I was to undergo an examination; a sort of secretary was seated beside

a desk; the prevôt informed me that this man was about to take down whatever I should say, and he then began to ask me questions of the most singular nature imaginable. He requested, me first of all to recollect all the tapestry I had formerly seen at the Palais Royal, and amongst others, that which represented a king of France with a *red cap*. This question seemed to me so foolish, that I hesitated a moment to answer it; the prevôt, considering my silence to be the embarrassment of a guilty person, told me several times, in the most solemn tone, *that the whole truth must be told;* I then felt a strong inclination to laugh at him, and could no longer reply to him without ridiculing his questions. For instance, I informed him that I was going to relate to him the story of *Daphnis and Chloe*, and assured him that I should compose it so as to form a very pretty tale, which his secretary would write with pleasure, and which he might even get printed. *M. le prevôt* was much offended, and said to me several times, that this *irrelevant* talk would not do; I replied that what I had said was not irrelevant, as the story I was speaking of formed the subject of the tapestry I had formerly seen at the Palais Royal, but that it had been made from the designs of the regent, and that I had never seen any other

kind of tapestry there. He then asked me a great many questions about a game-keeper of *Romainville*, belonging to M. de Valence, and who, he told me, had been using very seditious language. I laughed at this question still more, and *M. le prevôt*, very much dissatisfied, then dismissed me. When I withdrew, I advised him not to bring before his tribunal upon such slight grounds ladies of my age and character. Things of this kind were very frequent this year. This is not a system of terror, but it is supremely ridiculous.

I remained between fourteen and fifteen months in the convent of Carmelités; during my stay, I went to the parlour to pay a visit to the virtuous *superieure*, Madame de Soyecourt; I had seen her in former times at Bélle Chasse, where she was for some time a boarder, with the intention of taking the vows there; at that time she had an agreeable figure, a considerable fortune, and was two or three and twenty years of age; notwithstanding the opposition of her relations, and all the allurements of the world, she constantly persevered in her pious call. At Belle Chasse we were separated from the Carmelites only by a small dividing wall; on this of side the garden of our nuns, I had got constructed a pretty hill covered with turf, for the purpose of exercising Made-

moiselle d'Orleans in running up and down it, which proved very advantageous to her health; Mademoiselle de Soyecourt often visited this hill, from which was seen the whole interior of the garden of the Carmelites; a young nun who was walking there made signs of friendship to her, and by this silent means of communication, a great intimacy soon sprung up between them; one day, the young Carmelite stretched her arms out to Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, as if to invite her to come and join her; Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, already deeply affected by what she heard of the holy lives led by the Carmelites, resolved on taking her vows among them, and this she performed, in spite of all the opposition of her family. If I had not got that part of the garden made, which we called the *new grove*, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt would not have climbed the hill which commanded a view of the garden adjoining, and would not have left Belle Chasse for the Carmelite convent. At the revolution, there occurred in France a repetition of what formerly took place at Geneva in the time of Calvin; the philosophers gave all the nuns permission to return into the bosom of society; they declared that they wished to remain in their convents, and they were driven out of them, by being compelled in the name of liberty to break their

vows, and to live contrary to their conscience and inclination. Those who had relations sought shelter with them; those who had none, or who had lost their property by confiscation, and their relations on the scaffold, supported themselves by their manual labour, or by entering into service; many were forced to beg, several were guillotined, and a great number died of chagrin and misery; which was in general the fate of all those who were seventy and eighty years of age. Providence watched over Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, and preserved her virtuous life; but all her family perished on the scaffold. When the confiscations were annulled, her property was restored; and, although the property of her house had been much dilapidated, yet, as it had been very great, and she remained sole heiress, she recovered eighty thousand livres a-year. As convents were abolished, she could not enter into a cloister, but she formed a private establishment without grates, collected together all the nuns of her order that were still surviving, and settled with them in a house in Paris, where they took charge of the education of some young girls. At the restoration, she began to establish her convent anew; but when Bonaparte returned, she escaped from

Paris, and sought shelter in the country with some *sœurs de charité*. On going one morning to offer up her devotions in a chapel, she found a pretty little girl, three years old, and well dressed, seated on the steps of the altar of the holy virgin, where she had fallen asleep; a paper was affixed to her breast, on which these words were written: *I place her under the protection of the holy Virgin.* Mademoiselle de Soyecourt took the child (who has never been claimed) and kept her; she brings her up with great care; she does not intend to influence her to become a nun, but if she feels a call, she will become one; if not, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt will give her a portion and marry her. Acquainted with my great fondness for children, Mademoiselle de Soyecourt sent her several times to me; I gave her some pretty little articles made by Alfred or myself; a small nun's dress had been made for her, in which she was sometimes dressed; she came to see me in this dress; I told her that she looked very well in it, and that she was an interesting little Carmelite, when she instantly pulled up her woollen gown, showed me her little white frock, and said, *Look, I have got my visiting dress here.* Her sparkling and intelligent look, and the lively tone of her voice when she said

these words, made me conclude that she will never become a nun.'

The pretty saying of this child reminds me of a very natural one of my cousin, Madame d'Arcamballe, when she was only five years of age. She was one evening in winter, at half past eight o'clock, in her aunt's drawing-room, where there was a great deal of company; when Madame de Bellevau saw that her governess did not come to take her away, she told her to go to the antichamber (where she had no doubt of there being two or three of her servants waiting) and to get herself conducted to her apartment, which was on the second floor; the child left the room, but by a singular chance, there was nobody in the antichamber but a strange servant, who happened to be a negro, and as she had never seen one before, she was greatly terrified at first, but desirous of obeying her aunt, she approached the negro, and said to him with a trembling voice: *Sir, if you would promise not to eat me, I should request you to lead me to my attendant* . . . .

It is extraordinary, that in an age so irreligious as ours, there should have been, even in the most elevated ranks of society, so many remarkable calls to a holy life. Madame Louise, daughter of Louis

XV., in the midst of so much grandeur, had felt from her earliest youth, the desire of becoming a Carmelite, and did not obtain permission to do so till she was thirty-five years of age; for fifteen years before she had secretly practiced at court all the austerities of the profession she wished to embrace. Mademoiselle de Condé, and Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI., both of them possessing charming figures, were always models of piety from their infancy. Madame Elizabeth could never obtain permission to become a nun; heaven reserved her for the glory of martyrdom; she perished on the scaffold in 1793.

I had several times the honour of presenting my respects to Mademoiselle de Condé, before the revolution. As soon as she was twenty-five years of age, her household was formed, and every one was charmed by her gracefulness and talent; when I looked at her, I reflected with extreme pleasure that Mademoiselle de Mars, the friend of my youth, had assisted her in her education; she was highly accomplished, was well acquainted with music and composition, was an excellent performer on the piano, sung agreeably, drew well, and wrote very pretty verses. One evening at her house, the company were playing at a game that re-

quired *bouts-rimés* to be filled up; Mademoiselle de Condé received the words, *fantaisie, amour, folie, vautour,* which she filled up in the following manner:

" Navoir jamais d'amant, telle est ma ..... fantaisie,
Je crains trop les transports du dangereux . amour,
Et j'évite ce dieu guidé par la ..... folie,
Comme l'oiseau timide évite le ..... vautour."

I do not think that any poet could have filled up those *bouts-rimés* in a more agreeable manner. With all her talents, accomplishments, and powers of fascination, ill-will and envy could never point out the slightest stain upon her character, because her heavenly piety was too well known. At the revolution she sought refuge in Italy, and at Turin became a nun; she found a little orphan girl in the convent she had entered, and she took charge of her education; when she was compelled to escape from Turin, she took the child with her, as she had neither relations nor means of any kind, and this young lady, who is now twenty years of age, still resides with her in the convent of which she is the abbess,* under the name of Madame Louise de Condé; the princess has taught her all her accomplishments. Some months ago, Madame Louise

* This princess was then alive.—*(Note by the Author.)*

asked her pupil whether she wished to marry or to become a nun, when she replied, that she did not feel a call to engage herself by taking the vows, but that she should always voluntarily prefer a seclusion in which nothing but God was thought of; that she would never marry, because she wished to devote her life to the service of her benefactress, and that she would never leave her; thus she remains in perfect freedom in the convent. She is an excellent performer on the piano, and has a very fine voice, but she never sings anything profane; Madame Louise has composed for her a large volume of hymns, the music of which she has composed as well as the words; she draws, and never employs any but sacred subjects; in a word, her acquirements, as well as those of Madame Louise, are solely devoted to religion.

We even see instances of men displaying this sublime piety; the *Abbé de Janson,* with forty thousand francs a-year, has become a priest at the age of thirty, and leads the life of a saint. The *Duc de Rohan,* of nearly the same age, with a large fortune, a fine person, and one of the most honourable names in the world, has just followed the same example. The Abbé de Janson travelled to Jerusalem in the dress of a pilgrim, solely that he might offer up his devotions at the *holy*

*sepulchre.* Monsieur,* the Duke and the Duchess of Angoulême offer the court the example and the model of sublime charity, and of the most sincere and perfect piety. A great number of individuals who live in solitude and obscurity, are governed by the same sentiments; let us hope that for the sake of these faithful souls, God, in his mercy, will deign to re-establish moral habits and moral principles in France, and, consequently, peace and happiness.

I should have been perfectly satisfied with my lodging in the Rue de Vaugirard, if I had not been afraid to live there, as the adjoining streets were solitary and dangerous, particularly the Rue d'Assas. Alfred, on coming through it one evening at ten o'clock, on his way home, was attacked by two men; such was his strength and natural courage, that he knocked one of them down, dashed the other against the wall, and then ran off with all speed into our street. The two men pursued, and were on the point of coming up with him when he reached the gate of our court, and rang the bell; the porter opened the door and saw by the reflection of the lamp two men, who, the moment they saw him, turned instantly back to-

* Now Charles X.

wards the Rue d'Assas. A person who lodged in our house, but in a separate pavilion that looked into the street, was attacked by three robbers, who, in the middle of the night, climbed up to his balcony, drove the window in, entered his apartment, robbed it, and left him for dead. He did not die of his wounds. This happened three months before I came to inhabit the house, and it was with horror that I saw this man walking in the grand avenue of acacias in our garden, with his arm in a sling, and a large black bandage round his forehead. Lastly, I found that the walls that separated us from our neighbours were far from being high enough. My little pavilion was situated along the beautiful avenue of acacias I have just mentioned, and formed, with my little garden, a very pleasing walk. There was at the end of this avenue a chapel well known for a most tragical event; at the terrible period of the revolution, eighty-three priests who had sought shelter in it were attacked and put to death by assassins hired by the Jacobins. One of them survived their blows for a long time, by having his breviary concealed in his bosom; the fury of the assassins was such, that they succeeded in piercing the breviary in more than eight or ten places, and reached through the book the heart of the martyr

they wished to murder, and whom they soon deprived of life! After numberless risks and adventures, this book has fallen into the hands of Mademoiselle de Soyecourt, who preserves it like a precious relic; this breviary is every where pierced through with the thrusts of poinards, and every page is stained with blood! Who could read a prayer in it without emotion, and the liveliest fervour of devotion! . . . . . I entered the chapel where this horrible scene occurred; traces of the blood of the victims are still to be seen on the floor and on the walls, and it is not allowed to efface them. There is an annual service performed in the chapel, in honour of the martyrs sacrificed by the sanguinary madness of impiety.

In the avenue of acacias, I became acquainted with the widow of a very celebrated scientific character, M. Duhamel, so well known for his beautiful and curious experiments. It was he who thought of planting a tree upside down, that is, with the top in the ground and the roots in the air; the branches became roots, and the roots became covered with leaves. The widow of M. Duhamel was eighty-six years of age; she lived in the same house as I did, and went every morning to sit on a bench at the end of the avenue; she took a liking to me from seeing me walking

alone. One day, without saying a word, she made me a sign with her hand, for me to come and sit down, in the way one does in calling a lap-dog, by tapping gently on the bench beside her; this singular manner pleased me; I did as she desired me, and we entered into conversation; she was mild and good-humoured, and excited my interest; I never failed to go daily and sit down beside her, and I even paid her several visits in her own apartment. She related to me several interesting particulars of her husband, of whom she preserved a very tender recollection.

I left the Rue de Vaugirard to join Casimir and his family at Ecouen; there I wrote the *Dictionary of Etiquette*. After that work, I published a volume entitled *Eugene et Antoine*, or *Poetic Travels;* I intended it merely as the commencement of an important work which I have wished to write for more than thirty years, and which I have promised in several of my works by the title of *Les Refutations*. My intention was to make it an examination of all the principles of the philosophers, and in the following shape; I told the history of a very intelligent young man, whose passions had made him adopt these principles; he was fond of this false philosophy, and had never read any works but those that maintained it;

but the natural reflections of his own mind gave him a profound contempt for the writers who had propagated it, because he admitted that it was dangerous to publish, and because he considered, and with justice, that these authors have neither displayed wit nor talent in maintaining its principles; and in this he was perfectly correct, for Voltaire, Rousseau, and Diderot are less than *mediocre* when they write impieties; considering them merely as sophists, they are wretched in their reasonings, and disgusting in their obscenities.

I supposed that this young man had a friend of his own age, perfectly enlightened and virtuous, to whom he wrote during his travels, and whom he informed of his principles by letter. The young infidel, friendly to false philosophy and hostile to the philosophers, wishes to prove by quotations that they had very badly supported their cause; after giving a passage from their works, it is his constant practice to present the argument in a more specious and seductive manner; and this letter is triumphantly refuted by the virtuous friend—a matter which could never have given me any embarrassment, as reason and truth triumph easily over error; and thus I was holding up to scorn both the principles and the talents of the

pretended philosophers. It is pretty generally admitted that their principles are abominable, but a very erroneous opinion prevails concerning the talents they have shown on this subject. On other subjects they have written well, but, and I say it again, whatever they have said against religion is equally absurd in its reasonings, and in its calumnious misrepresentations. My religious hero first of all shows his friend what he is as yet ignorant of, that the whole of this impious edifice is founded upon old lies repeated under a new form; and then all the while admitting that his friend is a more ingenious sophist, he refutes all his arguments, and, as may be well imagined, ends by converting him from his errors. I had prepared the whole of this in my *Poetic Travels*, by introducing into them, under the name of *Auguste*, a young man fascinated by false philosophy. But I have always found some difficulty occur to prevent me following out my own intentions, chiefly by my imagination presenting to me too many ideas at once;—and I have never been able to write this work, because it would require me to read over a great many works anew, and require a great deal of time and careful reflection; if I do not live long enough to write it, I am

desirous that my idea may not be lost;—I know several persons who are more qualified than I am to write this useful work.*

I was highly gratified at Ecouen, by seeing Casimir universally beloved for his kind disposition, his charity, and the constant attentions which he paid to the sick poor. We spent the whole of the following winter in the Rue de Fauburg-Saint-Honoré, where I was extremely busy, and arranged the final plan of the *Parvenus;* I received very little company, but was often visited by the Duchess of Bourbon, Madame Moreau, and Madame Recamier; the Queen of Sweden, whose kindness to me has been invariable, honoured me with several visits. One evening that we were conversing in a very animated manner, the only light I had burning went out, and we were left in total obscurity; I wished to get up to find the bell-pull, but the queen hearing me stirring, said with a quiet and sweet tone of voice, that suits her admirably: *We do not require any lamp to converse, besides, we should be interrupted*

* I am endeavouring to do something towards it in the *Correspondence of two Young Friends*, in the journal *l'Intrepide*, which, if collected at some future time, is to form a continuation of my *Poetic Travels.*—(*Note by the Author.*)

—*let us remain as we are.* I obeyed, and we tranquilly recommenced our conversation, which lasted an hour and a half longer; I did not ring the bell till it was necessary to light the queen, when she was about to depart.

At this time several persons who were well informed of the fact, and who had spent several months at Coppet, with Madame de Staël, related to me a great number of particulars concerning the mode of life led there. The following is a curious circumstance; the company assembled every evening round a large round table, on which were placed as many inkstands and sheets of paper as there were persons present; profound silence was preserved, and instead of conversing, they occupied themselves in writing; every one chose his *correspondent*, and the notes and answers were thrown across the table to each other, but never read aloud. It may be permitted to believe without forming a rash judgment, that this mysterious table was the scene of many a declaration of love, which, very probably, were nothing but marks of gallantry that were openly invited by such a practice. I promised Madame Recamier to write her life, of which, I have in fact, formed an *historical* tale, rather long, but as I think

very interesting, and I gave it to her in my own handwriting, and I have kept no sort of copy of it whatever.

The greater part of the persons that visited me at this time asked me to give them a party on the anniversary of my birth, (the 25th of January,) and I agreed. At this party, Casimir played on the harp, and in such a manner and with such distinguished success as are worthy of particular notice. A short time before this, I had written the tale of *Zuma, or the Discovery of Peruvian Bark.* This tale is full of theatrical situations and dramatic scenes. Casimir undertook to play a sketch of the story on his harp, and to express all the principal scenes of action as they occurred; in fact, he composed a real *pantomime for the ear,* for no other name can be given to this extraordinary species of composition, of which he was the inventor. At my assembly he asked the company if they had read the tale of *Zuma;* every one knew as much of it as was necessary to understand the music; he then said he was going to perform it, and he did so in such an admirable manner that, in the pathetic passages he affected the company to tears, and praise thus springing from the heart cannot be suspected of flattery or exaggeration. The Duchess of Bourbon honoured this assembly

with her company; Madame de Choiseul and Madame Recamier were likewise present.

During this winter I renewed my intimacy with a person most worthy in all respects, and with whom I had been intimately connected in England, although he was then extremely young; this was Lord Bristol; he was residing at Paris, with the whole of his family, consisting of his charming lady and nine children. Time passed unperceived in our interviews, for I know no individual whose conversation is more agreeable or more instructive. I refused at this time to receive all those foreigners who wanted to visit me, with whom I had no intimacy in former periods, with the exception of the Duchess of Devonshire, Lord Bristol's sister, a lady eminently distinguished, (as well as her brother,) for her talents and dispositions.* At the request of the Duke, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, I also received a visit from His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester; I had several long conversations with this prince, whose sentiments were highly delightful to me; as he is at the head of several hospitals, I asked him, as a great favour, to think of establishing one that is every where wanted, and he gave me his promise; this was

* This interesting lady died in Italy, in the course of the present year, (1824.)—(*Note by the Author.*)

an hospital for ricketty and hump-backed children, because there exist infallible means of curing these deformities. One of the best modes of curing hump-backed children, is one that I discovered, which is to make them draw up a weight fixed to a pulley, precisely in the way that water is drawn up from a well. I have mentioned these exercises in the *Lessons of a Governess.** During the same interview, I also took the liberty of asking his Royal Highness several questions concerning our princes, particularly concerning *Monsieur*. He informed me in reply, that he had never had any intimate connexion with that prince, but that he had had opportunities of ascertaining *that his word was always inviolable*, and that when he had promised any thing, nothing in the world could make him fail to perform it; these were the identical words of the Duke of Gloucester. Finally, I also saw during this winter, a charming foreign lady, of whom I shall preserve the recollection so long as I live; this

* When I went to Belle Chasse, I remembered that I had heard in my youth, that *a scullion* is never hump-backed, on account of her being constantly employed in drawing water from a well, the position and exercise being sufficient to preserve her from becoming deformed, or to cure her if she were so before.—(*Note by the Author.*)

was a Polish lady, named the Countess of Zaleska; she gave me for my *garland* a pretty *bouquet* of pansies, painted by her own hand.

I sent Alfred to Brussels, where his acquirements, and the protection of his Royal Highness the Prince of Orange have obtained for him an honourable situation, and promise him happiness for the future. Anatole, my grandson, has rendered him the most important services, with all the kindness and cordiality for which he is distinguished.

I passed two summers at the château de Villers, with Rosamonde, my grand-daughter, wife of General Gérard. I met there with a lady very remarkable on her own account, and who was peculiarly so to me, by the recollections she brought to my mind; this was Madame de Berenger, daughter of my old friend, the Countess of Lannoy; she has chosen a second husband, worthy of her by his talents and religious principles. At Villers I also became acquainted with the Marquis de Livron,* one of the most obliging men I

* The Marquis de Livron had entered the Neapolitan service, and had attained the rank of Lieutenant-General, when the events of 1815 occurred. After his return to France, it was not till after long delay that his rank was recognised; after which he went to Egypt, along with General Boyer.—*(Note by the Editor.)*

ever knew, with the soundest judgment, and the most agreeable manner in private company. At Villers, I heard M. de Norvins read some fragments of a poem he had written,* and with which I was highly delighted. The author is very pleasing, and there never existed a poet, who is farther distant than he is from pretensions in company, or the slightest particle of pedantry. Finally, there I again met M. de Pontécoulant, who is both very unaffected, and very original, a rare junction of qualities; he is the person whose singular mode of travelling is alluded to in *Petrarque*. The following is the portrait I have given of M. de Pontécoulant, under the name of *Socrates*:—

"Towards the end of this winter, Petrarch received a visit which, far from troubling his solitude, increased its charms. The friend, who was dear to him as Lelius, and to whom he had given

* This poem, so remarkable for its profound ideas, majestic style, and splendid versification, has been published since; it is entitled, *L'Immortalité de l'Ame, ou les Quatre Ages Religieux*. M. de Norvins has distinguished himself as a literary character by several other works; the most eminent is his *Tableau de la Revolution Française*.—*(Editor.)*

[This author is the principal writer of the voluminous and caustic *Biographie des Contemporains*, for writing an article in which Messrs. Jay and Jouy were imprisoned.]

the name of Socrates, came and passed a month with him; this young man, passionately fond of the arts, and enriched by having succeeded to considerable property, determined to devote the first moments of liberty, which his increase of fortune procured him, to make the tour of Italy. Petrarch was astonished at seeing him arrive, according to his old custom, with his dog, alone, and on foot, his whole baggage consisting of an umbrella, and a small knapsack containing three shirts. 'What! my dear Socrates,' said Petrarch to him, 'you are now wealthy, and you do not give up the habits which poverty had forced you to adopt?'—'Yes,' said Socrates, 'because these habits will preserve advantages that riches cannot bestow, health, strength of body, and independence of mind. Fortune is inconstant, I love to defy its caprices; if it take from me what it has just now bestowed, I shall again find the means, without difficulty, of living independent of its favours.'—'But of what use will your wealth then be?'—'To assist the unfortunate, to serve my friends, receive them at my home, to obtain for them in my house all the comforts they can desire, and lastly, to cultivate the fine arts, and to protect talents in obscurity or misfortune.'—'You will have, therefore, a fine house, a number of

servants and horses?'—'Certainly, but without ostentation, merely for the sake of others. For myself, I shall carefully preserve, as long as I live, the simplicity to which I am happily accustomed. I shall enjoy the happiness, of being able at every moment, and in every situation, to be sufficient for my own wants, not to be dependent on any servant, and to do gaily without good shelter, good cheer, a bed of down, a carriage, and all the superfluities, called necessaries, by effeminacy. I shall ennoble my past poverty, by despising all those who have slighted me, and shall strengthen by exercise all the faculties I have received from nature. Thus I am going alone on foot, with my dog and my umbrella, to perform the tour of all Italy; I shall spend money only in the towns, in charity, and in purchasing pictures and statues. In this way I shall double the fortune that has fallen to me, I shall enjoy it with constant satisfaction, for it will not be able to render me effeminate; and if I lose it, I shall feel no regret.' Petrarch admired this species of philosophy, and found that his friend was well worthy of the honourable name he had given him.

"This contempt of luxury is so uncommon, and possesses such moral influence, that it may not be useless for my readers to know that the habits

attributed to Petrarch's friend, are not the offspring of imagination; and that there exists at this moment, a peer of France, who, inheriting from his ancestors a considerable fortune, that was spared by the revolution, has always been distinguished for the sentiments and mode of acting that have now been described."

The first time I went to Villers, I remained five months, and during that time wrote the *Parvenus*, of which I had fully sketched out the plan before; of all my works, it is the one, I believe, that best describes the habits of the revolution, and which offers the greatest number of interesting, natural, and varied characters.

The following winter we still resided in the Rue du Faubourg-Saint-Honoré, and there I renewed my intimacy with an old friend, Madame de St. Julien, whom I had formerly seen at Ferney, at the house of M. de Voltaire; she was my neighbour, as she resided in the *Champs Elysées;* she is ninety-two years of age, and has preserved all her physical and mental powers; she is not deaf, is upright, and walks as if she were only twenty years of age, and has the capacity, memory, and liveliness that distinguished her youth. She came to see me several times; her conversation is delightful; she gracefully reproached me *for having*

*spoken ill of her patron,* but she was not the less agreeable towards me; she is the most astonishing old lady I ever saw in my life.* Lastly, during this same winter, I was much pleased with a person I met with at the house of Madame de St. Julien, where Casimir read a comedy, in five acts, he had written, but which he never intended for the theatre, though it is charming, and written with superior talent; he has read it several times before company, by whom it has been universally admired. This evening there were about thirty persons at the house of Madame de St. Julien, amongst whom was the young Comte Astolphe de Custine, nephew of M. de Sabran, and grandson of the old friend of my youth, Madame de Custine. His pleasing figure, his demeanour, and a short conversation I had with him, after the reading of the comedy, gave me a high opinion of him, which his subsequent conduct has fully confirmed. He came to see me some days afterwards, and we had a long conversation together; he spoke to me with a confidence that deeply

* Since this was written, the decease of Madame de St. Julien, has taken place; she preserved all her recollection, asked for and took the sacraments with the most exemplary piety.—(*Note by the Author.*)

affected me; he seemed to be renewing his acquaintance with an old friend, and to be giving me an account of every thing that had happened to him during an absence of several years. With admirable sentiments, and distinguished talents, he has something wild and unsettled in his disposition; his imagination requires a guide; he has chosen me to be that guide, though he had already two, whose excellent counsels will always be dear to him, an affectionate and enlightened mother, and a tutor, still young, full of merit, who has become his best friend. He wished me to aid these two persons in settling his ideas, studies, and plans; I conceived for him a strong friendship; as I was on the eve of setting out for the country, we promised to write to each other regularly, and we kept our word.

Before I took my second journey to Villers, I endeavoured to put in execution a grand idea I had long formed in my mind; a very little time before the Russian campaign, in my correspondence with the emperor, I had proposed to him, as I have already fully stated, to get expurgated editions of several philosophical works published; a still more useful idea occurred to me, which was to do the same service to the *Encyclopédie*, that

heavy mass, and monstrous collection of all the *philosophical* errors; I shall mention this subject again in the sequel.

I had the pleasure of finding all my children assembled at Villers, with the exception of my dear Anatole; some differences about property had taken place between him and M. de Valence, which have caused, and still cause me a great deal of anxiety. From the very first, I made every effort to bring about a reconciliation. On my first arrival at Villers, I wrote to my grandson a very strong and pressing letter on the subject, reminding him that I had told him before this of all these things; I gave the letter open to General Gerard, whom I had found very moderate on this as on all other subjects; he distinctly admitted, that Anatole had very just claims; the general was delighted with my letter, sealed it himself, and gave it to his friend, General Livron, who was going to Brussels. Anatole replied to me in a most satisfactory manner, and I can truly assert, that if this business has not been settled, it has not been either from his fault or mine.

I had not seen my three great-grandchildren since they were in their cradles, and it was delightful to me on seeing them again, to find them

pretty, lovely, well brought up, walking, running, and talking. Pulcherie, the eldest daughter, is eight years of age; Antonine is seven; and Inés, five. I composed a romance in several stanzas, and a pretty long piece of poetry for Cyrus, Madame Gerard's son; I am unable to give them here, as I kept no copy, and Madame Gerard has lost hers. On the child's birthday, I had myself accompanied the romance with my harp; a very remarkable undertaking at my age. Madame de Berenger, who was present at the fête, burst into tears when she heard the verses and my harp. I wrote a great many more small pieces of verse, connected with family incidents, amongst them a romance for the birthday of Rosamonde; I also wrote verses, which I sent to Brussels, for the fête of M. de Celles, and wrote some for my grandson. I proposed to my daughter and General Gerard, to write for my grand-children a little treatise on *Botany, for the amusement of children*. I offered to write the descriptions, in the form of pretty dialogues, and to paint some of the flowers, the remainder of which were to be painted by my grand-daughter and her mother; when I reached Villers, I mentioned the proposal in all its details. About thirty plants only were required, and I said that the descriptions would form a volume; I

described the particulars of my notion, which is certainly amusing; I added, that it was a subject of gratification to me, to compose this work solely for my family, and that I would never print it; the matter was agreed upon, and I gave Rosamonde the first plant I had made, which was the *Baguenaudier*, but here the matter ended, for I was never spoken to about it afterwards. As I never give up an idea that seems pleasing to me, I shall attempt to give this little treatise *on botany* the best way I can, with the assistance of some other persons, in drawing the plants, and may, perhaps, publish it some day.* I likewise offered to write several *inscriptions* for the park of Villers, amongst the rest, for a little tomb that indicates nothing at all. But after all, a taste for the arts and literature is only a matter of accomplishment, to which in the course of my life I have perhaps attached too much value; accomplishments and the graces have had too much influence over my mind. My grand-daughters are distinguished for whatever is really worthy of praise, an irreproachable conduct, the practice of every virtue and every duty, and what ought to gladden a mother's

* I have published this little work since then, under the title of *Jeux Champêtres*, and have dedicated it to his Royal Highness the Duke of Chartres.—(*Note by the Author.*)

heart still more is, that these admirable qualities are united to great judgment and talent; at any rate, they are not destitute of that taste for the arts, which always distinguishes persons of a good mental constitution; they have not that exquisite perception of sense, which lead to eminent acquirements in music, but they love to hear music, and possess very distinguished skill in drawing and painting; Madame de Celles has besides a natural talent for architecture; the old chateau of Skiplacken has been rebuilt according to the plans she gave, and made a charming residence, while in her superintendence of the works, she displayed extraordinary management and intelligence. Rosamonde, constantly busy in making pictures and charming works, has shown the same judgment in a large farm which she has established, and she is deservedly adored at Villers, by her ingenious and unfailing charity to the poor, the aged, children, and the sick; yet I am so childish as to be sorry in my own mind, that they are not passionately fond of music nor of poetry. I offered to teach Rosamonde the rules of versification, not to make a poet of her, but to teach an acquirement necessary to every one who is well educated, and without which we cannot judge or speak even tolerably of poetry, or even read it to

others; my proposal was not accepted, and I mentioned it no more. These are things that wound maternal vanity; but there are good reasons of consolation, when all the important wishes of a mother have in other respects been realized; Rosamond, as well as her sister, may be offered to every young lady as a model of every virtue.

I wrote a great deal at Villers during this last summer; I took with me about sixty pages of *Petrarque*, and finished that work, all but the preface, which I wrote at *Carlepont*, and dated from that place, at the pressing request of my niece, who held it to be a matter of great importance; besides this, I wrote at Villers about *four hundred verses* of my *Saints et Saintes*, and also an *Essay upon the Arts*, which I wrote in a bound volume, ornamented with designs, that was intended for Alfred, and that I since gave him.

During nearly a year I was deprived of one great source of relaxation. I had no harp, for I had given mine to Alfred, that he might have two, because in a country where none are to be got, that number is requisite for an artist, in case any accident should happen to one of them. He sent me a little harp he had made, and which I had invented, the size of a fan, made merely on purpose to exercise the fingers, and I played some

passages on it every day; this was not very amusing, but as soon as my circumstances allowed me to buy a harp, I lost no time in playing as formerly, for I have always thought it senseless to lose voluntarily what has required a great deal of trouble to learn. I remained at Villers three months and a half and thence went to see my niece Henriette, at the château de Carlepont, where I remained two months and a few days. Casimir settled at *Mantes* with all his family, for the purpose of living in a retired situation that well suited his religious sentiments. At Mantes time rolls on with him as happily as it can do in this world; he devotes it to God, to the poor, prisoners, and labour. His virtuous wife participates in his sentiments and mode of life. They had the misfortune last year of losing a little boy who was an angel of beauty, and whom they have most bitterly regretted. Casimir has two daughters, the eldest of whom, Valerie, is a charming child, whose godmother I am. He has also a young lady in his house, Eliza, his wife's niece, very pious and innocent, with talents and a pleasing disposition, that add greatly to the comforts of his home.

At Carlepont I did not write much, but did scarcely any thing but read, think, reflect, and converse. My niece read to me a great many

parts of a private journal she had made of all that had happened to her, and every thing interesting she had seen, for the last fifteen years; nothing could be written with more talent and simplicity. This journal is altogether charming. Her three daughters have been educated in the most religious manner, and they are very pleasing by their innocence, their purity, and goodness of heart. Their charity towards the poor is admirable; their greatest pleasure has always consisted in assisting the poor of the village, and in attending upon the sick. They are all three of a pleasing figure and brilliant complexion; I have always observed the same to be the case with the *sœurs grises*, which seems to prove that the atmosphere of fevers and disease is never contagious for Christian charity. My niece and her three daughters spend whole hours every day in the cottages, shut up with the sick and the dying, and not only is their health not impaired, but the whole four have, as I have already stated, the utmost healthiness of look and complexion. During my stay at Carlepont, I gave lessons daily to the two eldest daughters on the rules of versification, which they learned in perfection. It was the only thing I had not taught Henriette, as she had no inclination to learn it; but what is singular is, that she resolved to learn

it now along with her daughters, and succeeded so well that she wrote very beautiful verses; her two daughters likewise composed well. Emma, the eldest, performed a very affecting action seven or eight months ago; while sitting with her sister Mathilde beside a stove, her sister's clothes took fire; without running off for assistance, Emma threw herself on her to extinguish the flames, and succeeded, but only after burning her hands in such a shocking manner that she was ill for six weeks in consequence, and during eight days it was thought she would lose the use of them altogether; as long as she lives her hands will retain the honourable marks of this action; she saved her sister from being burned in the slightest degree.

Carlepont is a charming situation, by the salubrity of the air, the beautiful prospects round it, the extent of its gardens, the beauties of the château, and the delightful nature of the environs; my niece is adored, and is worthy of it by her unbounded charity. The more M. de Finguerlin is known, the more he is esteemed; I had never seen much of him hitherto, and was delighted with him during my residence here; his sentiments are elevated, and his company mild and interesting. I am fond of conversation when it is

free and agreeable, and in this respect I found great satisfaction at Carlepont; I there spent delightful evenings which I shall not easily forget. I met with a young man of distinguished merit, a Swiss, named M. de Zollikoffer, who has always lived in retirement, yet one would judge by his tact, the charms of his conversation, his language and manners, that he had spent his life in the very best company; without any private fortune, he became director of a woollen manufactory, established at Carlepont by M. de Finguerlin; he is very clever and extremely well informed, and far from looking down upon the occupations of the workmen, he participates in their toils during the greatest part of the day with an assiduity, activity, and intelligence I could not sufficiently admire, when I heard him conversing so sensibly on every subject in the evening, and fancied him busy in the manufactory, animating the workmen by his example, or sitting upon a waggon in the dress of a mechanic driving bags of wool.

I cannot leave Carlepont without noticing a real miracle that took place there. There is nothing to be said concerning facts that no one can possibly deny; I shall state the circumstances without comment: a country girl, about twenty years of age, called Seraphine, had lost the use of her

leg and thigh for five years; she could only walk on crutches, and required besides a person to support her back, as it had become so weak that she could not stand up without assistance; every remedy had been tried in vain, and my niece had brought from Senlis, and even from Paris, all sorts of physicians, who had all declared her incurable; at length she said that she was certain of being cured if she could be taken to *Notre-Dame* de Liesse, fifteen leagues from Carlepont: my niece paid the expences of her journey, and she was put into a cart along with her sister to hold her up, while her father drove the cart; when they reached the end of their journey, she raised a cry of joy on seeing the steeple of Notre-Dame de Liesse, and said that she felt her leg recovering its animation; in short, she came down from the cart *by herself*, took her crutches in her hand, and ran with them to the church, where she offered them up at the altar. On the day that she returned to Carlepont, my niece was at dinner with M. de Finguerlin, Admiral Sercey, her uncle, and his family, when the tocsin was heard all at once; the whole village was in an uproar, for Seraphine was seen coming forward and running to the church; nothing can picture the enthusiasm of the villagers, of my niece, and her daughters, at

seeing this miraculous interposition; next day the priest sung *Te Deum* as a thanksgiving, people from all the surrounding villages assembled, and the priest's confessional was crowded with penitents; he had the consolation of seeing within his confessional men who, perverted by the revolution, had never come near it for more than thirty years. When I arrived at Carlepont, I saw with great interest this young woman (who had been cured for nine months) walking and running in the park. These are facts that are undeniable; infidels have nothing to say in reply but that *she was cured by the force of imagination.*

At Carlepont I reflected deeply upon the state of religion in France: there certainly exists a strong advance towards religious feelings, but there is also a powerful conspiracy against it; in general the journals that are called liberal, repeat anew all the attacks on this subject that were made by the philosophers of the last age; they have neither their talents nor their learning, but they preserve their impiety entire; irreligion has no pillars, but it has *pillories*; it would not be difficult to overthrow them, but the plan adopted is defective; the royalist journals very often contain excellent things that are spoiled by personal scurrility. I have laid out the plan of a journal I

intend to write,* and besides I wish to publish a part of the revised editions which I had proposed to the emperor to print, without giving up my intention relative to the *Encyclopedié*; I am talking of numerous plans and long labours, but if God thinks them fit, in spite of my age, he will give me the time, the means, and the strength to put them in execution.

I never lost sight of the intention I had so long formed of entering into a convent at Paris, but I could find no apartment empty; I hoped to obtain one in a few months, and resolved while at Carlepont to spend in the interval a month or six weeks at Paris to arrange my affairs, and then to enter a convent if I found an opporrtunity, or to go to Mantes and pass the winter.

* This I have done. I had mentioned my intention to seven or eight persons, who, with the best intentions promised to aid me gratuitously, but who could not fulfil their promise from various avocations, so that I was all at once forced to undertake the whole labour myself; but it would not do, I was obliged to give it up, at the very moment it was most successful. Besides this, I ascertained afterwards that no journal, however agreeable it may be, can be permanently successful unless it be published daily: it must become a morning habit for every subscriber. The articles I have written in this journal will be collected amongst my miscellaneous works. I trust that they will not be found either ordinary or tiresome.—*(Note by the Author.)*

*Petrarque* appeared towards the close of my stay at Carlepont; none of my works have been more successful with the public and in private society. The journals, both liberal and royalist, according to their usual custom, either did not notice it at all, or mentioned it very spitefully, in a very brief manner, and without quoting any part of it; yet those that noticed it (amongst the rest the *Journal des Debats* is an article written by M. Hoffman) whatever their party was, all agreed in saying that I had attained in this work *the highest perfection of style;* this opinion required surely some quotations to be given, but not one was inserted. The writers of the liberal journals are hostile towards me, because I love religion, and am making incessant attacks against pretended philosophers. Petty envy and trifling literary quarrels, old and new, my independence of mind, and the aversion I have always felt from engaging myself in the trammels of party, have also made the royalist journals display constant ill will towards me. They support the cause of religion, and it is astonishing that they should have omitted to notice a work so religious as *Petrarch,* and which has produced so strong a sensation, while they are continually praising works of little or no merit whatever; such are the

marks of injustice I have been constantly exposed to during the whole course of my long literary career; I have had neither *eulogists* nor *defenders;* on the contrary, all parties have at every period been combined against me, and I have been obliged to endure besides a great many private attacks of ill-will and envy; among the persons that loved me, not one single individual has had the courage to take up a pen in my defence. I can truly say, that as an author, I have reason to complain of every one, except the public. This singular phrase is a faithful epitome of my literary life; and I ought to be more grateful for the continued favour of the public, that I am indebted for it to my works alone. I can bear this testimony in my own favour, that I have never written but with a moral and religious end in view, that I have never written a single criticism against my conscience, and that I have never spoken severely but of what I thought pernicious or dangerous. I believe that I am the only author among us, who, after writing so much, and during such a length of time, has never been inconsistent with himself. I am also the first author who conceived the idea of always presenting religious instruction in a dramatic and romantic form. During the period in which I have lived, it was impossible to produce

any effect upon men of the world by books of *morals* or *treatises on morality;* argument, even had it been of the most profound and conclusive nature, would not have produced such a strong impression against false philosophy as the reasoning of my novels and romances; there are assuredly no arguments that can demonstrate the horrible consequences of philosophical principles so well, as the scene (which has been so much noticed) that I have placed in the *Parvenus*, in which my hero, after having been present for the first time at a horrible sitting of the Jacobin club, maintains to his friend that he found them *very moderate*, because, as disciples of the philosophers, they are infinitely more moderate than their masters, which he proves by a great number of quotations that are enough to make one shudder, and that are so undeniable that the modern disciples of Voltaire, Diderot, and Helvetius have never complained of the criticism. Finally, I believe that no literary character has more fully or correctly described the manners of the eighteenth century, and those of the present age; has given a juster idea of the habits of the court, and that of the people in the first ranks of society; or presented more varied and better supported characters.

As to my influence, I firmly believe that it has

been useful to religion; and that by a particular favour of providence, my feeble hand has struck some formidable blows against false philosophy: I flatter myself with having exercised a fortunate influence upon public and private education, more particularly in the study of modern languages, which I rendered fashionable, the use of games and amusements, the exercises of children and youth, of which I gave the first notions in my *Lessons of a Governess.* The public are also indebted to me for the total abolition of the fairy tales that formed part of the works allowed to be read by children and young people growing up to maturity. The tale that is contained in the *Veillées du Château,* and which I entitled (forty years ago) *the magic of art and nature,* has shown that the true *marvellous* which is to be found in the works of the Creator infinitely surpasses all the inventions of the wildest imagination; and this tale has also inspired youth in general with a taste for the most beautiful and most attractive of all sciences, that of natural history, a science in which the most useful, as well as the most brilliant discoveries are founded, and consequently all the magical influence of the fine arts, and even of the arts of common life. In a word, I think I have successfully attacked bad taste of every species,

and in literature, more particularly, affectation, redundancy, neologism, and bombast.

I left Carlepont on the last day of November 1819; as M. de Valence had offered me numberless invitations to reside with him within the last eighteen months, I sought hospitality from him, which he granted with every possible degree of kindness; one reason that determined me to take this step, was the hope of being able to prevent a law-suit between him and my grandson. I had no intention of remaining more than ten or twelve days, but as the business was not making much progress, I staid a much longer time, and settled nothing after all.

At the beginning of the year 1820, the Countess de Choiseul (by birth Princess of Beaufremont) sent me the most ingenious and delightful present I ever received in my life; it was a gilt writing-desk of bronze, of magnificent workmanship, and bearing a little time-piece surmounted by a bronze figure seated and holding *a gold book*, in which were engraved these words *Works of Genlis, Petrarch and Laura.* When the lid is lifted up, is seen a most splendid and most beautiful writing-desk, at the foot of which these pretty verses are inscribed:

La douce utilité d'une telle lecture,
Ainsi que ce cadran qu'elle semble hâter,
Suivra le cours des temps, et d'une gloire pure
Marquera les progrès, sans jamais s'arrêter.

The beautiful form, the fine proportions, the good taste of the ornaments, and the charms and utility of the invention, render this present truly unique, and the ingenious kindness that invented it for me gives it inestimable value in my eyes; I sent her the following lines on the subject:

Dans le tracas du nouvel an,
Je rêve en paix devant mon écritoire,
Les yeux fixés sur mon joli cadran;
Ce don si précieux retrace à ma mémoire
Tout ce qui peut charmer mon esprit et mon cœur;
De la marche du temps la redoutable image
Ne m'offre qu'un cercle enchanteur,
Sans effroi, je songe à mon âge:
La jeunesse est dans le bonheur!
Ah! sur mes derniers jours quel est donc votre empire,
Mes travaux maintenant me paraîtront si doux!
Je ne puis compter l'heure et je ne puis écrire,
Sans désormais penser à vous.

It was also Madame de Choiseul who gave me in the course of the following year a remarkable *fire-screen*, the short history of which I shall give in this place. She had asked me to give her a

hand fire-screen of my own making; I found in an old book what is called the *magic square*, forming the number *fifteen* in every direction; I made the numbers in gold, and surrounded them by crowns of flowers; I adorned the whole with a garland, and on the opposite side of the screen I wrote the following lines:

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 4 | 9 | 2 |
| 3 | 5 | 7 |
| 8 | 1 | 6 |

Quinze est un nombre que je hais,
Et cette aversion ne changera jamais;
Ce quarré savant et magique
N'offre rien à l'esprit qui lui plaise, ou le pique.
Il faut convenir qu'à *quinze* ans
On est communément jolie;
Mais toujours la fin du printemps
En est la plus belle partie.
A vingt-cinq ans on aime mieux:
C'est l'âge brillant de la vie,
Lorsqu'il n'est pas trop orageux.

Sur un grand tapis vert, sur une table ronde,
Les cartes attirant et tout fixant tout le monde,
Quinze peut quelquefois paraître un nombre heureux ;
Mais cependant la fortune inhumaine
Rend le *quinze* un jeu désastreux :
Ce nombre encore alors n'excite que ma haine.
D'un quinze-vingt que le sort est affreux !
Souvent dans la vieillesse, hélas ! on doit s'attendre
A ce destin si rigoureux,
Et qui seroit pour moi doublement malheureux ;
J'aime à vous regarder ainsi qu'à vous entendre.
Vous le savez, mon plaisir le plus doux
Est de vous voir chaque semaine :*
Jugez de mon chagrin, figurez-vous ma peine,
Quand je vous donne un rendez-vous,
D'être remise à la *quinzaine !*

After receiving this screen, Madame de Choiseul gave me one, which her kindness made too flattering, but which is so ingenious that I ought to mention it here out of vanity for her; one side contained the *magic square* and my verses, surrounded by a garland of ever-greens and oak leaves, bearing gall-nuts, with which ink is made; the other side bore the reply, (which will be seen presently,) surrounded by a garland of small laurel crowns that were *forty* in number, in each crown was written in small letters the titles of one or

* Tous les demanches, au soir.

more of my works, so that the fifty crowns contained the catalogue of them all.

The reply was as follows:

Ce nombre quinze, qui des ans
Est l'époque la plus jolie,
N'est pas non plus l'un des instans
Que je préfère dans ma vie;
Bien avant je vous admirois
Et c'est aimer quand l'âme est pure;
Depuis, vous voyant de plus prés,
J'ai reconnu que la nature
S'étoit, en vous formant, pour ne rien oublier,
Soumise à beaucoup plus qu'à trois fois *quintupler*
Les grâces, les droits qu'elle donne,
Et que rarement on pardonne;
Car, pour mieux vous servir, elle aura morcelés
Ces beaux esprits, peut-être, en un corps rassemblés,
Qu'aprés un triple quinze on comte:
Mais comme vraiment j'aurois honte
D'oser exagérer où tout est vérité,
C'est bien exactement le *tiers de quinze* ôté,
Mille talens divers sont joints à ce génie,
Qui nourrit la jeunesse et consume l'envie;
Ah! qu'il est malheureux celui qu'elle poursuit,
Qui, jaloux du plaisir auquel il est réduit,
Repoussant la raison, craignant son assistance,
Vous hait, pour échapper à la reconnoissance!
Oui, plus à plaindre encor qu'un pauvre *quinze-vingt*
Qui du moins sent, bénit la main qui le soutient,
Il endurcit son cœur, il ferme son oreille!
Que je sais mieux jouir! heureuse dès la vielle,

Quand accourant chez vous, ainsi qu'il m'est permis,
Ce jour heureux de la semaine,
Attendu, désiré, hélas! parfois remis
A l'interminable *quinzaine*.
Qu'avec orgueil je sais que vous daignez compter,
Qu'il m'est plus doux encor de vous voir redouter:
Enfin, bien installée à la place chérie,
De vos soins indulgens, enchantée, enhardie.
Est-on plus heureuse a *quinzeans?*
Non, les attraits les plus puissans
Ne pourroient procurer ces heures fortunées,
Et cet entier obli du temps,
Qui charment nos longues soirées;
Mais un regret les suit, puisqu'il faut les finir,
On s'arrache, on revient, on se sent retenir;
Je l'éprouve toujours; alors que l'on m'appelle,
Qu'on m'a dit *quinze* fois, dont en vain j'ai frémi:
Partez donc, il est tard, laissez reposer celle
Dont l'esprit seul n'aura jamais dormi.

At the commencement of this year I was very happy in seeing once more Astolphe de Custine; our friendship increased during our separation; he wrote me very charming letters, containing fine verses of his own composition on various subjects, but chiefly religious. I feel a strong interest in the happiness of this young man from the name he bears, from his noble sentiments, the liveliness of his imagination, and the extent and originalty of his understanding. He sent me a charming *blank*

*book of recollections, (souvenirs,)* the two first pages of which contain a pretty landscape, and some verses of his own that allude to confidential communications which he made to me. The verses are as follows:—

L'amour affronte la tempête,
Et l'insensé, dans son orgueil,
Malgré l'orage qui s'apprête,
Veut encore braver l'écueil.

Crains le doux penchant qui t'entraîne,
Amour, fuis un espoir trompeur;
Cède à l'amitié qui t'enchaîne,
Pour te rendre le vrai bonheur.

L'amitié, passion du sage,
Résiste au temps qui nous détruit:
C'est un abri pendant l'orage,
C'est un flambeau pendant la nuit.

Elle attend le cœur, qui s'égare:
Corrigeant, mais avec douceur,
Sa main bienfaisante répare
Et les fautes et le malheur.

As I still persevered in my intention of publishing corrected editions, with critical notes, of the *Emile* of Rousseau, the *Siecle de Louis XIV.* and the *Siecle de Louis XV.* of Voltaire, I was ardently occupied in

putting my design in execution since I returned from the country, and had at this period completed my revisal of the *Emile*. That work, which contains so much dangerous sophistry and so many impious passages, mingled with some lofty praises of religion, that work, I say, has corrupted an infinite number of inexperienced fathers and directors of education. More than thirty-five years had elapsed since I had read it; I had forgotten it altogether, and was greatly astonished when I read it again; the experience I had acquired made its extravagance and inconsistency inexcusable in my eyes; it is in every sense a very bad work, is in general badly written, with the exception of a very small number of passages; the style is negligent, incorrect, and diffuse; and in short I do not know a more tiresome book. I have expunged from it every thing that is contrary to religion and morality; and in the notes I continually attack the innumerable inconsistencies it contains, and the system of extravagance and folly he plans out for his chimerical pupil; the work would never have made a noise, had it not been extravagant. But this extravagance, as I have said in another work, thirty-six years ago, was not without design; to great talent Rousseau added profound cunning; he knew and adopted the unfailing

means of obtaining universal success in his own time. Thomas, the academician had put redundancy of style in fashion, and Rousseau carried it to a still greater length, and made it altogether ridiculous in *Emile*, particularly in *the declarations of love of the innocent and modest Sophie;* and the common run of young men call that *elevation* of style, *warmth* of feeling, and *energy* of mind; he showed himself enthusiastic respecting women, and they almost all took him under their protection; religious people pardoned his scepticism and real impiety for the sake of some religious passages they were proud to show. Rousseau would not decidedly join with the philosophical party, because he could not bend to a leader, and because, in his own conscience, he sincerely despised the disgusting cynicism, and the impudence of their dogmatical assertions; but yet, he observed great precautions towards the sect, for independent of the impious passages he wrote, he gave his hero incurable atheism when he held him up as the best, most honourable, and most virtuous of mankind! . . . . . Such is M. de Volmar in the *Nouvelle Hèloïse!* yet the same Rousseau has said over and over again in others of his works, that the atheist who should maintain that he could not, if he had it in his power, commit *the most atrocious crimes*

for the smallest object of his desires, would be a *liar!** . . . . The same Rousseau has also said: *Keep your soul in such a state that you may be desirous of religion proving true, and you will never doubt it.* It was in this way that he pleased every one, and that every party tolerated his boundless inconsistency without complaint. As to the genius he is allowed to have, he has not more than the rest of the infidels; all the best parts of *Emile* are taken servilely from Montaigne and Balzac;† and genius cannot possibly be shown in contact with such innumerable inconsistences, and consequently with the total incapacity of forming a good plan; while the same author has written novels, all equally destitute of imagination and of ingenious and original ideas.

Casimir came to see me twice at the commencement of my stay with M. de Valence in the Rue Pigale. His conduct at Mantes is superior to the utmost of my desires; but it was not from him that I learned the particulars of it. No one can

* Rousseau has stolen from Richardson, in copying the characters of Julie and Claire, from Clarissa and Miss Howe. It is true, however, that in making them his own, he has entirely spoiled their beauty.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† In one of my latest works I have given the whole of this passage.—(*Note by the Author.*)

have a greater aversion to boast of his good actions; and if his diversified occupations did not prevent him reading these memoirs, and if, at any rate I had not ordered that not a word of my writing should be omitted, I am very certain that he would expunge from it almost every thing that relates to himself. I only learned the particulars of his conduct at Mantes from the Duchess of Bourbon, who received her information from a friend of hers residing in that place, (the Countess de la Saumez.) The Duchess of Bourbon felt great interest in Casimir's fortunes, and asked that lady for information respecting him; the answer she received seemed to her so remarkable that she was sure it would afford me pleasure, and sent it to me; the letter contained long details of the exemplary conduct of Casimir and his wife and all that he had done for some criminals, condemned to death; and the courage and humanity he displayed in a fire that took place. After this occurrence, Casimir came twice from Mantes to Paris, and never said a word to me about the matter. As I am bound to respect his modesty, I shall say nothing more on the subject, but merely add that such examples are more particularly useful and praise-worthy in early life.

Notwithstanding my varied labours and occupa-

tions, I found an opportunity of writing a small private work, which I wrote with my own hand, in a book bound in morocco, and ornamented with designs and illustrations of my own. This manuscript consists of one hundred pages in a very small hand, and would form about three hundred duodecimo pages in print; it is entitled, *Essay on the Fine Arts.* I believe that it contains some original ideas, particularly respecting instrumental music; I wrote it off-hand, and kept no copy. The cause of my writing this work was as follows:—A servant girl had broken the fine harp that Alfred had taken with him, and he had sent it to Paris to be mended by M. Errard; I wrote to him that I would pay the repairs and all other expences, when his letter of thanks was so feelingly grateful, that I resolved on making him a very fine present of the same kind, by buying a superb demi-toned harp of the new improvement of Errard, on which every possible kind of modulation can be performed as on the piano. A harp of this kind costs a hundred louis, and as I had them not, I formed the idea of writing the book I have just mentioned, and of offering it to Errard in payment, who accepted it without difficulty; but as Madame de Choiseul thought I could obtain a larger sum for Alfred's advantage, she conceived the idea of proposing it

to the Comte de Sommariva, the well known munificent and enlightened amateur; to make sure of my proposal being accepted, I thought of adding to the book a *picturesque catalogue* of his fine collection of paintings. With her usual affection towards me, Madame de Choiseul engaged to arrange the business for me, through the intermedium of the Marquise de Grollier, a friend of M. de Sommariva, who wrote to him in Italy to make my proposal. I waited for his answer, which was extremely favourable, and I then sent to Alfred the old harp well repaired, and a beautiful semitoned new one, so that as I had formerly given my own harp up to him, he had now three of the first quality, free of every expense. I was very happy in sending him this present, knowing that by his application, and his genius for mechanics, he had acquired skill enough, in a very short time, to make all the most complicated inventions of Errard.

Anatole de Montesquiou had already shown me a great many pretty fables, and in the course of this year he astonished me by reading to me some fragments of a tragedy he had just finished, entitled *Vanda, Queen of Poland.* There is really a great deal of beauty in this piece, and I anticipate with lively satisfaction, the well merited celebrity

that the young author will undoubtedly acquire; my strong friendship for him will make me feel deeply every success he may obtain.

At this period, Madame de Choiseul took me to see Madame Lebrun, whose delightful works I highly admired; I knew that she was about to make a painting of St. Geneviève for a church, and was very anxious that I should give her the verses I had written concerning that saint, which are not to be found in the *Almanack des Saints*, which I published this year; I gave them to her, with the addition of an envoi addressed to her. The verses on St. Geneviève, and the envoi, were as follow:—

SAINTE GENEVIÈVE.

Prier Dieu, garder ses troupeaux,
Filer, rêver, contempler la nature,
Se reposer sur la verdure
Avec sa croix et ses fuseaux:
Tels furent ses plaisirs, tels furent ses travaux!
Innocente et simple bergère,
A l'abri des méchans que ton sort fut heureux!
Combien doit t'envier, à son heure dernière,
Le mondain, ou l'ambitieux!

ENVOI A Mme LEBRUN.

J'ai parlé de ses mœurs, j'ai parlé de sa vie:
Mais pour la peindre il faudroit vos couleurs,

Et de vos pinceaux enchanteurs
La douce et brillante magie ;
Ma main n'a pu tracer qu'un dessin imparfait,
Et vous nous offrirez un ravissant portrait.

A few days afterwards, I learned the execrable crime, that deprived France of a prince worthy of being beloved, and the fine arts of a generous protector; his death was sublime! The magnanimity, affecting sensibility, the piety, and unostentatious courage he displayed in his last moments, cannot be inspired, unless by the purest sentiments of religion, which developes and ennobles at this trying moment, every elevated sentiment; for, as one of our most eloquent orators has said, "Great souls seemed formed for religion." This horrid event, and all the circumstances that accompanied it, gave me such a shock, produced such emotion and horror in my mind, that my health was sensibly impaired; General Valence, my children, my pupils, and my friends, all participated in my feelings on this subject, and during more than a fortnight, we could speak of nothing else; every thing we heard increased our regret, our profound sorrow, and our admiration for the august widow of the unfortunate prince. Consternation was general among the lower classes, and indeed in every class; innumerable instances

of goodness, hitherto unknown, were discovered, as well as the most affecting actions of the unfortunate prince; his funeral oration was thus composed of facts and interesting anecdotes, that were in the mouth of every one, and to which eloquence could add nothing; the tears and groans of the crowds of poor that surrounded the Elisée-Bourbon, were more eloquent than the addresses of the greatest orators could have been.

The celebrated Dupuytren, and the other surgeons who opened the body, said, that so far as regarded the *anatomical* effects, it was impossible he could survive the mortal stroke he had received for more than a few minutes. Yet he survived six hours and a half, with his recollection and presence of mind entire, till the very last moment. It was a miracle of divine grace. M. Dupuytren, who has seen an infinite deal of suffering and death, never observed any thing so striking and so sublime, and was so much affected by it, that from that moment his piety has been equally lively and sincere. I was informed of this fact, by a person who sees him almost daily. On this occasion, the Duchess of Berry displayed a sensibility and an elevation of mind, that gained her every heart. The grief of the whole of the royal family was very affecting.

Mademoiselle d'Orleans, whom I had the honour of seeing a few days after this horrible catastrophe, was very deeply affected by it, as well as the Duke of Orleans; they both related to me numberless interesting circumstances of the death and sublime sentiments of the Duke of Berry; his piety was that of a saint, his courage, that of a hero. The ladies of the duchess, who were collected at the fatal moment, were in their court dresses, as they had just left a ball, and covered with flowers and spangles; in these dresses they surrounded the bed of the dying prince, and the white gown of the duchess, adonred with roses, was steeped with blood; and even the princesses had their clothes bespattered. Immediately adjoining this scene of horror, the opera was going on all the while; in the small saloon to which the unfortunate prince was first of all conveyed, when a door was opened for the admission of air, the orchestra and the singing were heard distinctly.

M. de Chateaubriand had the kindness to send me a pamphlet he had made very rapidly after the death of the Duc de Berri. This interesting writing will always remain a valuable document, by the facts it contains, and by the talent and pure principles and intentions, which have already distinguished all the former works of the same

writer; at the time of its publication, I reproached him only with having omitted an admirable occurrence, that took place in the life of her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême.*

M. Dupuytren likewise wrote an excellent account of that tragical event, which is highly honourable to his super-eminent skill, his talents, his heart, and even to his literary acquirements, but it has not been published. With the most attentive politeness, M. Dupuytren was so good as to send me two copies of it.

In the course of this year, the poems of M. de

* This incident is of too sublime a character to be omitted here: the Abbé Edgeworth, the virtuous confessor of Louis XVI., after assisting with admirable zeal, some French republican prisoners, in their dying moments, caught the contagious disease with which they were attacked. Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Angoulême, who was on the spot, asked and obtained permission from the duke to go immediately to attend upon the worthy ecclesiastic, who had risked his life in giving our august and unfortunate king the last consolations of religion; it required great piety and strength of mind not to refuse such a request, but his Royal Highness did not hesitate a moment. Notwithstanding the imminent danger she was exposed to of catching a contagious and mortal disease, the duchess hastened at once to the Abbé Edgeworth, and attended him with all the assiduity and affection that could be inspired by a piety at once angelic and filial. The abbé died, but the duchess preserved her health unimpaired.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Lamartine were published. * That young man was only twenty-six years of age; his conduct is as amiable as his talents are distinguished: he is the grandson of Madame Desrois, formerly under

* Virgil and Racine are, perhaps, the only two poets whose works have not displayed those inequalities, those defective passages, and, if I may so express myself, those indications of fatigue, that seem to show that genius requires repose and tranquillity. "Where I find a great many beauties," says Horace, "I am not offended with some defects." The poetry of M. de Lamartine gives me this happy indifference. In his letter to M. Casimir Delavigne, there is doubtless something that requires correction, but I have forgotten it, while the following verses remain engraved on my memory:—

D'un ton plus familier, d'une voix plus touchante,
Je voulois te parler et voilà que je chante.
Ainsi quand sur les bords du lac qui m'est sacré,
Séduit par la douceur de son flot azuré,
Ouvrant, d'un doigt distrait, l'anneau qui la captive,
J'abandonne ma barque à l'onde qui dérive,
Je ne veux que raser, dans mon timide cours,
De ses golfes rians les flexibles contours,
Et sous le vert rideau des saules du bocage,
Glisser en dérobant quelques fleurs au rivage,
Mais du vent qui s'élève un soufle inaperçu
Badine avec ma voile et l'enfle à mon insu;
Le flot silencieux, sur la liquide plaine,
Pousse insensiblement la barque qui m'entraîne.
L'onde fuit, le jour tombe; et, réveillé trop tard,
Je vois le bord lointain fuir devant mon regard.

(*Note by the Editor.*)

governess of my pupils, who were only placed under her care in their infancy.* The old Countess de Rochambeau was their governess; and Madame Desrois was exposed to a great many troubles under her command. She came to relate her chagrin to me, which I was always so fortunate as to remove, by mentioning the subject of it to the Duchess of Chartres. At that time Madame Desrois showed the liveliest gratitude towards me; and I have done nothing since that could have changed her goodwill; private reasons of dissatisfaction have not prevented my feeling strong interest in the fortunes of her grandson. I had even the honour to speak to Mademoiselle D'Orleans concerning him, and to mention that it was worthy of her to protect him by every means in her power: that amiable and feeling princess had already made several efforts to obtain him a place in an embassy.†

* The princes only were put under her care, as Mademoiselle d'Orleans and her twin sister were not a year old when they were put into my hands according to my express desire, though the constant practice hitherto was not to give the princesses a governess till they were fourteen or fifteen years of age.—(*Note by the Author.*)

† M. de Lamartine was afterwards attached to the embassy at Naples; and has been very recently appointed secretary of embassy at Florence.—(*Editor.*)

As to the poetry of M. de Lamartine—it displays wit, talent, fine versification, and religious sentiments; but the subject of his *Meditations* is common and trivial, for we hear of nothing but the regret produced by the death of an *adored mistress;* the regrets of Young, (in his *Night Thoughts,*) for the death of his daughter, are more natural and affecting! Besides this, M. de Lamartine does not belong to a good school; and we find in his *Meditations* too many ambitious verses and improper phrases. It would be desirable that a young man who has shown such happy inclinations, and a soul so full of sensibility, should consider of more importance two things, that are necessary to secure the permanent fame of literary works; correctness of language and perspicuity. In the fine verses of M. de Lamartine, there are unfortunately a great many incorrect expressions, such as this, for instance: *Des pas rêveurs (dreaming steps);* and there is one of his *Meditations,* that is complete in itself, and which is nothing but a horrid blasphemy against Providence: the impious allegations it contains, are triumphantly refuted in the following *Meditation;* but he should have placed the refutation beside the blasphemy, and not in a separate piece of poetry. I am well persuaded that my praise

will not make my critical remarks be forgiven; for they will prove more disagreeable to the author of these beautiful *Meditations,* because they cannot be attributed to ill-will, or be satisfactorily answered.

M. de Lamartine has often read his poems in private company; and the things I condemn have never failed to receive applause, for this always happens in company where obscurity of style, and often the most glaring incorrectness of language are taken for the sublime. This reminds me of what I have already said concerning M. de La Harpe, which I shall once more notice. That author read his *Mélanie* in all companies, and excited universal enthusiasm by the very worst passages it contains, which the ladies recited with delight. While mentioning some nuns, who seclude themselves for ever in a cloister, he says, at the moment of their entry—

"La tombe se referme, et l'on y meurt long-temps."

If he had said that a long agony is suffered, the thought would have been too common to strike any one; but, *they are long dying,* seemed an original expression, because no one had ever been so extravagantly absurd as to say that death, which is but a moment, is of *long duration;* yet the verse

was reckoned admirable. Such were the opinions of society since the publication of the *Eloges* of Thomas, so beautiful in some respects, but often so bombastic, and for that very reason so much eulogised and admired at the time. Complaints were made of neologism and bombast, a few years after the death of Louis XIV; and Fontenelle and Lamothe were justly attacked for this defect. In a very curious old work, entitled *Dictionnaire Neologique*, printed in 1728, I find the following verses, that are equally applicable to the present day:

"Toute langue aujourd'hui devient énigmatique;
On entend peu le grec, assez peu le latin:
Je crains pour le français un semblable destin;
A force de chercher quelque chose qui pique,
Du nouveau, du brillant, ou bien du gracieux,
On donne dans l'obscur, le faux, le précieux:
Et souvent l'orateur, plus souvent le poëte,
Dans son propre pays a besoin d'interprète,
Qui puisse expliquer au lecteur
Ce qu'a voulu dire l'auteur."

Anatole de Montesquiou published a pretty little collection of his poems, and in the copy he sent me wrote the following lines:

"J'ai vu, dans vos écrits charmans,
"Que l'art de vivre heureux est le secret du sage;
"Je leur dois ma raison, mes goûts, mes sentimens:
"Mon cœur vous devoit cet hommage."

Several months before this period I had finished my corrected editions of *Emile*, the *Age of Louis XIV.*, and the *Abridgment of the Age of Louis XV.* by Voltaire. I wished merely to purge these works of their irreligious passages, and to make them fit for the perusal of young directors of education, and young men entering the world without being exposed to have their judgment, heart, and understanding corrupted by the impudent falsehoods, the sophistry, and the impiety they contain: in these revised editions I have not inserted a single phrase of my own in the text, and have taken good care not to expunge their glaring inconsistencies and falsehoods, which can do no harm. I clearly foresaw the renewed animosity that these editions would rouse up against me; but I believed I was performing a useful and religious action, and with this conviction, nothing can discourage me. I likewise made some notes to an admirable work, in a thick octavo volume, containing more than six hundred pages, which had fallen into oblivion for fifty years before. The philosophers crushed it at its birth, and never noticed it in their writings, because they felt its superiority. I had never heard of it myself, and even when I wrote my work on religion, it was the Chevalier d'Harmensen, so well known for his learning and

talent, that made it known to me, and brought me a copy: the book is entitled *Catechisme-Philosophique, où Recueil d'Observations propres à defendre la Religion Chretienne contre ses ennemis,* by the Abbé Flexier de Reval.

I intend, with the permission of God, to add the following works to my revised editions:—*Charles XII.* and *Peter the Great,* of Voltaire; the *Essay on the Manners of Nations,* by the same; and the *Political and Philosophical History of the European Settlements in the East and West Indies,* by the Abbé Raynal. I began my task of revision by the *Essay on the Manners of Nations;* but after reading it, I found the work so disagreeable, poor, and heavy from beginning to end, and so full of errors, blunders, and falsehoods, that I gave up for ever the idea of purging it. I thought justly that such a detestable work could never be reprinted unless in a complete edition of the author's works; and that at any rate, no bookseller or speculator would be so mad as to offer it to the public anew. I have not yet had time to write notes to *Charles XII.* and *Peter the Great;* the first of these works is pleasant to read, though the style is often very careless, and the book contains so many contradictory statements, so much incorrectness and falsehood, that

it is in general much more of a romance than a history. As to *Peter the Great*, the partisans even of Voltaire admit that it is a failure; yet no subject could be more happy, for the hero was without a parallel; he was in politics and literarature what the great Corneille was in our legislation: the fortunate founder of an immense empire, he secured its glory and prosperity, by rescuing it from barbarism; a wonderful legislator, who gave laws to nations hitherto uncontrolled; he enlightened the minds of his people, plunged in thick darkness; he made industry rise out of the bosom of idleness, and knew at one and the same moment how to teach, to fight, to conquer and to reign. In Voltaire's history, there is neither characteristic features, greatness of soul, pleasing descriptions, nor in fact any thing that it ought to have contained. This work still remains to be written, and every respectable writer may undertake it without the least presumption.

I finished my revision of the Abbé Raynal's history, before the *Journal des Debats* had called upon men of letters to undertake that great and useful work; I have executed it with all the attention and deliberation in my power; I have added an immense number of notes, which I have had time to read over again, and to reflect upon,

and with which I confess that I feel satisfied. I have not published this work; but I will recur to it more fully in the sequel of these memoirs.

During this winter, my *Essay on the Fine Arts* was read at the house of Madame de Grollier, in presence of thirty persons, from the manuscript which M. de Sommariva left in the hands of Madame de Grollier, till he should return to Paris. This work was greatly admired; it was read by M. de Vimeux, who is considered to be an accomplished reader. What is peculiar to this work, is that I not only wrote but one copy, but never made any correction, as I wrote it in a bound blank book; to return the confidence of M. de Sommariva, I could have wished that it had been a masterpiece of talent.

I went with Madame de Choiseul, to pay a visit to Madame de Grollier. It is very afflicting to me that such a charming lady, with such eminent acquirements, should be blind; she is the only painter of flowers, without exception, who has been able to display in her works, talents, feeling, and fancy; there is always an ingenious idea in her paintings; of this I shall give but one instance. There is a very large picture in her drawing-room, done by herself, and representing an eruption of Vesuvius in the distance; several

houses and lofty pillars are seen overthrown by the earthquake, and the destructive torrents of burning lava; and on the fore-ground of the picture, is seen a fine vase of brittle porcelain, softly reclining on the grass unbroken, and the beautiful flowers it held, scattered, but still preserving all their brilliancy and colour. There is something philosophical in this idea, which strikes one at the very first glance; it is a lively image of the great storms of life, and of the revolutions of empires, which commonly overthrow whatever is most elevated.

An accidental circumstance gave rise to a singular notion on the subject of flowers, from which I formed a tale; I had a large vase on my mantel-piece, of violet coloured chrystal, given me by Madame de Chevreuse, and which was full of white roses; some of the roses fell upon the mantel-piece, by the side of the vase, and the light shining upon them through the crystal vase, they seemed of a most beautiful purple colour, and formed a fine contrast with the white roses that remained. Madame de Grollier came to see me the same day, when I told her what I had observed; she was delighted with it, and promised to make a painting of the subject; but, unfortunately, she became blind before she finished the sketch. The

following was the manner in which I composed my tale on the same subject. An historical painter has an only daughter, who is asked in marriage by a flower painter; but as he wishes his son-in-law to be a man of fancy, and wishes to put him to the proof, he proposes to him to make a painting, in which all the flowers are to be white, and yet the half of them are to be of a beautiful colour—red, yellow, or purple; and this, he tells him, can be very easily done. The flower painter cannot guess the enigma, and is in despair; the young lady by whom he is beloved, goes to perform a *neuvaine* (nine days' devotion) for the accomplishment of her marriage, in an old Gothic chapel, the windows of which are of painted glass; she takes a vase full of white flowers, which she places on the altar, and begins to pray; at this moment her lover arrives, and casting his eyes towards the altar, he sees part of the flowers coloured by the reflection of the painted glass; he exclaims that his prayers have been heard; he executes the painting, and marries the young lady. I did not publish this tale till long afterwards; it is not included among my other tales, but is placed at the end of the work entitled *Historical and Literary Botany.* At the house of Madame de Grollier, I again saw M. Briffaut with great

pleasure; I always feel interest in the persons I have formerly loved. The same evening I received a letter from the Duke of Gloucester, which I have kept as a valuable token of remembrance.

I also received a letter from Dresden from that young and charming Polish lady, the Countess de Zaleska, whom I have already mentioned; she sent me a most exquisite miniature representing the virgin and the infant Jesus, taken from one of the finest paintings of the gallery of Dresden, and which I sent to Casimir immediately.

Madame de Choiseul made me acquainted with the Vicomte de Saint-Priest, son of a former ambassador in Turkey; I had often seen his father at the house of Madame de Gourgues, in my youth, and held him in great respect, because he had passed several years at Constantinople; his conversation was pleasing and instructive; I feel great interest in his son's fortunes, from his talents and mildness of disposition, his taste for the arts, and the singular adventures he has met with;* his life is a scene of romance. He has married a Russian lady, and conducts himself the education of his children with the greatest success; his son, who

*. I shall notice this subject more fully in the sequel.—*(Note by the Author.)*

was then but a boy, already gave promise of talents which he has since fully realized.

During the course of this winter I often saw the Marquise de Montcalm: she had asked me for a few lines of my writing, and I took her some *reflections on hope* which I had written expressly for her; I wrote them in an extremely fine hand, on a small piece of paper not larger than my finger. This lady, so interesting by her misfortunes, by her conduct, talents, and disposition, is still young, but always ill and languishing, unable to walk, and constantly reclining upon a sofa; her pious resignation has become such a deep rooted and natural feeling that it seems quite easy to her; she has a fine face and an affectionate look that goes at once to the heart; one would think that M. de La Harpe wished to describe the expression of her eyes in his lines on melancholy, when he says:—

Son regard triste et doux implore la pitié!

But her language does not ask for pity; she never speaks of her sufferings, but is always ready to feel for those of others; there is a remarkable quietness in her whole demeanour that forms a singular contrast with her position: this quietness is never insipid, for it is always combined

with sensibility; it is the peace of a good heart, and not the indifference of selfishness; her understanding is sound and discriminating! her conversation is always mild, pleasing, and instructive. I one day saw at her house her brother, the Duke of Richelieu, whom I had never met with; I was delighted with his conversation, which I found simple, natural, and agreeable; I never saw any one with a look at once so mild and so animated; I felt profound admiration for the founder of Odessa, for the individual who acted with so much dignity during the emigration.*

When I reflect on the numberless enemies I have brought down upon my head, I am truly astonished that I am not more intimidated; some hate me on account of old literary disputes, in which I was so *imprudent* as to be always in the right; others, because they will not allow any one to defend religion, or to refuse to bow down and worship Voltaire. I have all the philosophists and their disciples against me; all the *romantic* literati; all the swarm of writers that cannot write; all the women of gallantry who have a natural aversion to sound morality; all those who to talents and good principles add a great deal of

* M. de Richelieu was alive when this was written.—*(Note by the Author.)*

vanity and ambition; all these are excessively tired of the *obstinacy* of an old woman, of the indulgent feeling of the public towards her, and of the success she has constantly obtained in her efforts to support the cause of which they wish to be the only noted defenders; they think it very shameful that a woman should in this branch divide the prize with them. Finally, I have certain *ultras* for my enemies who think one cannot be fond of monarchical principles without loving despotism, *lettres de cachet*, the old rights of the chase, slavery, &c.—things I have always detested.

I have also incurred the hatred of all those whose principles have changed with circumstances, and the number of these is very great, for I believe that I am the only writer who has published works during a period of fifty years, and has always displayed the same principles, shown the same belief, and professed the same opinions, before and after the revolution, during that event, in foreign countries and in France. It is difficult at seventy-four years of age* to hold out against so many enemies and so many parties, particularly for a person who has neither establishment nor

* And still more so on the verge of eighty, which I am at the present day.—(*Note by the Author.*)

fortune, and who has only a very small number of friends who are incapable of intrigue; I have chosen them as a consolation to my heart, not to increase my reputation. To support with serenity so much hostility and injustice, requires, undoubtedly, at my age, a courage more than *human*, and this has been granted to me; I am naturally timid, susceptible, and weak, but when I reflect upon these divine words: *He who has only the Most High for his support shall receive constant marks of the protection of the God of heaven;* I feel that I shall possess the strength to persevere, to triumph, and to close my literary career with honour.

During this winter I did a thing I could not have done for any one but Madame de Choiseul; I went to what at the present day is called *a soirée*, but it was at her own house; I remained till two o'clock in the morning. The party was very pleasant, and very agreeable conversation supplied the place of play and music; I saw for the first time within thirty-five years, Madame de Matignon; she has lost her brilliant complexion, but retained her amiable disposition; she is the grandmother of Madame de Beaufremont, who was married to Théodore de Beaufremont, Madame de Choiseul's nephew; this lady, who is delightful from her

personal beauty and grace, was present along with her husband, who is a most agreeable young man.

At the house of Madame de Choiseul I also saw the Baroness Dubourg, whom I had never met before, but whose talents and pleasing manners I had often heard mentioned with admiration. The good Duc de la Vauguyon was to have been present, but he was unwell; he had been bled with twenty-five leeches that morning. He was desirous of seeing me again, and I should have been delighted at renewing my acquaintance with him, for I had not seen him since my journey to Holland, forty-five years before. I performed this journey along with the Duchess of Orleans and the unfortunate Princess de Lamballe. M. de la Vauguyon was then the French ambassador at the Hague. He was particularly attentive to me, and said so much to the stadtholder in my praise, that when we went to court, he paid attention to none but me; M. de la Vauguyon had spoken highly of my ability in recitation, and the prince, who knew innumerable passages of French poetry, wished to make me acquainted with his own skill. He selected me to play at whist with him, and during the game he recited the part of Orosmane, while I did that of Zaïre; during this time the princesses

played at a round table along with the Princess of Orange, and the rest of the court; but our recitation disturbed them a good deal, though we spoke in a low tone. At supper, the prince made me sit beside him; M. de la Vauguyon had told him that I had never eaten *birds' nests*, an Indian dish, very rare and costly. They are the nests of a species of swallow called *salangane;* a dish of them was placed before me, and the prince made me eat nearly the whole, which I found delicious. The Princess of Orange had a majestic figure, was affable and intelligent: instead of ladies, she had only *maids of honour*, who were all, at this period, remarkably ugly.

I was very much *in fashion* during the last winter (1820), but I had neither the will nor the power of replying to all the friendly invitations that were sent to me. The works I was reprinting took up as much time and labour as would have fully occupied ten ordinary writers, for nobody is industrious at the present day. The immense labour I had engaged to perform rather fatigued me, because I was incessantly interrupted by the arrival of numberless notes that required an answer; by the visits I received, and which were increasing daily; by the enormous length of time we spent at dinner, and by the time I was forced

to devote to M. de Valence; but with perseverance and active habits, all things can be accomplished at last.

I learned from undoubted authority, that the Duchess of Berri, and even the late duke, had condescended to show the desire of seeing me; it would have been easy for me to have taken advantage of this good will, which, in spite of my wild shyness, would have given me great satisfaction; but if I had enjoyed the honour of sometimes seeing the Duchess of Berri, I should have been supposed, notwithstanding my advanced age, to be actuated by ambitious views, which I was altogether incapable of forming when I was no more than thirty. Hence to avoid being exposed to new reports, I was forced to renounce the happiness of seeing and hearing that heroine of sensibility, courage and unparalleled misfortune.

To return to the Rue Pigale, I ought to mention that I always found M. de Valence extremely moderate in his political principles; he was sincerely desirous of internal peace, and the maintenance of the existing institutions; but his acquaintances consisted in general of none but men who were then called *liberals*, while mine were of those called *ultras*. In the midst of all this, I lived without dispute, because I never

spoke concerning politics, and nobody ever said a word to me on the subject. Among the persons who visited at the house of M. de Valence, I particularly remarked M. de Lacépède, a man of a mild and excellent disposition, who was never blamed for any thing, while he enjoyed a high situation, but for being *too polite*, a very novel and honourable reproach for a man in place: this politeness springs from a benevolent and generous heart; when he was *grand chancellor* of the legion of honour he gave large sums out of his own pocket as pensions to the unfortunate officers of the legion, and made them believe that it was granted by the government; lastly, he is a man of great learning and modesty, and what is a further passport to my favour, he is passionately fond of music, and composes with great ability.

M. de Flaugergues is witty, quiet, and moderate. The Comte de Segur, known by his varied accomplishments, is very agreeable and lively in company. M. Lemaire, the great Latin scholar, so far from displaying the pedantry common to learned men who enjoy great reputation, is simple, unaffected, and delightfully gay. As to his opinions on public affairs, I know nothing of them, for he never speaks about politics, which is a proof of an excellent understanding.

M. Villemain, who has written nothing but works of an abstruse nature, and in a severe style, displays a vivacity that forms an agreeable contrast with his profound and philosophical mind. By a singular and romantic chance, and by a confidential communication which he could not properly refrain from giving me afterwards, I had an opportunity of ascertaining that no one can possess a more feeling or disinterested heart. A discovery of this kind will always delight me, when it relates to a man whose talents are worthy of admiration. I shall say no more; I have promised to keep the affecting circumstances of this incident secret.

In the house of M. de Valence, I often dined along with the Duke of Bassano, and being several times seated beside him, we talked a great deal together, and I was highly pleased with his conversation. He followed Napoleon in all his campaigns, and seized every opportunity of seeing whatever was curious and interesting in the countries he traversed; while he followed Napoleon as a minister and a courtier, he sought for instruction as if he had been a man of letters, or an enthusiastic friend of the arts. He describes with great correctness and discrimination all that he has seen; he knows how to give his descriptions

peculiar charms, and we feel satisfied that they are perfectly authentic.

Admiral Truquet was also one of the company that met at the house of M. de Valence; I never had any connexion or private conversation with him; I only know that he is generally esteemed; but I was naturally interested in his young and amiable wife, Madame Truquet. Before she knew me personally, she felt a great affection for me, from reading my works, and from our very first interview, she showed her good will towards me with graceful simplicity and ease. She had already one child, and the affectionate attentions I saw her bestowing upon her little babe added to the lively attachment I felt for her.

During this winter, I met once more with an old emigrant acquaintance, M. Dampmartin, known by several excellent historical works; his conduct in Prussia was very noble and generous; I have already mentioned it; we were delighted with seeing each other again. I do not know any individual whose company is more soothing and agreeable; and this is high praise, when we speak of a man who might so justly display pretensions to wit and talent, that is to say, the unfortunate desire of shining in conversation.

I still resided in the house of M. de Valence, when the work of M. Garat concerning M. Suard was published; it was long since I had read such a singular work; the style, instead of being that of an academician who had more than once shown talent is at almost every page full of incorrectness, blunders, affected and high sounding phrases, which might be easily proved, if necessary, by a vast number of instances; and in this melancholy work, no beauty atones for its affectation and ombast; it is true that the author chose a very poor subject for his panegyric: to think of holding up M. Suard as a great man was a very singular idea. What has he done? Some trifling literary essays, quite forgotten at the present day, and worthy of their fate, and a very middling translation of the History of Charles V. What share has he ever borne in the business of the world? None whatever; hence M. Garat praises him for his *incomparable pleasantness in society, the charms of his conversation, and his prodigious success among people of rank.* M. Suard never lived except with men of letters and in the *bureaux d'esprit*, where discussions were maintained, but no conversation prevailed. M. Garat wishes also to persuade us that Madame Suard, was, like her husband, very much in fashion; he says, "Men

and women were seen running from their hotels and palaces to the door of a literary character and his wife," or as they called it (elegantly says M. Garat) *the little household;* he adds, that the sportsmen of their acquaintance supplied the table of *the little household with partridges, pheasants, and game of all kinds;* that the Marquis de Chastellux sent hares and rabbits, which he called *his fugitive pieces.* The fact is that M. Suard never mixed in refined society, and this is easily seen by the tone of his works. The second volume of this work is beyond all expression abominable; to give an idea of it, it is enough to state that the author compares Robespierre to *Jesus Christ!* . . . . The pen falls from my hand in writing down such blasphemous language. . . . . In the first volume the author had already dared to praise the *Epître à Uranie* of Voltaire, an infamous work which even the philosophers of the last century considered as altogether contemptible. In the same volume, the author notices as a very affecting and religious circumstance the letter of a married woman who writes to M. Suard, her lover, in coming from church: "I bend at the foot of the altar, and exclaim, *My God who hast given me my heart and my lover, I love you and adore you.*"

The most singular feature in this work, is that

the author, while displaying all this extravagance, has no intention whatever of being impious; he even thinks that he respects religion in general—he is a simple infidel. This sort of openness in regard to irreligion, can only be compared to that in regard to the corruption of morals to be found in the *Memoirs of Madame d'Epinay;* at any rate, there is nothing more laughable than the philosophical importance the author attaches to all the *sayings* of M. Suard during the space of sixty years, to all his conversations with his friends, of which M. Garat has given a very circumstantial account; he believed, he says, that he was listening to Tacitus; he is constantly in rapture with his *inimitable gracefulness*, with the ascendancy which his *genius*, united to his *polite manners and unequalled accomplishments*, gave him in refined society of which he was the *idol and the model.* What I can very truly assert is, that I spent thirty years in the very highest circles without ever meeting with Suard, or without ever hearing him spoken of, except at the period of the great successes of Gluck. Literary men were then divided into *Gluckists* and *Piccinists*, and without any knowledge of music, began to write nonsense in support of their opinions. M. Suard was one of those writers; their writings made them all ridiculous;

every one acquainted with music laughed at them, and I was among the number. Finally, there is in M. Garat's work a nameless sort of philosophical *gossip*, which I have never seen in any other, and which is truly comical. It is useless to say that one meets in this wretched work with happy sallies of wit and interesting incidents; an author like M. Garat could have easily written it so from beginning to end. I cannot conceive how he should have allowed such a work to have come from his pen, after the talents, judgment, and dignified sentiments he has always displayed.

My friend, Lord Bristol, returned to Paris, which gave me great pleasure; I found inexpressible charms in his conversation, for no one can feel a stronger interest than he does in the re-establishment of religion and morality.

Besides the revised editions of philosophical works I have already mentioned, I then formed the idea of re-writing, in alphabetical order, the *Encyclopedie*, a work that will always be in request; and so long as a good one is wanting, the one already existing will be always kept and consulted in large libraries, notwithstanding its errors, its blunders, its omissions, and various modes of increasing its volumes, its abominations of all kinds, and its ignorance of the numerous fine discoveries

that have, in our own time, been made in the arts and sciences. In some work or other I have very justly called this vast and monstrous production *the Briareus* of libraries, a title that suits it to perfection, since this colossal book incessantly raises itself in insolent rebellion against heaven. It is much to be wished that an association of really estimable literary men should undertake to form anew, to purge, and to abridge this incoherent and dangerous compilation; I could offer some useful papers in furtherance of this object, as I have read the *Encyclopedie* twice over, from beginning to end, with the exception of the articles on astronomy and mathematics; this I can easily prove, for I have kept two volumes of extracts. Were this great undertaking put in execution, it would be an inestimable benefit to the public. I have likewise written critical notes to the work, entitled *Considerations sur les Mœurs*, by Duclos, but they remain in manuscript; I shall publish them when I find a favourable opportunity, as well as my edition of Raynal.

Since the years 1820 and 1821 open impiety was no longer fashionable; people dared no longer declaim against religion; but infidelity made alarming progress amongst young men, and inspired them with a seditious spirit that gave rise to a sort of secret conspiracy not yet fully or-

ganized, but actually existing, the object of which was to destroy the Christian religion and turn every government into a republic. What seemed to furnish aliment to this spirit of sedition and impiety, were the works of the pretended philosophers of the last century; their pamphlets and little journals have fallen into contempt and oblivion; but they have written about fifty volumes, which, though less esteemed than formerly, contain good things mixed with very dangerous errors. If it were proved that these works have a very unmerited character for style, that their boundless inconsistency is demonstrative proof that their systems are false, and if means were found of destroying all their dangerous contents, a most incalculable service would be rendered to religion and established governments.

Separate refutations of these works, how good soever they may be, will not attain this object; the evil cannot, I believe, be remedied except by the means I have proposed, the corrected editions of their works and the undertaking of a new Encyclopedia. I communicated all my ideas on this subject to three men of eminent merit, who find these means certain and infallible. I thought of adding to my reprints of old works, prefaces written with great care, stating that the dangerous things con-

tained in these works were so inconsistent, that in expunging them I was never obliged to add a a single word of connection. I never inserted in these works a single syllable of my own, which shows how greatly defective they are in method, order, and logic. Hence, no one can say that I have re-written them, for the whole contents are entirely of their own writing. I have a right to believe, from the admission even of my enemies, that my critical observations ought to have some weight. M. Suard has written that I have no superior talents except as *a critic*, and in this he has shown great candour and impartiality, for I have often been severe upon him. In the singularly incorrect and uncandid account given by M. Hoffman of *Petrarque et Laure* in the *Journal des Debats*, he says, at the end of his article, that I had attained in *Petrarque* the utmost perfection *of style* and that *my works could, in this respect, be classed with those of the literary and classic authors of the age of Louis XIV.*; and this opinion of a very uncandid but very clever writer, who has great literary talents, this honourable testimony has never been contested. I shall only add that it is extraordinary, that after the critic had given such an opinion, and in so positive a manner, he should not have quoted a single line

of a work which is admitted to display a kind of merit certainly not very common, particularly at the present day.

Every father of a family, and every honest man, will applaud, I am certain, the plans I have just mentioned. It is very certain, that if all the mercantile classes have shown a great many seditious young men, it must be chiefly attributed to the work of Raynal on the East and West Indies, which all those brought up to trade are almost forced to read, because this book, so infamous in many of its contents, gives a great deal of interesting and curious information respecting commerce, which is not to be found in any other work. But even in respect to this kind of instruction, it would be much more useful were the reader not continually led astray by the most licentious descriptions, and by impious and revolutionary declamation; the author has written these words: *Nations of the earth, do you wish for happiness? overthrow every altar and every throne!* . . . . His work is, in fact, but a lengthened commentary upon these execrable words.

Whilst I still remained in the house of M. de Valence, I became acquainted with two charming foreign ladies; the one was the Countess de Potocki, wife of the Count Francis Potocki, and

the other a Polish lady, the Countess d'Orlofka. The former is a grand-daughter of the Prince de Ligne; the name alone was sufficient to excite my interest, but she is very clever in addition, and like Madame Orlofka, has an excellent disposition; it must be admitted that great frankness of mind is very pleasing only when it is conjoined with a great deal of intelligence and delicacy, which prevent it falling into folly or rudeness. M. Potocki is one of the best informed foreigners I have ever known, and not the least pedantic; I spent very agreeable hours with these three persons. I also saw two English ladies, who came to see me without letters of introduction,* and whom I received solely from their pleasing countenances; they are sisters, and are called Clorinda and Georgiana Byrne; they told me a great many particulars concerning my friends of Langollen, Eleonora Butler and Miss Ponsonby, who still remain on the top of their mountain, but they were menaced with a great misfortune, Miss Ponsonby has the dropsy, so that one of them will survive the other. These heroines of friendship, who have

* They were afterwards strongly recommended to me by the Papal nuncio, who, at that time, honoured me with several visits. —(*Note by the Author.*)

lived for thirty years in this secluded spot, have never slept out of it a single time. I learned with pleasure that they had not forgotten me; they always kept in their drawing-room a small miniature of Mademoiselle d'Orleans, which I had given them, along with my profile in miniature, given them by my niece Henriette, and they showed these ladies all my works in their library, magnificently bound.

I saw the Mesdames de Chastenai again with inexpressible pleasure; it is so delightful to find one's old friends again! Victorine is still pretty and extraordinary by the gravity of her studies, and the serious use she makes of her literary talents. I found her charming mother possessing the same graces and the same sweetness of disposition; she was accompanied by her husband, who is very worthy by his excellent qualities, of being the head of this respectable family. He spoke to me of my *Parvenus* with enthusiasm, and I never heard them praised with more taste and discrimination; the ladies informed me that they had spent nearly four years on their estate, where M. de Chastenai had erected forges; thus has almost all our nobility become commercial; this is what Duclos foretold in his *Considerations sur les Mœurs*. I always thought that there was a great deal of

folly in not making use of this honourable means, and great inconsistency in disdaining it, when the same parties were continually making mean marriages for the sake of money.

Anatole de Montesquiou made me a charming present; it was a carpet, to place in front of a bed; this splendid carpet is a peacock stuffed, with its neck, wings, and beautiful tail; it is splendid to the sight, and very comfortable for use. As it is near half a century since I have renounced luxury, this fine carpet would be unsuitable in my chamber; I have written to Mademoiselle d'Orleans to offer it to her, informing her that this offer was a preference and not a sacrifice; for, in fact, if she had not accepted it, I should assuredly have given it to another; but this homage could not be more worthily addressed than to Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who has always been distinguished for her modesty and simplicity, though she possesses all those advantages that usually give rise to vanity; I loved to reflect that she would daily tread under foot the symbol and the attribute of pride.

Pamela came to Paris, and on her arrival wrote me a very pleasing and affecting letter, desiring to see me; I answered her that she had acted wrong in departing without bidding me farewell,

and still more in not writing to me afterwards; but that if I wished to close my door upon her, the door would open of itself at her approach; she came several times to see me. Trifling explanations seemed perfectly satisfactory in her mouth; she is so amiable, has naturally such an excellent disposition and so much talent, that it is impossible to feel resentment against her; it required all the revolutions of nations to make her sometimes a little different from what she announced in her infancy and early youth.

Madame de Choiseul told me that M. de Sommariva had arrived from Italy, and that she would bring him to see me; I was delighted with forming an acquaintance with an individual of such a dignified and noble character, and who is also such an enlightened friend of talents and the arts; he visited me, and I was charmed with his conversation, which is equally witty and instructive.

My first intention was only to remain three weeks in the house of M. de Valence, solely for the purpose of being useful to my grandson, by bringing about a reconciliation between him and M. de Valence; the business remaining unsettled, I remained a much longer time than I had anticipated; moreover, M. de Valence felt for me that passionate attachment which persons dangerously

ill have always felt for me; it was in the same way that the Marquise de l'Aubépine, who had never shown me any thing but ill-will, became unwell, and made her father-in-law write a pathetic letter, requesting me earnestly to go and see her, for the purpose, as she said, of affording her the consolation of expressing all her feelings to me before her death; struck with surprise at this singular conduct, I thought however it was my duty to yield to a sick person's fancy, because she was in a very dangerous state; she received me with unbounded transports of joy, and said she had always loved me in preference to every one else; as I did not wish to contradict her, I feigned to believe what she said, and during two months lavished upon her the most affectionate care; she recovered her health, returned into society, and forgot me so completely, that she did not even leave her card at my house. Afterwards, during the time of the emigration, Madame Cohen was very ill with an incurable dropsy, and conceived the same affection for me, and offered me, as I have already stated, a magnificent necklace of precious stones to prevail on me to remain at Berlin. I could mention a great many other instances of my *influence* over the sick, but I shall now confine myself to M. de Valence; he told me continually

that if *I abandoned him* he should die: Bourdois, his physician, told me that he was in a dangerous state, and I remained; but as I did not wish to cause him any expense, I discharged my waiting-maid; I was attended only by the servants of the house, who all obeyed my orders with constant and unwearied zeal, for M. de Valence had told them that the first of them who should give me the smallest cause of dissatisfaction should be instantly discharged; I caused none of them to be dismissed, but on the contrary, prevented several from being so by my interference; I had a female companion, whom I sent every day to take her meals at a *table d' hôte* in an adjoining house, kept by very genteel people, who had been ruined by the revolution. As to my own board, the most expensive part of it consisted of my breakfast, and that I always supplied myself. During three months, M. de Valence was so ill, as to restrict himself to a very rigorous regimen, and to refrain from table, and as I did not wish the latter to be served for me alone, I went with my companion to the *table d'hôte* of our neighbours, where I found very good company, agreeable conversation, and a fine garden, which we had the use of before and after dinner; I never saw a *table d'hôte* so well kept, and so genteel in Germany, and the

mistresses of the house did the honours of their table with great dignity and polite attention; this establishment still continues, and is well worthy of being recommended to foreigners.

I had selected my own apartment in the house of M. de Valence; an admirable prospect, a fine balcony, and a very large chamber tempted me; but the chamber was on the fifth floor, which was a matter of great trouble to those who came to see me; but for my own part, on account of the fresh air I always prefer the highest floors, which I climb up to without panting. Poor M. de Monthyon came to see me in this apartment, he was eighty-eight years of age, and was asthmatical; he was in such a terrible state when he reached my room, that I thought he would have died on the spot; I was so much alarmed at this time that I became disgusted with my room, and went down to the first floor, where I had several pretty rooms well fitted up, but with such low roofs that I could scarcely breathe; besides this, the bed room was directly over the archway, and at the head of my bed there was a pump, which wakened me every morning at day-break; the wall was so much shaken by this pump and by the rattling of the carriages that drove under the archway, that my nerves were dangerously attacked, and I was

unable to sleep. I spent the greater part of the day in the room of M. de Valence, the doors and windows of which were constantly kept closed; I could scarcely breathe, and my health was getting bly worse, while M. de Valence got better for a considerable time, thanks to the skill of M. Bourdois, and my superintendence of his regimen; he again sat down to dinner, and very soon went out to spend his evenings at *Robert's*, where there was good cheer and deep play, and these things soon did him a great deal of harm.

I got a large portrait of myself taken in oil by Madame Chéradame, who possesses great talents. I am drawn as engaged in writing during the night, with a candle beside me nearly extinguished, and leaving off my occupation when I see the approach of day. It was Pamela who conceived the idea: on the table beside the candle, I caused a vase of flowers to be put, and only one book, on the back of which is written—*The Gospel;* because in fact, the principles of all my works have been invariably founded on the sacred precepts of that divine book. There is a harp behind me in the shade: I felt a great deal of repugnance to get my portrait taken at my age; but M. de Valence desired it, and I complied more willingly with his request, as I was desirous of offering him some-

thing that would please him before I left his house, and I added to it a beautiful miniature I had still preserved, and which he was desirous of possessing.

Towards the end of this winter, I finish[ed] the *Picturesque Catalogue of the Paintings* belonging to M. de Sommariva, which I wrote in my finest hand, and adorned with illustrations. This catalogue contains a preliminary discourse on magnificence, and I believe, it is one of the prettiest works I have written: it is in the possession of the most magnificent and enlightened amateur that ever existed. I kept no kind of copy of it; I did not even make a first copy, but wrote it all off-hand on the book. Amongst other things in this work, there is a passage that pleases me on the old age of women; and which I have given in speaking of a picture of *Roman Charity*. I have said, that the painter has done rightly to prefer a father to a mother, for our grey hairs do not produce respect; and the idea seems to me to be illustrated in a very novel manner. I think the passage is worthy of quotation; but I shall only notice one single phrase, as the idea it suggests seems to me ingenious in showing the superior importance of old men to old women; I have said—

"When age dries up an oak, it is said *to have*

*its crown formed;* when it begins to destroy the colour of a rose, it is said to be withered."

The following is what I call a picturesque catalogue. To give some interest to a description of paintings, I have put it in the form of a dialogue, and have supposed that a young widow lady, and a well-informed young amateur come to visit together the fine collection of M. de Sommariva: from the beginning of the dialogue it is easily seen that the young man has some well-founded claims to the heart of the young widow, though he has not yet dared to ask her in marriage; these two characters in conversing on the subject of the pictures, describe them and give their opinions.

M. de Valence did, in spite of all my remonstrances, a thing which proved how extremely anxious he was that I should be comfortable in his house: when he saw that my health was affected on the first floor by the noise and want of air, he would absolutely force me to accept his apartment, the only good one in the house; and which I had already refused several times. He took it into his head, without giving me any notice, to remove into the large room I had formerly occupied on the fifth floor; he then pressed me with great kindness and civility to take possession of his empty apartment, but this I refused

with inflexible firmness. He remained more than six weeks on the fifth floor, notwithstanding all my entreaties, and this was very hurtful to his health, for he had one foot very badly, and was much fatigued by going up so many stairs; at last, when he saw that I was determined on not leaving the first floor, he again came down to his own apartment.

One day, when returning from a sitting I had given to Madame Chéradame, I entered the apartment of M. de Valence, where I found a man of most respectable appearance, who, on hearing my name pronounced, came forwards to me, and thanked me in the most feeling manner for the praise I had bestowed upon him in the *Parvenus*. This man is now the richest saddler in Paris, his name is Garnier; it was he who, in the reign of terror, became a director of the prisons, and saved the life of Madame de Valence by three times risking his own, and displayed unexampled courage and talent: he had accepted that situation merely to assist the unfortunate persons who were proscribed; he had never the slightest share, not merely in the cruelties, but even in the unjust and rigorous acts of the time. I saw him with equal respect and emotion.

Before I went to Tivoli, there was continual

confusion at the close of the sittings of the Chamber of Deputies, and there was even some bloodshed. It was believed that no regular conspiracy had been formed, but that the disturbance had arisen from the hot-headed violence of some young men of both parties. Some journals were blameable for having excited this violence, by continually praising the young men for being actuated by it; they ought on the contrary, to have blamed them for meddling with political affairs, which distract their attention from their studies and their duties.

Some days afterwards, a proclamation was fixed up at the corners of the streets, forbidding people to assemble in crowds: the *gens d'armes* had orders to prevent three persons stopping to talk together.

M. de Valence, though still unwell, went regularly to the Chamber of Peers to hear the trial of Louvel. I was extremely irritated when I heard a great number of persons, who felt, as every one did, the greatest horror for this villain's crime, yet admire his replies and his fearlessness. The fashion of being in raptures at the brutal debasement of wretched beings, has become very common; for my own part, I consider it very natural that an atheist of the lower orders, tired of labour, misery, and his own existence—incapable besides of participating in the feelings of others, should see his

end approach with indifference, or should even be satisfied with returning, as he believes, to non-existence. Besides, that infamous assassin found a sort of pleasure in the astonishment he excited; there was a great deal of display in his silly indifference: the idea of creating surprise in all that surrounded him, gave him in its highest extravagance, the stoicism of atheism and stupidity.

Notwithstanding the order in council which forbid people assembling in crowds, there were several more riots, not of the lower classes, but of almost all the students and scholars in Paris: the contempt of royal authority seemed to me a very bad omen. In the midst of all this, my health became much impaired, but I was still as busy as ever. I felt much chagrin at the departure of Madame de Choiseul, who was to be absent three months: I was afraid lest her stay in Franche-Comté should be prolonged still more, and unfortunately I was not mistaken.

Louvel was condemned to death: he allowed his counsel to defend him without interruption. He had some slight hopes of being pardoned; people spoke in raptures of his firmness, and endeavoured to make his replies seem beautiful: they would have liked to attribute to him the *replies of a Roman;* and all this without evil intention, but

merely from the taste that has long existed for every thing extraordinary. For my own part, I never saw any thing in this assassin but brutal indifference, mixed with a great deal of impudent boasting. After hearing his sentence, he asked for *fine sheets, as he wished to spend his last night well, and to sleep soundly.* I am firmly persuaded that he had hopes that an insurrection would have rescued him while on his way to the place of execution; and that if he had been asked any questions when on the scaffold, he would have held very different sort of language. I was astonished, that at his examination, he was not asked if he had been made a member of some secret society, as he had travelled in Germany, and it is well known that there are mysterious societies in that country, from which have sprung several assassins, *Sand* amongst others.

Louvel was executed at six o'clock in the evening. Notwithstanding all his boasting, he was excessively pale and greatly depressed. There was an immense crowd assembled to see him pass by; every one looked at him with horror. When he reached the foot of the scaffold, he was very near fainting; it required two men to support him in going up the ladder. In the evening every thing was quiet in Paris.

I received a charming letter from the Princess of Salm, who writes such beautiful poetry: she sent me an epistle she had written, entitled, *A un honnête homme qui veut devenir intrigant.* She desired me to notice it in my little journal called *l'Intripide,* which I was forced to give up a short time afterwards, at the moment it was becoming most successful, because my partners broke their engagements with me and left me all the work to do, which, along with my other occupations, would not have left me a moment of repose. I shall collect among my miscellaneous pieces every article I inserted in this journal, and I hope the public will think that it was worthy of being continued; but I have been since convinced that no journal can be very successful unless it is published every day. I adopted a form of criticism for this paper that seemed original; I wished to notice the innumerable faults of style; the vitious phraseology, the dangerous principles, and the inconsistency that are to be found in the public papers, and I formed the idea of a novel sort of irony. In a short introduction I said, that the morning papers were forced to insert articles in great haste, and had not time to correct all the errors of the press, and that *to oblige them,* I took upon myself to offer the public an *officious errata* every month; this I actually

put in execution, and my satire was very successful, and has been several times imitated. In this journal I gave an account of the epistle *à un honnête homme*, of the Princess of Salm, and praised it very conscientiously, for this piece of poetry is truly delightful.

The Bishop of Boulogne made such a beautiful funeral sermon on the Duke of Berri, that I cannot help giving in this place the following passage:

"Wretched sophists, congratulate yourselves on your success; you would have the principles—you have their consequences: you would have every thing sacrificed to your vain theories—you see their application; and that from your monstrous systems spring monsters of crime. You would have nothing to exist but opinions—and there was for a time nothing but opinions, of which each individual was the supreme judge; and the regicide has given you his opinions as his only rule, and has defended murder by murder. No; this is not a case of resentment, it is not a case of personal hatred nor revenge for an injury; *it is his opinion*, his *feelings*; so that in this case it is much less passion that excites to crime, than crime which is become a passion. You would have no religion, except perhaps its vain shadow; and far from call-

ing upon its authority, you only seek to oppose your own to it; and the guilty likewise seeks to oppose his own authority to religion, and in the liberty of thought, sees only the liberty of doing as he wills. You wish for atheist laws—and you have atheist assassins, in whose eyes vice and virtue are alike, and for whom there is no other crime than that of missing their aim. You would have no sacrilege—and there is no longer any sacrilege except the law that recognises it not; and the murder of the heir of the monarchy, or the vilest of men, is no longer but one and the same crime. Lastly, you persecute the missionaries of eternal life—and you have missionaries of the doctrine of annihilation: is not all that in its natural order? Of what would you complain? Must not the masters be responsible for their disciples? must not each tree bear its own fruit? After sowing the whirlwind, must you not reap the tempest? And since you would have no hell in the other world, must you not, in the mean time, transport it into this?"

At our *table d'hôte*, I became acquainted with a very learned Greek from Athens, called M. Codrika; he always seated himself beside me at table; his conversation was original and greatly pleased me; he was well acquainted with Madame

de Staël; he told me that she called him *my Turk*; I told him that I should have called him my Athenian.

I suffered a great deal during this summer from the excessive heat; what I felt from time to time did not seem to me such as to affect the stamina of my constitution, yet it was violent suffering, of a nature I cannot express; it was not pains nor fatigue, but an inexpressible feeling of uneasiness: I thought there was something extraordinary and dangerous in the case, and I am of the same opinion still. For the last two years, the beating of my heart has become less and less perceptible; at length, it does not seem to beat at all, (apparently, because it has beat too much in the course of my life.) I did not consult a physician for a long time on the subject, because I think diseases of the heart are incurable; but this is a singular fact I never heard spoken of. I imagine that my heart has become ossified, and that I may be suddenly called from life at any moment. I have preserved all my faculties unimpaired: at any rate, I fully believe that I am ready to render up to God the loving soul he gave me; and it would be with pleasure, were I not still useful to those whom I love.

The Marquise de Grollier made me a delightful

present, a picture she had painted herself, containing such flattering allusions to me, that I cannot mention them here. It was the last picture she painted before the accident so unfortunate both for her and for us, that deprived her of sight. I considered this pledge of friendship so valuable, that I have given it to Anatole de Montesquiou. In return, I have given Madame de Grollier a work of my own invention and manufacture: it is the top of a table representing on black paper a bunch of flowers surrounded by a garland; the flowers are of mother of pearl, and the leaves and stems of fine burnished gold. The work is not pasted over the paper: I cut out the whole design, except the stems, and joined the gold and mother of pearl under the edges, and painted the stems in gold, so that the whole work holds together and is very solid: it has been much admired, and is really charming, but it would have been still better if I could have got pieces of mother of pearl as thin as those that a workman who is now dead used to procure me some years ago, in any quantity I desired: since that time I never could find any artisan capable of making them of the same kind, that is, as thin as paper, which has given me no small distaste to the boasted perfection which the arts of common life are said to have attained. Ma-

dame de Grollier fixed my work over a beautiful table of ebony. I had already covered it with glass, and avow, that this little article is one of the prettiest pieces of furniture I have ever seen.

One morning, Anatole brought me his charming child, who the same day sent me a beautiful fire-screen, representing a lyre and flowers, because, (as he said,) he had noticed that I had none, and thought I must have scorched my face in warming myself the winter before. I wrote him with my own hand, (which is certainly a great mark of honour,) to thank him for it.

Rosamonde came to reside some days with M. de Valence: I had taken care to inform her secretly of the state of her father's health: she is equally excellent as a daughter, a wife, a sister, and a mother; and the same may be said of Madame de Celles. Some time before this, Rosamonde had paid a short visit to Paris, along with her children; when I found my great grandson Cyrus delightful for his spirit and intelligence; I gave him a chain, which pleased him in the highest degree.

The newspaper called the *Renommée*, the worst of all the liberal journals, for its irreligious and bad style, was altogether discontinued at this time: it had the most ridiculous frontispiece I

ever saw, which put into my head the following impromptu, which I never made use of, and which appears here for the first time :—

Quelle est cette devergondée,
Si laide et si degingandée,
Dans cet indecent abandon?
Bon Dieu! quelle etrange figure!
—Mais, c'est la Renommeé—Oh! non,
Ce n'est que sa caricature.

M. Bourdois, the physician of M. de Valence, came to see me; I asked his opinion concerning the beating of my heart; he told me that the beating always diminished with the approach of age, unless the heart was diseased; that the entire cessation of the beating of the heart was not a common occurrence, but that there was nothing alarming in it. M. Bourdois is a very skilful physician and a clever man, and made me very excellent illustrations of the subject, but I still persist in believing that there is something uncommon in the state of my heart.

In gratitude for my reply, Leon de Montesquiou wrote me a charming letter, consisting of four or five lines only, informing me that his mother had forbidden him from writing a longer one; in this letter he sent me a fable entitled *le Rossignol et la Fauvette*, written by his father, and adds in a

note, that I may make no mistake, *Madame, the nightingale is intended for you.* Léon has no other teachers than his father and mother, and is educated in a manner infinitely superior to what any one can be in an academy; with charming openness and modesty, he is astonishingly well informed for his age; I hope that he will prove a blessing to his parents, who are so highly worthy of it.

The fable I have alluded to is so pretty, that I shall insert it in these *Memoirs:* it is as follows:—

LE ROSSIGNOL ET LA FAUVETTE.

Un rossignol harmonieux,
Chantre favorisé des dieux,
Miracle du printemps, charme de la nature,
Moduloit ses accords pendant la nuit obscure;
Surpris, on admiroit dans mille accens divers
Cette voix éclatante et pure:
Un calme approbateur protégeoit ses concerts.
Près de là, dans un nid prospère,
Vivoit un jeune oiseau sous l'aile de sa mère;
Il étoit loin des jours où l'on prend son essor,
Il n'étoit pas habile encor;
Et d'ailleurs ce n'étoit qu'une simple fauvette.
Ce naissant mélomane, au fond de sa retraite,
De tant d'accens heureux muet admirateur,
Ecoutoit l'improvisateur.
L'audace est quelquefois compagne du jeune âge.

Ne voilà-t-il pas l'imprudent
Qu'un si bel exemple encourage;
Il veut au rossignol charmant
Répondre en son foible langage;
Mais sa mère le lui défend,
Et dit au jeune téméraire:
Une fauvette, mon enfant,
Près du rossignol doit se taire.

Madame Moreau, who came often to see me, told me that she had read in the *Journal de Paris* a notice of a work entitled *Genlisiana, or a Collection of anecdotes, bons-mots and repartees of Madame de Genlis, with an account of her life and writings.* I justly supposed that it was a libellous publication, or at any rate a mass of lies; it would have been most extraordinary if the work had been written without malevolent intentions, for nothing similar has ever been written concerning a person actually alive, from whom they had received neither notes nor permission, and whom they do not know even by sight. I began by publicly disavowing the work; I did not conceive what *bons-mots* and repartees could be collected of mine; I never liked to be talked of for this habit, for I have known too early all its inconveniences; one of the smallest is that of having attributed to oneself a thousand follies which one has never thought of, and what is much more disagreeable

of often obtaining without cause the reputation of great maliciousness, for all these kinds of *bons-mots* are invariably epigrams more or less sarcastic and cutting; moreover, I have never shown the smallest pretension or the slightest desire of shining in company and general conversation; I have always from natural inclination been more desirous of enjoying and profiting by the talents of others than of displaying my own; and there is every thing to be gained by this mode of acting: my ruling passion has at all times been that of gaining information, and I am indebted to conversation almost as much as to reading; for the same reason, I was always desirous of making my observations upon society, to see the causes why men made themselves ridiculous, to observe foibles, and all these things require calm and concentrated attention, at least for the moment; my own vanity I reserved for the future. I never was such a dupe as to make great efforts to obtain short lived and childish success, and if I have been reckoned agreeable in society, it was not by what I said, but by the simplicity and attention with which I listened to others.

The title of the work I have just mentioned was given that it might be bought by friends as well as enemies; it was a libel full of atrocious,

contradictory, and stupid calumnies. This further burst of resentment against me was chiefly produced by my expurgated reprints of philosophical writings, from which I had suppressed many passages and added notes. However, I did not relax in my zeal in making this atonement for the *entire works* of the authors, in which have been collected all the impiety and blasphemy, all the *philosophical* filth and obscenity scattered through an infinite mass of pamphlets long since forgotten. . . . . Yet these infamous editions have been published in such a cheap form, as to put them within the reach of every one . . . . . There never was any thing so shameful and so scandalous as this; not only would they not have dared to do it in Napoleon's time, but the very republicans of the reign of terror would not have permitted these obscenities to be reprinted, and yet this shameful impudence was shown in the reign of the most Christian king!

As to the *Emilius* of Rousseau, as it does not contain indecent and blasphemous passages, (at least against religion,) I ought to have expunged nothing from it, but only have increased the number of my critical notes: though Rousseau has stolen a great many of his ideas (as I have proved in my earlier writings) from Seneca, Mon-

taigne, Balzac, Locke, and others; yet he is much more original than the rest of the philosophers. This originality, which generally springs from the desire of appearing singular, is commonly nothing but a strange mode of expression, yet it is sometimes happy and striking. The ordinary mass of readers still persist in believing that Rousseau was a *profound thinker*, and a sublime genius, for common minds maintain an ill founded admiration much longer than minds of a higher order, whom one sound argument easily extricates from error. Hence *Emilius* ought to have been left with all its errors, which it is so easy to refute triumphantly, since the inconceivable inconsistency of the author would thereby appear a thousand times more singular, when the connexion between the different subjects was shown in the notes. Hence, when I publish another edition of this work, I shall restore all that I have suppressed, and add a great many notes, which will not be less striking, for by making the suppressions I was prevented from employing the most brilliant branch of criticism.

Not a soul gave me any encouragement in my revised editions; I was told again and again that this would not prevent them from being reprinted with all the passages I had expunged. I still believe, that if they be reprinted, it will at any

rate be much less frequently, and that what I have retained as instructive and useful, will certainly be of use to every young man desirous of instruction; I was told that studious young men would not be corrupted by all these sophisms and impieties, by all the obscene remarks I had expunged, because they could have looked into these works only for what could be of use to them; for my own part, I think it right to spare them the trouble of ascertaining the truth, and the danger of being perhaps shaken in their faith by specious reasonings founded on statements that might lead them astray; for it requires time, experience, and a great deal of study to ascertain the extent to which the philosophers have falsified matters of fact, and have brought to their aid old and oft refuted arguments; finally, by bringing into five or six volumes the contents of ten, and from which I suppress nothing but extravagant and dangerous passages, I thus saved the valuable time of men of sense, and this is certainly a great advantage to society. I shall add further, that by leaving in these works the whole of their nonsense and inconsistency, (which can do no harm,) I refute them in the notes, which may be of use in forming the taste and judgment of youth. In the notes I also take notice of a great many faults in style;

and this also is not without use, for all these critical remarks, which spring from no sort of ill-will, and the justice of which cannot be denied, ought to diminish the extravagant admiration which so many people feel for the authors; and this is a matter of much more importance than is commonly imagined: as I do not insert a single word of my own in the body of the work, no one can say that I have meddled with or rewritten these works: all that can be said, is that these editions are very correct copies of the original, without any addition, and with the suppression of nothing but dangerous passages; and this I cannot help thinking must always be a most useful work. I still maintain the same opinion concerning all these works, with the single exception of the *Emilius*, for the reasons I have already noticed.

Those who interested themselves in my fortunes told me that I was raising up a host of enemies, but this did not alarm me at all. I should have wished to have been fifty years younger that I might devote more years to persecutions of the kind; to expose oneself usefully, and to face them courageously, to devote to this noble cause all the mental and bodily powers one possesses, is really to enjoy life; to do the reverse is a silly and guilty

vegetation. I shall still persevere in my career, nothing can discourage me; I am assisted by no living soul, but to the man who says so I shall only reply,—

"Et, comptez vous pour rien Dieu qui combat pour nous!"

At this period Anatole de Montesquiou requested me to put down in writing my ideas concerning politics, which were not to be found in my works, nor in a separate treatise; I engaged to write for him alone, a small *Treatise on Politics*, to be divided into three letters; the first was to contain an examination of all the means that can aid in forming the happiness of a nation; the second was to ascertain if the governments in existence attain this object; and in the third letter, I was to show the means of reaching happiness. I believe that without being a writer on politics, a person may write very correct reflections on the subject, if he have good principles, a sound judgment, a feeling heart, and some knowledge of history and the human mind. The heat affected me so severely, and I was so much occupied besides, that I found it out of my power to continue this little work.* Anatole, who was at his estate

* I have written it since.

of *Bligny*, wrote me a charming letter of complaint for my silence, which I cannot help giving in these memoirs:—

"*Bligny*, 30*th July*, 1820.

"Your silence begins to be very alarming, my dearest friend; too profoundly occupied with your chimerical heroes and heroines you neglect matters of fact and your real friends: with all this I am very ill off; permit me to complain of it to yourself, and believe that all my rural or literary occupations, or even your marks of indifference cannot weaken the constant feeling I have towards you, or in any way seduce my affections. I offered myself as a disciple to your universal talents, and you maintain a silence I ought to understand; is not this what is meant by a refusal? I am sorry for it. I had need of a guide, of some one to lead me through this labyrinth of new systems and new principles, mingled with a great deal of error; I shall soon lose my way, and become the prey of some monster, or the victim of some storm;—I put this to your conscience. Naples, with its inventions and its imitations of the Greeks, was an excellent subject for instructive remarks; why would you not promulgate the splendid ideas with which such a novel subject would have inspired

you; and above all, why reject from the bosom of plenty the humble prayer of the poor? Here is a new fable on the subject:—

LE MOINEAU.

Un moineau débutant, bien foible, bien fragile,
S'égara dans des bois déserts,
Loin de son petit domicile,
A l'âge où la gent volatile
N'a pas encor vaincu les airs:
De ses ailes parfois il essayoit l'usage,
Et sautilloit sur le feuillage
De branche en branche, ayant grand soin
De ne pas s'avancer plus loin.
Mais qui sait s'arrêter? souvent même le sage
Va plus loin qu'il ne veut. Notre petit moineau,
Tout en craignant le vent, le froid, le chaud, l'orage,
La sécheresse et même l'eau,
Enfin tout, se trouva sans guide et sans asile
Dans un lieu sauvage et stérile;
Pour chercher du secours il erroit au hasard,
Lorsqu'il apperçut à l'écart
Un oiseau protecteur dont l'aile ingénieuse
Voiloit avec constance une tribu nombreuse
D'oisillons craintifs et fuyards,
Qui sous cet abri sûr échappoient aux regards
Comme à tous les dangers; à la poule couveuse
Le petit égaré, d'un air respectueux,
Exposa ses besoins et l'objet de ses vœux;
" Pour mon âge, dit-il, la nuit est dangereuse:
Que faire seul errant dans la noire vapeur?
Ayez pitié de moi, j'ai faim, j'ai froid, j'ai peur;
Au gré de mes souhaits montrez-vous généreuse,

En daignant m'accueillir dessous l'ample manteau,
Où l'on voit prospérer votre léger troupeau;
Je n'abuserai pas de votre bienfaisance:
Il faut si peu pour un moineau;
Tolérez cette nuit ma débile existence!
Auprès de vous; et puis demain,
Guidé par votre expérience,
Je trouverai le bon chemin:
Comptez sur ma reconnoissance."
Hélas! il pria vainement;
Le lendemain, le pauvre enfant
Fut pris par des filets dans la forêt prochaine.
On dit que la poule inhumaine
Se repentit de ses refus;
Mais le moineau n'existoit plus.
Le ciel vous envoya pour éclairer la terre:
Parcourez la noble carriére
Qui vous conduit à l'immortalité;
Mais répandez sur tous, vos torrens de lumière;
Le passereau le plus vulgaire
Ne doit pas être rejeté.

"Are you of my opinion, my dear friend, or are you going to persist in that terrible silence that reduces me to despair! Adieu! My sad poverty bows down before your fertile and sublime universality.

"*A poor Bird.*"

There are certainly several features in this fable which remind one of the gracefulness, naïveté,

and talents of La Fontaine. I should have been very ungrateful if, after such a pretty letter, I had not instantly begun my *Treatise on Politics;* I gave it to him immediately, and kept no copy. Anatole had certainly no need of my ideas on this subject; but as he asked me, I thought it my duty to give them to him.

At the period I have just noticed, I read a thing that struck me with infinite surprise—a very favourable article concerning myself in a journal, and that journal the *Journal des Debats!* . . . . The article related to the libel written on me by M. *Cousin d'Avallon;* among other remarks, there is one that I think worthy of notice, even if I had not been the object of it; in speaking of the parallel made by M. Cousin between me and Madam de Staël, the writer says that he can give no opinion concerning the comparative merits of the author of *Mademoiselle de la Vallière* and the author of *Corinna,* and he makes a parody of the well-known verse—

"Je ne decide point entre Genève et Rome,"

by saying,

"Je ne decide point entre Genève et Paris."

A woman and an author could not help perceiving at once all the wit and politeness of this allusion; it must be admitted that if any rivalship should

spring up between these two cities, Paris must always have the advantage over Geneva.

I was, and still am, in one sense, like the misanthrope, who said that he should be delighted with losing his law-suit, because he should have an additional act of injustice to complain of; I also console myself for acts of injustice that present some striking and singular features, by the pleasure of inserting them in these memoirs. I learned the following unaccountable circumstance: M. Chéradame, who was the publisher of part of my works, went to request one of the editors of the *Journal des Debats* to give a review of my revised editions of *Emile* and the *Siècle de Louis XIV.*; M. Chéradame told him, which was a fact, that he had come to make this request at my desire, which I never made, and never will make for works of my own; but as those in question were only reprints of works hostile to religion, from which I had expunged the obnoxious passages, and given nothing of my own but critical notes, I thought that a work so useful to morality required me to make use of every possible means in making it known, and that religious editors ought to have been very favourable to it. M. Chéradame was told in reply that the undertaking was meritorious, and the execution excellent, and that it was perfectly agree-

able to the principles and opinions of the editors; but that out of interest for the work itself and for me, it could not be noticed in the *Journal des Debats*, because they had formed an inflexible resolution that whenever they noticed my works, M. Hoffman was the person to write the article; and that as M. Hoffman would never agree to speak favourably of my works, all that the journal could do for me was to maintain profound silence. Few things in my life have ever caused me so much astonishment; is it not wonderful that a journal that is not ill disposed towards an author, should form the inflexible resolution of giving him up to the hatred of one of their partners; that religious editors should thus sacrifice their principles and the interests of the good cause to the enmity of one of their coadjutors? I was perfectly convinced, in other respects, by the favourable article I have just noticed, that the editors of that respectable journal are by no means my enemies; while the ill-will of M. Hoffman shall never prevent me doing justice to his talents and learning. Since I learned the resolution made concerning me, I have seen in the *Journal des Debats* several very agreeable articles by M. Hoffman, and I have yielded with great satisfaction to the pleasant vengeance of speaking well of them in company. How de-

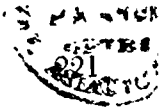
sirable it would be that literary men who profess sound principles should understand their real interests so far, and love literature so much, as to form the resolution of being invariably just! . . . . How greatly would uprightness, good faith, and candour ennoble their talents, and from how many disagreeable discussions and personal quarrels would they be preserved! . . . .

The party called *liberal* should naturally have the advantage of the royalists, not assuredly by the goodness of their cause, but because they support each other on all occasions, notwithstanding their private differences; every private interest is in this party sacrificed to that of the whole body; and this is the way to succeed.

No opposition or difficulty of any kind shall prevent me continuing my career with the same ardour, or from making use of all the strength I have remaining; when I think upon my enemies and all their intrigues against me, I console myself with saying,—

Que Dieu voie et nous juge.

At this period I made a literary effort worthy of notice; I was engaged in writing five different works in one morning; I dictated part of an article on the censorship; I began to write out with my



own hand the first letter of the last novel I intended to write,* *Palmyre et Flaminie, où la Dupe et la Victime de son siecle,* which is in two volumes;—next day I dictated a very full plan of the work, the story of which is moral and original; in the two heroines I was desirous of showing the difference of worldly perfection, and of perfection purely religious. As the worldly heroine is the dupe of almost all the sentiments displayed towards her, I have written the novel in an epistolary form, for the purpose of describing in a more natural manner the dissimulation and duplicity which had made such rapid progress among the higher ranks of society during the ten or twelve years that immediately preceded the revolution; I was an eye-witness of these scenes, and believe that I have described them correctly; letters of the same date, addressed to various individuals, will assuredly attain that end. The letters of Voltaire gave me this idea a long while ago, when I read the hypocritical ones he wrote to King Stanislaus, Calmet, and others; and the impious letters of the same date he sent to his friends; his letters to the Maréchal de Richelieu, whom he calls his *hero*, and his letters of the same date addressed to his confidents,

* I have written others since, which I did not think of when I began *Flaminie*.

in which he calls him the *keeper of the bagnio* (that is the French theatre), or sometimes the *tripotier*. This specimen of duplicity in a work of imagination may be very interesting and useful, provided it be given with a moral purpose.

The third work I was engaged in was a tale for Alfred Lemaire, entitled *Fredal, or the Artist*. I wrote it with as much care as if I had intended it for publication; I wrote it for his own use, sent it to him, and kept no copy; it seems to me to display fancy and interesting scenes. The fourth work was a *Treatise on Sympathy*, which I wrote for two English ladies in a blank book. These ladies are the Misses Byrne; they are extremely amiable, and I feel great affection for them. Lastly, the fifth work was that part of these memoirs that have just been perused.

It must be admitted that the period at which I performed this literary effort * was far from being favourable to literature, and consequently to all the varied labours I undertook with so much spirit.

After the assassination of the Duke of Berri, came the law relative to the elections, and then a new conspiracy against the royal family, which gave rise to important trials that occupied the

* In 1820.

minds of all to the exclusion of every thing else; all this, added to the Spanish revolution, that of Naples, and the one that seemed to threaten every kingdom with convulsion, completely succeeded in extinguishing every spark of taste for literature. All my undertakings at this period were affected in consequence, and I was not surprised at it.

I still went to visit Madame de Montcalm as often as my numerous occupations allowed me: one day I took for her amusement a large volume of drawings of plants done by myself, and which I had just finished. This precious manuscript is the result of thirty years' study; it is a large quarto volume, containing coloured drawings of all the plants mentioned in *the Bible*, and in the lives of the saints, which I have divided into four sections, *the Sacred Herbal, the Herbal of Gratitude and Friendship;* containing the plants that bear the names of historical characters; *Herbal of Heraldry*, containing all the armorial bearings of the French nobility that show one or more plants; and the *Golden Herbal*, containing all the golden plants mentioned in history or mythology. I have not inserted in this book any thing I had written in my *Historical and Literary Botany*, which has been already published: the labour of this work is a very different thing; I drew and coloured with-

out the smallest assistance every plant it contains, and adorned it besides with illustrations. I ought to mention that I put on the back of the pages of my *Herbal of Heraldry* a great number of old mottos taken from the vegetable kingdom, and the ornaments of old orders that are also taken from it. I believe that this book is worth, for any large library, at least fifteen thousand francs; it has delighted all those who have seen it, even professional painters. The Duke of Richelieu saw it at Madame de Montcalm's, and was enchanted with it; he even engaged to propose it to the king for his private library; I asked only eight thousand francs. I was infinitely more desirous of its remaining in the hands of the King of France, than of sending it to foreign countries (which would have been so easy for me to have done) and obtaining a much larger sum. I had not received the smallest mark of protection or good will from the court; yet the author of *Mademoiselle de Clermont*, of *An Incident in the Life of Henry IV.*, *The Life of Henry IV.*, three historical romances, translated into all languages, in which, during the reign of Napoleon, I delighted in showing in the most favourable colours, and with all the share of talent bestowed upon me by heaven, the family of the Bourbons; the author of more than thirty-five

volumes on education that have acquired a constant reputation during nearly forty years; the author who has constantly fought for the cause of religion; and lastly, the editor of the *Memoirs of Dangeau*, and of the new revised editions I then published; this champion of the good cause, so weak perhaps, but so bold and persevering even in the debility of old age, and who has so successfully educated three princes and one princess of the blood; this author, I say, also merited from government some mark of protection, which so many others obtained with facility. The king deigned to accept this homage; I know that he has read the volume with pleasure, that he kept the manuscript several days on his table, and that he made it then be put into his private library, which no one can visit without a ticket, and the librarian of which is M. Valery, a very eminent literary character.

On looking among my papers, I found the first copy of my reflections on *hope*, which I had written for Madame de Montcalm; and as they are of a very religious tendency, I think it right to insert them in these memoirs. They are as follows:—

"M. de Chateaubriand had happily said, that *it is a very divine religion which makes a virtue of hope.*

"In fact, it belongs only to the Sovereign Dispenser of all gifts, to the Being supremely powerful and good to forbid and condemn despair. This is the reason why suicide was not a crime among the Pagans, and why it is without remission among Christians.

"What goodness and profound feeling there is in the sublime union of the three theological virtues, *Faith, Hope, and Charity!* Faith, which owns the supreme and protecting hand of God; Charity, which includes love, and rouses us to adoration; Hope, which trusts in Him, and awaits from Him the softening of its woes!

"Religion commands us to be resigned in the most dreadful misfortunes; and has it not a just claim, when it also holds forth hope to us? . . . .

"Who can fail to see the true God in this commandment full of love, in this commandment so soothing and so majestic? . . . . .

"The just man who is resigned, is merely patient of his lot, he knows that he will have the strength to endure all; knows that his evils will have an end, and that he will receive his reward.

"Alas! in the course of life, even of the life that seems most happy in the eyes of the world, who has not need of hope?—who suffers not occa-

sionally, either from his affections or his imagination?—even the person who is most an object of envy!

"There are sorrows, which no assistance, no friend on the earth can cure! How soothing then it is to yield to hope, which the omnipotent Friend can bestow, without the aid of dazzling miracles, which it would be presumptuous to ask from him, for he can give every effect the most simple and natural appearance! How many wonders under the name of time and chance, does he not perform for the just! It is he, who consoles for the loss of a beloved object; it is he, who gives the strength of supporting with calmness, injustice, calumny, and ingratitude; it is he, who discovers a new remedy to the sick man, who hopes, or who all at once makes it strike the *mind* of the physician. Hope that is purely human, is false and deceitful, like the passions from which it springs; it is nothing but illusion and madness But religious hope is founded upon eternal truth; far from leading the imagination astray, and giving birth to monsters, it elevates and purifies the soul, and pours over it delicious security: the more it is trusted to, the more it is exalted, the more merit do we acquire in the eyes of him who has said—

"I will deliver him and save him, *because he trusted in me.*

"The following thought is soothing and consolatory:—'God cannot be in error; he sees my future lot, which I am ignorant of; and he orders me to hope. . . . . .'"

It was with great sorrow that I learned the loss of some more unpublished manuscripts; there was one that I intended to add to my *Theatre of Education;* in that part where the subjects are taken from the Holy Scripture. I had written it twenty-three years before, while in my cottage at *Brevel,* and I had always kept it for a complete edition of all my works; it was entitled *David.* It was truly theatrical and interesting in its scenes: I represented David at the age of sixteen, conquering Goliath, and after his victory, withdrawing without making himself known, as is stated in Scripture. I supposed him come home again to his father's house; and his father Isaiah absent. When the curtain rises, David is seen asleep at day-break under a shadowy bower, because he had given up his own dwelling to some strangers who sought hospitality: his harp is at his side, and his sling at his feet. During his sleep, the orchestra plays a warlike and triumphant symphony; there

are two pauses, during which David cries out in his sleep—*I have conquered Goliath!* This idea seems to be beautiful and original, and I think it would have produced a great effect. When David wakens from sleep, he expresses joy for his victory, and says that he is waiting for his father, and that he will keep his triumph secret till he hears of it from himself. David then takes his harp, and sings a hymn, of which I wrote the words. At Isaiah's return, a troop of men is seen marching by, which consists of his servants: in the course of the piece there is also seen a fine ancient ceremony, that of offering to God the first fruits of the harvest. Jonathan and Saul are distinguished personages in the play: Saul is brought by Jonathan, who had received hospitality from David one day that he lost his way in the chase. David calms Saul's fits of madness by playing on the harp. There was, in my opinion, a very fine scene in this play, where David tells his father the secret of his victory, and in which Isaiah makes him engage never to reveal it, that he may preserve the whole merit of his action in the eyes of God and of paternal affection; and also that he may avoid the danger of renown, ambition, and the persecutions of envy and malice. At length David is recognised by some deputies who were

spectators of the combat, who had caused the youthful conqueror to be followed, and ascertained that he lived in the house of Isaiah. There were some fine contrasts presented by the profound wisdom of Isaiah, his domestic happiness, and the turbulence, pride, and madness of Saul; there was some interest felt in the scenes of paternal and filial love, and in the friendship of David and Jonathan; and in short, there was a very striking and variegated drama. At the time I saw M. Briffaut often, he told me that he wished to write a tragedy entitled *Saul*. I read my *David* to him, with permission for him to take from it whatever he thought fit. He was much pleased with my little piece, (which was in three acts,) and I believe, that he took from it the idea of making Saul's jealousy of David be restrained, by his admiration and natural inclination towards him.

I had left this piece to Casimir, which he put among his own writings, and, as he wished, in his religious fervour, to burn all his comedies, my poor piece was enveloped in the proscription, with several pretty pieces of verse I had written. I had left him a great number of letters from Madame de Brady, M. de Tréneuil, M. Briffaut, M. de Millevoye, Anatole de Montesquiou, and of several other persons: he had mixed these letters with his

own, and burned the whole. I did not consider this loss of much importance, but I regretted very much a fine melo-drame, and a charming comedy of his own composition, which he sacrificed without pity, notwithstanding the admiration they had created when read in private company, as I have already stated. This was assuredly a clear proof of the most sincere piety, and the satisfaction I felt in seeing him governed by such feelings was an ample recompense for the sacrifice he made. I have also burned all my earlier writings, which would have formed at least three large volumes; but I do not regret them, for they were of little value. I had kept only one small manuscript that might have made a duodecimo volume of one hundred and fifty pages; it was entitled *The Dangers of Celebrity;* I had preserved it, because I had not put into it the extravagant theatrical strokes of surprise that distinguished the other works I wrote at the same period; and also, if the truth must be told, because I had written it with great care on paper *à vignettes.* I showed it at Belle-Chasse one day to M. de Valence, who requested me so earnestly to give it to him, that I consented. A long time afterwards, I asked him what he had done with the manuscript, but as he seemed embarrassed what answer to give, I did not urge the matter,

and it was not found among his papers at his death. Lastly, besides the manuscripts my daughter lost, (as I have stated elsewhere,) I lost also a journal which I have greatly regretted, and which I had written for my mother in a large folio blank volume, during the time I resided at Genlis; I believe I have already mentioned it, as well as several other manuscripts I have lost.

While speaking of the manuscripts I have lost, I forgot to mention a comedy in five acts, entitled *La Fausse Antipathie.* This was the title of a play written by Destouches, but mine had no resemblance to his; I had read it to my niece Henriette and several other persons; and I thought it so pretty that becoming afraid of yielding to the temptation of making it be performed, (which I never would permit to be done with my dramatic pieces,) I burned it while at the Arsenal; my goddaughter Stephanie Alyon, now Madame Javary, was present at this execution, which she fruitlessly endeavoured to prevent. At the beginning of the revolution, I also wrote a play in five acts, in prose, of a very singular kind; it was wholly taken from the works of Rousseau, and entitled *L'Isle de Saint-Pierre;* I had taken nothing but his fine passages and those of a religious nature; I had connected all this by a simple and lively

plot; but there were not two pages of my own in the play, it was altogether Rousseau's, and was really charming. When I set out for England, I left it with a lady of my acquaintance who made it be performed; it was exceedingly admired, and the day after it was performed for the second time, the statue of Rousseau was borne in procession to the Pantheon. But after it had been performed several times, it was found too religious; abominable plays were acted of quite an opposite tendency, and it was performed no more. I never could obtain the manuscript again; it was not in my own writing, for the whole play was a mere compilation; I was told that it had been given to Molé, who would never give it up, and as I had no copy of it, it was irrecoverably lost.

In the course of this year there was an eclipse of the sun; it was merely a partial one, but the darkness was very perceptible, and presented a striking appearance in a fine sky without a cloud. There is something indescribably solemn in these phenomena of nature, which leads to meditation that may easily change into fear and consternation. The sight of this created a lively emotion within me; it is very natural to think that since the Creator suspends the laws of nature, he could also dissolve them by his fiat; faith teaches us that

such an event is inevitable; but we know not when it will occur, though, for myself, I do not think it is far distant at the present day. My idea on the subject is as follows.

The Creator has made nothing in vain; hence the world will not end before the whole globe become known, before all the vegetable and mineral substances it contains be employed, and finally, before mankind have acquired all the industry and all the knowledge of the arts and sciences which they can possibly obtain in their present state of intelligence. Since the invention of printing, mankind are advancing in this career of improvement with gigantic steps; every thing they acquire is safe from the injury of time and fortune, and is fixed for ever by the aid of printing. The progress of navigation has given rise to immense discoveries within the last century; we have gained an infinite number of new plants, and of metals and semi-metals, that were unknown fifty years ago; fewer things remain to be discovered than have been discovered or brought to perfection within one hundred years. Mechanics, natural philosophy, chemistry, botany, and natural history have made the same progress. Anatomy, which was unknown to the ancients, has carried surgery to a pitch of perfection that

can scarcely be exceeded. In one hundred and fifty, or in two hundred years at the utmost, every thing will be known to perfection. As to morality, it reached its highest degree of perfection when the gospel was preached; but vices and human passions, by producing an almost universal corruption, have filled Europe with errors and false and contradictory principles; every thing in moral science is confounded at the present day, and by a necessary consequence, every thing will become so in government; a universal system of disorder will be the natural result of philosophism. Anarchy, revolutions, foreign and civil wars, will in their turns spread devastation throughout Europe; but the monuments of the arts and sciences, the artists and the scientific men who cultivate them, the immense libraries established in the towns, will still preserve the acquired stock of human knowledge;—after suffering all the evils that spring from impiety and unbridled passions, good will arise out of evil, the spirit of party will be worn out and will die away from need of repose; men will make use of the lessons of experience that have been hitherto neglected, and return to reason and religion; they will renounce the fatal prejudices that have so long prevailed; governments will no longer be so shamelessly immoral

as to establish lotteries and levy infamous taxes on gaming houses and resorts of debauchery; duels and offensive wars will be held in horror; then will arise the most brilliant golden age ever known: it will be that of the perfection of civilization; the world will be old enough to be converted, and will be prepared to give its final account; at this memorable epoch, when all the destiny of man shall be fulfilled, when all his faculties shall have been put in operation, and all the treasures of nature and of creation fully known, time will finish and be lost in the bosom of eternity. I believe that five or six hundred years will be sufficient to bring all these things about.

The female companion I had, left me on account of some family circumstances of her own; but not from any sort of dissatisfaction. I was thus left without companion, without secretary or amanuensis, and with a large work before me!, . . . . . I had nobody to assist me but a waiting maid twenty-two years of age, whom I was then forced to engage, whose writing was very rude and illegible, and who did not know one single word of grammar. Yet I could not write for any length of time without being extremely fatigued, so that I had to make this servant girl write at

my dictation; to be sure I had a singular sort of secretary, since I was forced to teach her the spelling of every word as I went on; but I had several times taught orthography successfully to persons of her rank without any motive of personal advantage. As the individual in this case displayed intelligence and was disposed to learn, I felt interest in improving her. Nothing is more tiresome than teaching the elements of any branch of knowledge; I have always found it so, and it is peculiarly disagreeable when a person has by his habits and acquirements the means of passing his time agreeably. This is what I always thought; yet I have given, during the whole course of my life, an immense number of lessons, because I have always been convinced that feelings of religion or even of humanity make it one's bounden duty to do all the good one can at all times and in all situations; this reminds me not only of the sacred precepts of the gospel, but of the old line that has such a profound meaning:—

"Qui ne vit que pour soi, n'est pas digne de vivre."

I could not employ my new secretary in making extracts, even by marking in the book the passages I wished to take, for she was not qualified

to copy them: but I did not read less notwithstanding: and all the follies and political puerility I read of reminded me of follies of another kind, of the extravagance of the partisans of Gluck and Piccini, and the madness of party spirit, that is always desirous of holding out as *sublime writers* those who support the same opinions, and all this without understanding the subject in question. I remember that at the time when Gluck came often to see me, I told him one evening that I was much less sorry for the injustice of his enemies, than for the ignorance of the partisans who wrote in his favour; he said in reply: *If I were to explain to them what they ought to say, they would not understand my meaning.*

One of the prevailing follies of the present age is, that of putting in the rank of *great men* all those with whom the writers have had intimate acquaintance, or all those of the party they have adopted. The consequence of this is, that in a number of *historical memoirs* of our own times, funeral orations, biographical works and pamphlets, we find numberless discoveries that teach us the names of the most *famous* personages whose celebrity we never heard of before. We discover nurseries of warriors distinguished by unknown exploits, that have never been heard of;

innumerable sublime orators and men of genius, not a single work of whom can be quoted. It is true that in the same works, and in numberless libels, honoured with the name of *dictionaries*, histories, &c. we also find discoveries of another kind; we find in them the overthrow of the best established reputations, proofs of the utter worthlessness of works translated into all the languages of Europe; they accomplish what an ancient philosopher (by Bayle's account) attributed to Jupiter, *they bring down whatever is exalted, and exalt whatever is abased.* All this is very ingenious, and doubtless, very instructive; and this is the way in which our legions of modern authors write books! . . . . .

Our profound *thinkers*, our great statesmen, are continually talking with contempt of the *frivolity* of the seventeenth, and first half of the eighteenth century. It is true that lofty pretensions and ambition are not at all frivolous, for we have seen in times not far distant, a vast number of *men of genius* pretend to the most elevated situations, to noble rank, and kingdoms . . . . . It is said again and again, that society is no longer frivolous; alas! it is true, and it is a great misfortune in my opinion. I wrote to Anatole de Montesquiou a

letter on this subject in verse and prose, which I think right to insert in this place, because it describes the manners of late times:—

"There is great pleasure in being able to argue well in a serious conversation, or to talk trifles gracefully in a select and private party; and the French in former times seemed to have the exclusive privilege of wielding this double power with success.

"Il est une déesse inconstante et légère,
Badinant, folâtrant avec aménité,
Et jadis à Paris toujours sûre de plaire,
Sous les aimables traits d'une douce gaité
Réunie à l'esprit, surtout à l'élégance:
Son nom est la frivolité.
Fruit du luxe et de la beauté,
Elle naquit au sein de l'heureuse abondance,
De la paix; de l'oisiveté,
On la vit accourir en France,
Avec les grâces et l'amour.
Ce qui brille un moment, ce qui ne plaît qu'un jour,
Est, en tout pays, son domaine;
Mais elle transporta, sur les bords de la Seine,
Son trône aérien, et sa volage cour.
Des fêtes et des jeux brillante souveraine,
Durant nos anciens jours de splendeur et de paix,
Elle eut le don charmant de plaire et de seduire;

Mais elle sut aussi restreindre son empire,
Et sans blesser jamais la décence et le goût,
Elle avoit alors en partage
Un ton si piquant et si doux,
Que la raison souvent emprunta son language.

Previous to this horrid period, when impiety, licentiousness, and pride run mad, combined to give birth to all the scenes we have witnessed, the frivolity of the French was not a national defect; it was, on the contrary, the preserver against pedantry, affectation, and a thousand ridiculous and dangerous pretensions. It was found where it ought to be to form the charm of society, in the conversations of men of the world, in epistolary communications and the gayest amusements. It excluded from our parties a positive and dogmatical spirit, metaphysical discussions, politics, and dissertations; and it was in its turn excluded from important affairs and serious works. Men never thought more profoundly or wrote more elegantly and correctly than at the period when society was adorned by the most amiable frivolity, which was nothing else but a relaxation of mind and a gaiety full of wit, feeling, and grace. Were we to expunge from the letters of Madame de Sevigné every thing that is frivolous, we should

take away their principal charm. Such was frivolity amongst us in the times of old; but,

" Du fond d'un autre affreux, creusé dans un abîme,
S'élance et paroît tout à coup
Un monstre audacieux, enfanté par le crime,
Bouleversant, ravageant tout;
Ce monstre forcené, cette horrible mégère,
Sortant du gouffre et de l'obscurité,
Dechire avec fureur les voiles du mystère,
Qui cachoient aux yeux du vulgaire
Son effrayante nudité.
Des devoirs et des lois franchissant la barrière,
Un poignard à la main, et triomphante et fiére,
Elle se nomme enfin, c'étoit l'impiété;
A son aspect hideux, reculant en arrière,
L'innocente frivolité,
Jura d'abandonner la France;
Mais, soit paresse, ou soit reconnoissance,
Et souvenir des beaux jours écoulés,
Elle resta dans ces lieux désolés."

" The muses, the graces, and the god of taste took flight in search of more peaceful retreats. This charming company long sought in vain; perhaps they are still on their wanderings; let us hope that they will return and fix their abode in France.

En attendant, nous étions moins aimables,
Sans devenir plus raisonnables;
Parmi nous, la frivolité,
Sans grâce, sans légèreté,
Et de ses attraits depourvue,
Ne pouvant eviter les pedans et les sots,
Redoute à tort d'être aperçue,
Ou se montre mal à propos;
Elle n'est plus un doux moyen de plaire;
Du siècle où nous vivons prenant le caractère,
Ellé a changé de ton, de manière, de goût;
Vainement la pédanterie
Se vante de l'avoir bannie;
Sous une lourde forme on la trouve partout.
A la fausse science elle est toujours unie;
Couverte du manteau de la philosophie,
Elle ose se mêler aux plus graves travaux;
Elle a, dans sa folle manie,
Corrompu Melpomène et dédaigné Thalie;
Elle est dans les salons, elle est dans les bureaux;
Dans nos livres savans, dans nos pamphlets nouveaux,
Et parfois à l'Académie."

Can any thing, in fact, be more frivolous than all those improbable and surprising incidents that form our modern tragedies; than this metaphysical jargon and farcical style which in our comedies fill up the place of the gaiety of Molière? What can be more frivolous than the ridiculous and wearisome pretensions of certain writers of putting in every line some striking word or philosophical thought, an infallible method of writing

without intelligence and feeling, and consequently without taste and judgment. The desire of putting wit or pretty phrases into scientific works or medical books is not less frivolous. Let us admit then, that frivolity free from malignity, frivolity that wishes to examine deeply into nothing, but touches gracefully upon every thing, which rallies without ill-will, which judges in sportive language, and relates an anecdote without the show of reflection, ever ready to laugh even at its own judgments—let us admit that this amiable frivolity forms all the charm of society and conversation, and that it is a necessary relaxation after important affairs and harassing occupation. Its thoughtlessness resembles candour, and its sort of childishness resembles innocence; but how insipid and ridiculous does it become, when forgetting itself, it assumes an air of importance and a tone of learning, and begins to make grave dissertations on trifles, or to preach common-place nonsense and fallacious maxims! . . . . . "

I took a small apartments at the baths of Tivoli; I was in need of a change of air, a fine garden, and profound retirement, and I went accordingly to the great dissatisfaction of M. de Valence. I could find nothing empty but a wretched apartment, but it looked into the garden, commanded

a fine prospect, and I should have been perfectly satisfied with it had not my chimney smoked.

I invented a new game of cards altogether in flowers, and I thought the idea ingenious, because it is so extremely simple that a child of seven or eight years old may understand it in a quarter of an hour, and play with these cards immediately afterwards. I believe no person has ever bestowed the same attention upon flowers as I have done; one or more flowers produce effects of importance in each of my novels, and in almost all my tales; I have even written one entitled *The Flowers*, and another entitled *Les Fleurs Funeraires*. In my youth, I caused the rose of Salency to rise from obscurity; I made it the subject of a play in the *Theatre of Education*, and my little comedy has been imitated in after times, and transformed into an opera, while I have also been the first cause of the establishment of all the rose-prizes (*rosieres*) that have been founded in France since that period. To me is the public indebted for the first moss rose ever seen in France. My work, entitled *Historical and Literary Botany*, contains immense researches concerning the events brought about by the influence of flowers, the worship which several nations have paid to them, and the characteristics of these charming productions of nature, as attri-

butes of the mind and emblems of the virtues. I have also written on this subject, the manuscript work I have already spoken of, and which is in the king's private library; mythological arabesques, painted by myself, and engraved and adorned with all the flowers consecrated to the gods of antiquity, drawings of all the plants mentioned in mythology, as large as nature; and this is, I believe, the best thing I have done of the kind. Prince Jerôme Bonaparte, whom I had not then the honour of knowing personally, bought this work for six thousand francs; the collection of drawings was presented to him without mentioning the name of the author; he was delighted with the plan and its execution, and purchased it without hesitation. I have also written *alphabets* of flowers, and a manuscript work entirely filled with mottos taken from the vegetable kingdom, all the flowers of which I painted myself; I added a few notes; this manuscript has not been printed, and I have kept no copy of it; I have neither given separately or ever quoted in my works a single motto it contains; whilst I resided with M. de Valence, I sold it for four thousand francs, to a very amiable and well informed English lady, Lady Guildford. My other works on flowers are four paintings of the flowers of each season of the

year, accompanied with verses which I shall notice in the sequel; a work entitled *Moral Herbal*, consisting of fables, the subjects of which are drawn from the vegetable kingdom; of these the *Deux Cerisiers, la Feuille detachée d'un grand arbre*, and the *Lierre*, have been particularly remarked; my *Plantes Usuelles*, for the use of young ladies, a work that has long been in the hands of M. Barrois, but which has not yet been published. My last work was the *Rural Games*, dedicated to his Royal Highness the Duke of Chartres. I am forgetting my greatest title of glory in this kind of composition, and one of the earliest I ever made, my *Collection of Artificial Flowers*, consisting of field plants, that I formed at Belle Chasse, which was so much admired by M. de Buffon, and which was perfectly sold off for *the benefit of the nation*, along with the boxes and pots that held it, when an inventory was taken at Belle Chasse of every thing belonging to me, during my absence abroad; of all the things that I irrecoverably lost, this, along with my *Historical Magic Lantern*, was what I chiefly regretted.

I was perfectly happy at Tivoli, where I finished without interruption my novel of *Flaminia*; nothing was wanting to my happiness but a piano and a harp; but I daily exercised my fingers on a

harp made by Alfred for this purpose, and was thus certain of losing nothing of my skill in practice, while I dictated all the time. To preserve my habits of performing on the piano, I daily played with my fingers on the table. I had a guitar and played upon it seriously; besides this, I painted a little, read a little, walked a great deal in the garden, from time to time paid visits to two or three friends, and my time rolled on very agreeably.

The persons at the head of this establishment are very obliging and very amiable. In an adjoining apartment there was a very unfortunate and interesting young lady, Mademoiselle Clémence Gabarus. Six months before this, on rising one night in the dark to catch a parrot that had escaped from its cage, she fell and broke her knee and thigh; she had been confined to her bed ever since the accident, and suffered excruciating pain. She had been on the eve of being married, and a few days after her accident, her lover was thrown from his horse and broke his leg—this was a melancholy coincidence! This young lady sent me word that she was desirous of seeing me, and I went instantly to her apartment. I hate visits, and never make any; time is very valuable in my eyes, but it is not a loss of time to devote a part

of it in giving consolation to those who are confined to the bed of sickness. Mademoiselle Gabarus is very beautiful and extremely interesting; her patience amidst all her trials was truly admirable.

The Duchess of Berri came to Tivoli to take the baths; she delighted the whole establishment by her goodness and affability. Never was any princess more universally beloved, or the object of more affectionate admiration.

M. de Valence requested me to return to his house in so friendly and pressing a manner, that I gave him my promise, and I did this more willingly as he solemnly declared in one of his letters, *that if I did not yield to his request, he was certain that he should relapse and die.* He had already said the same thing when he wished to detain me in his house, and I could never resist language of this kind. Hence I did not think I could rightly dispense with taking possession anew of my little apartment in the Rue Pigale; however I did not give up the firm resolution I had so long entertained of retiring into a convent; but nothing is more difficult than to find an apartment in those at Paris, for they are all taken or engaged beforehand.

I still saw the Chevalier d'Harmensen from time

to time; I know no individual whose conversation is more interesting and instructive. The Comte de Rochefort, who made me acquainted with him, told me a charming anecdote of him, which I cannot help giving in this place. In one of our political changes, M. de Rochefort was much embarrassed in his circumstances. He was dining one day with two or three persons at the house of the Chevalier d'Harmensen, when he was asked some questions concerning his situation; he replied in a brief and careless manner, that he had instructed a broker to procure a loan for him, and as he did not want a large sum, that he had no anxiety about the matter; after saying this, he immediately began talking of other subjects. When he rose next morning, he was told that the valet of the Chevalier d'Harmensen wished to speak to him; he made him come in, when the servant told him that his master had ordered him *to return the four thousand francs he owed him.* This kind and generous manner of conferring an obligation greatly affected M. de Rochefort; he accepted two thousand francs only, which he absolutely required, and in his letter of thanks he promised to repay the money at a certain day, which he had the happiness of doing at a much earlier period; but he did not think himself exonerated

from the obligation on this account, for there are debts which cannot be discharged by payments in money, and the kind memory of M. de Rochefort will ever preserve the recollection of this noble conduct.

I left Tivoli after a residence of five months; towards the close of my stay, I became acquainted with an amiable and intelligent lady, who bears a name I have long revered: this was the Marquise de Becdelièvre, whose husband is a grand nephew of the virtuous bishop of Nismes, who was deservedly adored in his diocese, where he had established manufactures to furnish employment to the poor, hospitals for the sick, and other beneficent establishments. On our journey to Italy, we became acquainted with the immense good he did to the province, and felt extreme satisfaction in seeing and admiring this pious benefactor of mankind.

I went accordingly to take up my residence anew in the noisy first floor I had already occupied in the house of M. de Valence; but I took care this time to fit up the little drawing-room to my mind: it contained every thing I care about, a table for writing and painting upon, a fine harp of Errard's construction, which I had just purchased, my guitar, and a piano which M. de Valence had the goodness to place in my apartment.

I intended at this period to write a work that had been suggested to me, and that was much wished for by several persons; this was a series of tales, each of which was to contain the life of a modern poet, to form a continuation of my work on Petrarch. I was to write eight tales, the subjects of which were *Camoëns; Cervantes, Tasso, Milton, Savage, Corneille, La Fontaine,* and *Jean-Baptiste Rousseau;* I was desirous of writing this work, and also of adding another large duodecimo volume to my *Annals of Virtue*, for the purpose of completing a work that has gone through so many editions: I likewise wished to write the *La Bruyere of Antichambers,* for the use of servants, a work that is much wanted, and would be of great advantage to them. Besides, according to the plan I had formed, persons of the highest classes would have perused it with pleasure. My situation was very melancholy during the middle and close of this winter; I saw M. de Valence becoming worse every day: I attempted in our private conversations to bring him round to religious sentiments, which the edifying examples of his wife and daughters should naturally have inspired him with; but during the whole course of his life he had never read any thing but the works of our pretended philosophers. I made every exertion

to demonstrate to him that these unbelievers had written as many falsehoods as blasphemies; he listened to me with a calmness and attention that encouraged me to persevere; and these discussions, so new to him, never seemed to irritate or weary him; I even prevailed on him to go regularly to mass, to which he accompanied me every Sunday and holiday.

Almost all my old friends were absent. Madame de Choiseul, who had promised me that she would not stay more than three months in Franche Comté, was forced by her affairs, to remain fourteen mortal months, which seemed to me of immeasurable length; Adolphe de Custine was at his estate of Ferragues, near Lisieux; and Madame Moreau was very ill and confined to her room.

I became acquainted with an English lady, Mrs. Canning, the lady of the English minister; she has a daughter as beautiful as an angel.

I often saw M. de Saulty and his amiable family. Though continually occupied with business, M. de Saulty is, notwithstanding, most agreeable company. I have seen him at his country house at Baville, playing every evening at childish games with a gaiety and liveliness that delighted me, when I reflected that he was often obliged to rise at day-break, to devote his whole attention to the

most laborious studies. I remember that, in my youth, I occasionally supped with judges and financiers, and had observed that they became singularly grave towards the close of the evening. The end of all their amusements was spoiled by the idea of the morrow. M. de Saulty is well informed on subjects quite foreign from his usual occupations; he is an excellent classical scholar; his knowledge of history and literature is extensive, and that nothing may be wanting in the acquirements requisite to please and interest me, he writes very pretty verses, and is a most kind and faithful friend.

At this time, I saw almost every day M. Gerono, the interesting young man I have already mentioned. He came out of friendship to visit me, and wrote whole hours to my dictation.

I continued to pay my respects to Her Royal Highness Mademoiselle d'Orleans, who is still as kind and affectionate towards me as ever; I saw the young prince de Joinville, who was only two years old, but who spoke as distinctly as a child of six or seven; he was also as polite as he was handsome and intelligent; in fact, the whole family of the Duke of Orleans is truly the most interesting I ever knew; the members of it are charming by their personal attractions, their na-

tural qualities, and education, and the reciprocal attachment of parents and children. I am greatly pleased with having proposed Madame Mallet to the Duke of Orleans, as a teacher to the young princesses his daughters. Madame Mallet is well worthy by her virtues and accomplishments, of being under the superintendence of a princess of such uncommon merit as Her Royal Highness the Duchess of Orleans; she possesses every qualification to comprehend fully the orders she receives, and to fulfil them with extreme exactness. It is Mademoiselle d'Orleans who teaches the eldest of her nieces, the princess Louise, to play on the harp; she thought it due to her old teacher of the harp to invite her to hear her young pupil, and I was delighted with one of her lessons, at which I was present.

The day after my visit to the Palais Royal, I wrote off, at a single effort, a poetical epistle to my old watch; and as it has been greatly admired, I shall insert it in these memoirs.

ÉPITRE.

*A ma vieille montre usée et n'allant plus.*

16 Décembre 1820.

Durant un demi-siècle, attachée à mon sort,
Tu fus ma compagne fidèle,
Et je me flattois que ton zéle
Se soutiendroit jusqu'à la mort!

Tu réglois mes trauvaux, mes veilles et mes muses;
Au lieu de me guider, maintenant tu m'abuses;
Tous tes avis, hors de saison,
Pressent, retardent, sans raison,
Et trop souvent, pour me confondre,
Tu refuses de me répondre!
A ta solide et brillante beauté
Le temps n'a fait aucun outrage,
Tandis qu'il épuisa toute sa cruanté
Sur ma force et sur mon visage!
Mais je suis plus vieille que toi,
Car tu recevois la naissance,
Lorsque nous fimes connoissance.
Et tu radotes avant moi!...
Est-ce folie, est-ce vengeance?
Quand tu parois être en enfance,
Dois-je croire à ta bonne foi?
Il est vrai, dans ma solitude,
Quelquefois, j'en conviens, me laissant emporter
Par l'attrait si puissant des arts et de l'etude,
J'oubliai de te consulter;
Tu ne me'n étois pas moins chère,
Et ce tort fut involontaire;
Eh quoi! prétends-tu m'en punir.
Par tes écarts et ton morne silence?
Ou plutôt veux-tu m'avertir
Que pour moi le temps va finir,
Et que sa voix s'éteint dans cet espace immense
Que je dois bientôt parcourir?....
Faite pour me survivre, ô mon ancienne amie,
Toi qui marquas presque tous les instans
De mes jours orageux et de ma longue vie,
Ne m'abandonne point dans mes derniers momens!
Et, pour me préserver de tout penser frivole,

Fixe-toi-là si près de mon tombeau ;
Parmi tous ces papiers, reste sur mon bureau,
Sans mouvement et sans parole ;
Et que ton immobilité,
En frappant mes regards, soit pour eux le symbole
De l'immobile éternité ! . .

The Countess d'Hautpoul sent me a collection of her poems, forming an octavo volume, dedicated to the king. There are several charming pieces of poetry in the work ; but there are some by far too free to be placed in a collection dedicated to the king, and containing an elegy on the Duke of Berri. What is particularly astonishing, is that the author, through inadvertence doubtless, has inserted a burlesque and licentious tale, entitled the *Savonnette*, which has not even the merit of being ludicrous. With a little reflection, the author would have felt that there is great want of taste in inserting a tale of this kind in a book full of elegies, and dedicated to the king. Madame d'Hautpoul had the goodness to come and see me : she is extremely amiable ; she was then busy in making historical abridgements for the use of schools. She asked me to make out for her a plan of reading in collecting her materials ; I told her that I had given one in *Adele and Theodore ;* she said she would read and profit by it, which made me smile, as I fancied the

plan would be copied without acknowledgment. This is an honour that has constantly been paid me for forty years.

The following are the lines I wrote on the four seasons of flowers, which I described in four separate pictures :—

PRINTEMPS.

Filles aimables du printemps,
Ces belles fleurs, de la jeunesse
Ont la légèreté, l'éclat et la souplesse,
La brillante fraîcheur et tous les agrémens ;
Mais de leur beauté fugitive
Nous verrons bientôt le déclin :
Sous peu de jours et peut-être demain,
Sur ces coteaux et sur la rive,
Nos yeux chercheront en vain !
Et néanmoins ce n'est qu'en apparence
Que ces fleurs reçoivent la mort ;
Elles conservent l'existence,
Et pour subir le même sort,
En dépit de l'expérience,
Si quelquefois l'haleine du zéphir,
Par sa bienfaisante influence,
Vient ranimir et rafraîchir
Leurs attraits prêts à se flétrir,
Elles sont toujours sans défense
Contre l'orage, et la grêle, et les vents,
Et pour orner les bois, les champs et la prairie,
Elles renaissent tous les ans.
Je ne leur porte point envie ;

Plaire et briller quelques instans,
Craindre toujours, souffrir long-temps,
Hélas! telle est pour nous la vie!
Oh! qui pourroit supporter ses tourmens,
Ses revers, ses peines cruelles,
Ses inquiétudes mortelles
Sur son incertain avenir,
Sans l'espoir de la voir finir!..

## L'ÉTÉ.

Saisons des doux plaisirs, des jeux de l'innocence,
A ton éclatante beauté
Tu réunis l'utilité;
Tu réalises l'espérance
Du citadin et de l'homme des champs,
Tu leur donnes la jouissance
Des biens promis par le printemps.
Le riche, au sein de l'abondance,
Le cénobite et le voluptueux,
Ne peuvent se passer de des fruits savoureux.
Que tes jours sont brillans, que tes nuits sont charmantes!
Mais à ton soleil radieux,
J'ai toujours préféré les clartés vacillantes
De ces étoiles scintillantes
Qui parent la voûte des cieux.
Combien j'ai consacré de veilles
A contempler tes touchantes marveilles
Dans les vallons silencieux,
Quand l'astre de la nuit jette sur la nature
Son voile transparent, mais si mystérieux!
Laissons le fol amour, égaré dans ses vœux,
Vanter cette lumière et si douce et si pure;
Un sentiment religieux,

Une céleste, une divine flamme,
Peuvent seuls en goûter l'attrait délicieux!
Oui, c'est vers toi que s'élance mon âme,
O Créateur de l'univers,
En admirant de tant d'objets divers
L'ordre, les beautés, l'harmonie;
Reçois, au déclin de ma vie,
Mes derniers chants, mes derniers vers.

## L'AUTOMNE.

Déjà la rose a perdu ses couleurs,
Déjà la feuille jaunissante
Du sombre hiver annonce les rigueurs;
Le temps semble hâter sa course menaçante,
La nuit s'approche, le jour fuit,
Le rossignol se tait, et le soleil pâlit!
La nature, ainsi défaillante,
En présentant à nos regards,
Une si triste décadence,
Nous invite de toutes parts
A ne fonder notre espérance,
Nos vœux, nos désirs, nos projets,
Que sur des biens de notre essence,
Et qui ne périssent jamais.

## L'HIVER.

Sans fruits, sans fleurs, et sans verdure,
Ennemi de toute culture,
Parmi la neige et les frimas,
Le triste hiver désole nos climats,
Et désenchante la nature.
Mais nous supportons sa rigueur,
Sans en éprouver de douleur,

Sans en gémir, et sans murmure.
On ne pense qu'au doux printemps
Qui doit terminer ses ravages ;
Et vous, vieillards impatiens,
Vous osez vous plaindre du temps,
De son poids et de ses outrages!
Pour se soumettre, sans souffrir,
A tous les maux de cette vie,
Retraçons-nous le souvenir
De la véritable patrie,
Et de l'immortel avenir.

Mademosielle d'Orleans did me the honour to write me a charming letter, and along with it sent me a very fine time-piece, which she called *a substitute for my old watch*, as I had presented her with the manuscript *Epistle* I have already mentioned. My great grand-daughters admired this time-piece so highly, that I could not refuse myself the satisfaction of giving it to them. Madame Moreau gave me a magnificent *benitier* of chrystal, covered with gilding, amethysts, and other ornaments.

I was obliged to dismiss an incorrigible waiting maid. I was served very indifferently by the servants of the house, who had many other duties to perform, and were continually forgetting me. One evening I was locked in without a light for three hours and a quarter. I rung the bell four times in vain: finding how things stood, I remained pa-

tiently, formed plans of works in my own fancy, prayed, meditated, and the time passed on without ennui: I was released by a visit at last. I did not relate this circumstance to M. de Valence, to save his servants from a scolding, but he was informed of it in a few days afterwards, and nothing of the kind took place again. I was served with constant and unwearied zeal by all the servants from this period till my departure; but it is also true, that I knew how to recompense this conduct in such a way, as if possible to render it more remarkable; for M. de Valence, so easy and good-tempered in company, was an imperious and violent master to his servants; he very often changed them, which was a source of great expense to me, by the continual presents I was forced to give at every change; hence, I made every effort to make him milder towards his servants, so that there was some little private interest in this apparent *good temper*.

At the house of M. de Valence, I dined with the princess of Wagram, whom I found very amiable, and who was exceedingly affable to me; she did me the honour of visiting me. I am always grateful for these honourable marks of goodwill; but at the age I have reached, I resemble those travellers who find that it is not worth their while to cultivate the kindness displayed

towards them in places they are on the eve of leaving and which they are never more to see.

M. de Custine returned; I was delighted with seeing him again. He wrote some verses on my epistle to my watch, which I shall quote here, out of vanity for him, and not because they were addressed to me; it is known that poetry and friendship have the privilege and the right of unmeasured exaggeration. His lines may be truly called impromptu, for he left me at eleven o'clock at night to read my epistle (which I had just given him) to the Princess de Vaudemont, and the next morning, sent me the following verses :—

Vous avez arraché, de son aile légère,
Une plume immortelle, et vous bravez ses coups,
En versant comme lui la vie et la lumière.
Jouissez ici-bas de l'immortalité,
Que le temps même vous assure ;
Songez qu'il est pour vous, comme l'éternité ;
Une source abondante et pure
De lumière et de vérité.

In the course of this year, M. de Custine brought a very amiable young man to my house, a relation of the late M. de Genlis, called the Marquis de La Grange; he has an agreeable person, thinks justly and expresses himself correctly, two

things that please me particularly in young men who may exercise an important influence over public morals. I became acquainted with another young man, M. de Bouillé, grand-nephew of the celebrated Marquis de Bouillé, whom I was well acquainted with in my youth, and who played such a noble and bold part at the commencement of the revolution. His grand-nephew seemed to me worthy of bearing his name, he is young, handsome, intelligent, and actuated by the most religious sentiments; he also seemed to me, as far as I could judge in an hour and a half's conversation, to be much better informed than the generality of young men of his own age, even those who have received the best education. I can truly say that I have a right not to be *ashamed* of my enemies, and to be truly *proud of my friends.*

My *Palmyra* was published; one journal absolutely refused to notice it at all: I was accustomed to this polite behaviour of the journals, and was neither surprised nor irritated by it; but the public, who have always shown themselves so indulgent towards me, went in crowds, in spite of the journals, to Maradan's shop, to buy this new novel. I had written this work in a singular manner; I had not been three months in dictating

it, while I was forced to instruct my amanuensis in the spelling of every word I pronounced; yet in spite of this precaution, my waiting maid made great blunders at almost every page, for she was extremely thoughtless as well as ignorant; and had such a superabundance of *h*'s, *i*'s, and *o*'s in her fancy, that nothing could restrain her from giving them on all occasions; besides this, she adopted three or four hands in writing one line, hurrying, with marvellous facility, not from the "*grave au doux*," but from the largest text to the finest print. The consequence of all this was that I was unable to calculate (which I usually did with ease) what would be the size of the work; and it was printed without knowing whether it would form one or two volumes. By dictating to my amanuensis of a waiting-woman, I had contracted such a habit of saying aloud all the letters of the words I pronounced, that it has happened to me several times to do the same thing in private conversation without being aware of it, when I had only a few words to say. I had considerable difficulty in getting rid of this habit.

The day on which I attained my seventy-fifth year, while returning my acknowledgements to God for having so long continued my existence, and for having preserved me in excellent health,

with sight that had hitherto required no glasses,* hearing such as it was at twenty years of age, the use of all my limbs, my recollection, and all my mental faculties; I reflected upon all the past scenes of my life, and became confirmed in the opinion I had so long held, that, with the exception of the loss of those whom we love, almost all our misfortunes and sorrows arise in part from our own fault.

I can bear this firm testimony in my own behalf, that I never had bad intentions in any thing I did, that I was incapable of feelings of hatred and revenge; but I have been so little selfish, that this virtue has become in my conduct a capital defect, for I not only never gave myself the least concern about my fortune, but I never reflected upon my conduct, which has been the cause of an infinite number of thoughtless and ill-considered actions. I have been very attentive to the interests of the objects of my affection, but I have never taken the trouble of thinking upon my own; so that, if I had my career to go over anew, with my remembrance of the past, I would do scarcely any thing of what I have actually done, with the exception of

* And I can say the same thing at the close of the year 1825, when I am entering upon my eightieth year.—*(Note by the Author.)*

my literary efforts; for I do not believe, in my own conscience, that more than ten pages can be justly expunged from all my numerous works. In these I have displayed courage, perseverance, and the purest intentions, and I flatter myself that they have been useful and will always remain so.

But the greater part of my actions have been uncommonly imprudent. If I had planned out my life better, I should have spared myself cruel sorrows, and should have been very happy at the present day. May God grant me the grace to employ well the time that remains to me; I desire to live a few years longer, only that I may fully repair and atone for my past errors. I shall leave this subject by giving a useful advice to studious and intelligent youth; they ought to distrust two good things whose excess is pernicious; disinterestedness carried so far as to make one the dupe of others, and the spirit of observation that produces a habit of curiosity leading easily to thoughtless conduct. Every excess is dangerous; wisdom founded on religion, and distrust of one's self, can alone preserve from it. People do not learn; or they learn only to their cost, when they voluntarily place themselves in dangerous situations. Judgment ought to set bounds to disinterestedness; when it becomes romantic, it is nothing but

a madness springing from pride, and not from delicacy of heart and principles. For instance, why should we refuse to receive our just debts from people who can pay them without inconvenience? Would it not be better to receive them that we may assist those who are in want? It is praiseworthy to give up our property out of charity, but it is absurd to reject payment of a debt out of vanity; yet this is what I have done a thousand times. These kinds of actions are always punished, for they never give rise to gratitude. It is praiseworthy to pardon, when it is in one's power, a debt which cannot be paid without ruining the debtor, but there is great folly in not accepting payment of a debt which can produce him no sort of inconvenience.

At the house of M. de Valence I found a secretary who amply compensated me for all the blunders of my waiting-maid; this was a young woman, the daughter of M. de Valence's housekeeper, who had no sort of employment in the house; her mother, (who was not brought up in the rank of a servant,) as a reward for her valuable cares, obtained permission to keep her in the house, with the condition annexed that she should have nothing to do with M. de Valence, and should never go into his room, which she highly

approved of, as a measure required by decency for so young and handsome a girl. This young woman, who is called Julie, is charming by her person, modesty, and sentiments; she made a very pious and industrious application of her time; she is very skillful in all sorts of needle-work, writes well, and is well acquainted with grammar. I made her perfect in this branch in a very short time; and taught her, particularly, how to write letters and notes with perfect propriety, and with all the customary forms varying according to the age, the sex, and the rank of the persons addressed. I do not know any woman who writes a letter or a note with more taste or in a better style. She recompensed me for my cares with the liveliest zeal and the strongest affection; she came regularly every day to write to my dictation. Without her I could never have decyphered the almost illegible papers that were put into my hands for the purpose of writing the memoirs of Madame de Bonchamp; I shall mention her again while noticing this subject in the sequel.

M. de Valence, notwithstanding the wretched state of his health, went regularly to the Chamber of Peers; he performed this duty, which was so fatiguing to him, with a most praise-worthy courage, but he could scarcely devote any attention

to his speeches. Hitherto he had merely read them to me, and asked me some trifling advice respecting the style; but when he was desirous of bringing in a bill of a very interesting kind,* he requested me to write it for him, which I told him I would do with pleasure, but that as I could not write myself without great fatigue, I could not promise him secrecy on the subject, as I should be obliged to dictate it to Julie. He replied that he cared nothing for that, and that he would never conceal the real author's name. I accordingly dictated the whole of this article to Julie; it is to be found among the printed speeches of M. de Valence, who read it with great success to the chambers, which ordered it to be printed. This is all the share that I had in his speeches, though it has been said that I wrote them all; he never consulted me concerning them except as to their literary merits, and that but rarely, in fact only respecting some unconnected phrases that he thought might be objected to.

*Palmyra* was well received by the public, like

* A short time before this, an unfortunate man (Lesargues) had been falsely accused of a crime, condemned and executed; his innocence had just been fully ascertained. M. de Valence wished a law to be made that not only removed the stain of crime from the innocent man's name, but gave compensation to his unfortunate family.—(*Note by the Author.*)

my other works; and in addition, the journals that noticed it gave it great praise, particularly the *Journal des Debats*, which made an exception, on this occasion, to their customary practice of engaging M. Hoffman to write every article that related to me; it was M. Dussault who reviewed *Palmyra*, and he did so with extreme good-will and all the ability for which he is distinguished; all the liberal journals refused to notice the work. It is assuredly neither intrigue, favour, nor party spirit that has obtained me success; I have neither the genius nor the talents of the great Corneille, but like him, I can say,—

"Je ne dois qu'à moi seule toute ma renommée."

It is amusing to see with how little modesty the authors of our times intrigue for praise; it is an art that is carried to high perfection at the present day; but that of writing well is still better. It is still more remarkable to observe with what barefaced impudence my works have been plundered for the last fifteen years. If I were to enumerate all that has been stolen from me, I should find no leisure to compose. My *Theatre of Education* has formed materials for thousands of dialogues written for youth; a play of mine entitled *La Curieuse* has even been performed at the Theatre Français

by another name. Every woman who has written novels for the last twenty years has, without exception, put my works under contribution to furnish materials for her own.

All my historical researches, almost without exception, have been plundered in the same manner, without acknowledgment. Whole articles from my works on mythology have been copied into Dictionaries. It is fifteen years since I published them, and since that time, a great many small Dictionaries have been published for the purpose of inserting the greater part of my researches on the subject. A great many Almanacks have been published on the subject of flowers, and all the descriptions are almost wholly taken from my *Historical and Literary Botany*, a work which I can truly assert to be very curious and amusing by the immensity and singular nature of its researches. My works have also given rise to innumerable theatrical pieces, ballets, and melodrames. Hence I can flatter myself with having been of great use to all the writers of my own time who were deficient in imagination.

The anniversary of the tragical and affecting death of the unfortunate Duke of Berri visibly renewed the terrible impression of that fatal event; that unfortunate day very naturally gave rise to

melancholy reflections: the crime it called to mind roused up the recollection of so many others! . . . . How many crimes it recalled to mind, how many murders, unjust wars, infamous transactions, monstrous impieties and excesses, that have been committed within the last thirty years! . . . . When the new opinions produce nothing but revolutions, crimes, the loss of public morality, errors, sophistry, the decline of literature, and the mental degradation of the great body of a nation, surely these opinions cannot be good. No one knows his own will; no party knows precisely what they would be at; political speeches generally want frankness and probity; we every where see secret and concealed views; we see nothing clear and certain but the efforts of private interest. The true love of glory exists no longer; its place has been usurped by the need and the desire of wealth. Political writings no longer give information; they are without plan, and their barbarous style is almost always unintelligible; they present the moral confusion of tongues. We may sometimes find in them a few good maxims, or an interesting paragraph; but the whole composition is generally worthless, for want of useful objects and a satisfactory result. It is true that the sciences have made great progress; but it is absurd to think

that had it not been for wars, conscriptions, national guards, and the interruption of studies, we should not have carried to perfection agriculture, chemistry, mechanics, and all other branches of science; and that it required the overthrow of European governments to produce in medicine and surgery such men as Alibert, Moreau, (de la Sarthe,) Dupuytren, Richerand, and many others; and if we had not lost millions of men by war, agriculture would be much more flourishing. But the birth of the Duke of Bordeaux opens up an unlimited field to the most consolatory hopes, and seems to foretel and to assure us of a better order of things.

The anniversary of the death of the unfortunate Duke of Berri was celebrated at St. Denis, and notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather, there was an enormous crowd present. The enemies of the monarchy will struggle in vain, for the great body of the nation have a strong feeling of attachment to the royal family. It would be extremely difficult to find in any private family more virtues and good examples than the royal family have displayed since the restoration. The Duchess of Angoulême, and the Duchess of Berri are admirable from the purity of their life and conduct; the Duke of Orleans is the model of husbands and

fathers; the Duchess dowager of Orleans was generally admired; Her Royal Highness the Duchess, and Mademoiselle d'Orleans, are revered and beloved by all who approach them. Every one does justice to the affability, feeling heart, and excellent qualities of the Duke of Bourbon. The Duchess deprived herself of every personal comfort to assist the poor, and to support the charitable establishments she had founded. The highest perfection of virtue has at no time been disputed as the incontestable claim of the Princess of Conti.* If men were just, they would universally bless heaven for having restored to its rights such a family, whose ancestors have rendered France illustrious by making it the first nation in Europe.

M. Fievée published a small pamphlet entitled, *What every one thinks, what no one says.* This title might be objected to for several reasons, but a title is scarcely worth the trouble of criticism. In this work there is to be admired what is found in all the author's works, great superiority of learning and talents. I cannot help quoting a passage of this pamphlet.

"The habit that has been adopted in France of founding politics upon opinions has necessarily led men to separate facts from their consequences.

* Abbess of the Temple.—*(Note by the Author.)*

The minds of men are weary of vain conjecture in trying to understand the principle of each event, without connecting events with those that have gone before them. . . . . .

"The world has never been governed but by principles and talents.

"In proportion as civilization advances, history is no longer exclusively occupied with the interests of the governing party; it is seen that nations have a strength within themselves that is not confined to the administration. . . . .

"To renounce the principles of the government one is called upon to defend, and to support oneself in public opinion at the same time, is altogether impossible.

"Every one aims at notoriety, in whatever station he may be placed. Shut up three deputies in the same room, and you will find one of them at least to be an orator." . . . .

The author makes these well-founded remarks while speaking of the dangers of private meetings where the discussions of the legislature are prepared beforehand. These dangers are explained in the pamphlet with much sagacity.

"Since every public service is paid for, whoever solicits a place, asks for money.

"When you shall have given every place to one

party, from the *directions generales* down to the lottery and tobacco offices, those who have obtained none (and that will be nine out of every ten) will remain behind to cry out that every thing is lost, and that the government neglects its most faithful partisans. There never existed a greater folly than that of pretending to found the stability of a state on the zeal of men who offer as a guarantee nothing but their want of a lucrative employment.

" It is not those who wish to be paid that ministers should pretend to satisfy, but those who pay, that is the landed proprietors, the industrious and commercial part of the nation. Those who compose it ask nothing for themselves but their just share in the national liberty; they fill the treasury for the benefit of all other classes. Openly adopt a system that shall satisfy them, and you will have a sure majority within and without the legislature. . . . . As power is an indispensable condition of every social state, power will gain in means in the same proportion as society; only to enjoy all the strength arising from the new developement of civilization, this strength must be sought for where it exists, and not where it is no longer, at least exclusively!—this is the whole secret of modern governments. ! . . .

"The union of individuals is scarcely ever any thing else but an assemblage of private treachery; the union of minds is the only good and durable one, and it can only be produced by principles. The *doctrinaires* are those who promulgate principles; statesmen are those who seek their strength in the principles of the state; they do not make them to suit circumstances, but rely on them against the influence of circumstances. But when there are public and private principles in a state, nothing can be done, not even the suppression of other private principles that are held with intentions neither favourable to the nation, the constitution, nor the ministry."

I ought in this place to refute several articles in a work that is in many respects praise-worthy, but which contains several incorrect and false statements; this work is by one M. Lemaire, but not the distinguished scholar. The author often argues with much good sense, and seems to be endowed with moderation and good feelings; we do not perceive any intention of falsifying or exaggerating; but he has been very ill informed concerning a number of facts that he relates in a very incorrect manner; as I can assert as an eye-witness; for instance, the unfortunate Duke of Orleans, my pupils' father, is continually calumniated in the work. The following is one of the

falsehoods he asserts concerning him, which will be sufficient to give one an idea of the rest: he says that the principal cause of *his hatred of the court* arose from the refusal that was made of the hand of Mademoiselle d'Orleans for the Duke of Angouleme. The whole court, and every one, in fact, know that the marriage was fixed upon a short time before the revolution, that the reciprocal promises of both were given, the customary compliments paid, and that the marriage did not take place immediately, solely because the parties had not quite attained the age required by law; they both wanted several months to reach that age; but the interview took place, the event was publicly notified on both sides; and I have already stated that Monsieur, who afterwards became Louis XVIII., did me the honour to write me to ask the place of reader to the princess for a lady who had been attached to his education; for had the princess been married at twelve years of age, she was to have remained at Belle-Chasse till she was sixteen to finish her education; and it was well known that I had the disposal of all the inferior places in the household. The revolution came and broke off every engagement.

In the first volume of this work there are three historical documents given at length, which are

very curious when thus connected together: these are the three speeches pronounced severally by the king, the keeper of the seals, and M. Necker, at the royal sitting of the States General in 1789. I was present at this royal sitting, and remember that I found the speeches very improper; but with the experience I have acquired in the lapse of thirty years, and from all the remarkable events that have occurred in that long period, I still feel the same surprise upon reading these speeches over again, and upon reflecting on the effect they must have produced. The king delivers himself up to the mercy of the revolutionists, authorizes all that he ought to repress, sanctions all that ought to cause him alarm. The keeper of the seals, in his speech, forgets the king's interests; M. Necker, in his, betrays them all. Besides this, his speech, as a specimen of literary or oratorical talent, is very far inferior to what one would expect from his reputation as a writer.

When we reflect upon all the events of the revolution, and place in review before us the whole series of thoughtless conduct on the part of the court, we are not in the least degree astonished at the greater part of the scenes that followed; they were, in fact, nothing but the natural consequences of such a mode of acting.

At the house of M. de Valence, I sometimes

saw M. and Madame d'Argenson, M. Victor de Broglie, (son of Madame d'Argenson by her first husband,) and M. de Chauvelin. I was well acquainted with Madame d'Argenson in her early youth, before she was married; she is the daughter of Madame de Rosen, who was the sister of the Comte d'Harville; she had a most pleasing look, and her person will always be agreeable, for she is of a mild and affectionate temper, gay, and most obligingly polite, and has great natural talents.

M. d'Argenson is very clever,* and his conversation is extremely interesting and lively.

* The Marquis Voyer d'Argenson, was born at Paris in 1771, and entered the army very young; he was aid-de-camp to General Wittgenstein, who commanded a division on the Meuse at the beginning of the revolution. M. d'Argenson left the army soon after, and returned into the interior. He married the widow of the Prince de Broglie, mother of the Duc de Broglie, peer of France, and grand-daughter of Marechal de Rosen. In 1804, he was appointed prefect of the department of the Deux Nèthes, and distinguished himself by his honourable resistance to an illegal order of arrest, given by the emperor's decision, against the mayor and the inhabitants of Antwerp; he was obliged to obey or to retire from his post. He gave in his resignation. He was elected member of the Chamber of Deputies in 1815, and in the same year was re-elected by the department of the Upper Rhine. [M. d'Argenson has been for some years one of the ablest and most influential leaders of the opposition in the Chamber of Deputies. *Translator.*]

The talents and learning of the Duc de Broglie* are generally praised; but I could not form my opinion of them, as he speaks very seldom, and this reserve certainly indicates a number of valuable qualities in a person who is universally admitted to possess distinguished talents; but he has something contemptuous and satirical in his looks which I do not like. I never saw such a marked expression of this sneering habit, except in the countenance of the late Vicomte de Custine.

An incident happened to M. de Broglie that made a great deal of noise. He had for some time perceived that in spite of his strict orders to the contrary, the letters, papers, and drafts of speeches that lay upon the desk of his study were always thrown into confusion; they were sometimes displaced, and often whole pages taken from them: he was informed that almost every night a light was seen burning till four or five o'clock in the morning in the rooms of two of his servants.

* The Duc Victor de Broglie, peer of France, was born in 1785, and was only nine years of age when he lost his father, who was condemned by the revolutionary tribunal of Paris. He was appointed auditor to the council of state in 1809, and was afterwards sent upon various important missions to Illyria, Spain, Poland, and Austria. He took his seat in the Chamber of Peers in June, 1814. Madame de Broglie is a daughter of Madame de Staël.—*(Editor.)*

M. de Broglie began to suspect something wrong, and to elucidate the matter, pretended one evening to be rather unwell, and went to bed at ten o'clock; he rose quietly at midnight, and went to his study, where he found all his papers taken away; he went instantly to the rooms of the servants who kept lights burning all night, and found them copying his papers. On this occasion, which would naturally excite in other men a violent burst of passion, M. de Broglie acted with great moderation and coolness; he merely obtained an order to oblige those two wretches (who were Swiss) to leave France immediately, and had the generosity to give them the money requisite for their return to their own country.

Nothing certainly can be more our own than the fruit of our labour and the productions of our mind. Hence the robbery of a manuscript is, if possible, still more criminal than that of money; consequently, I do not think that the utmost license of *espionnage* can go so far as pilfer letters and unpublished papers, that is, by secret means and the assistance of servants; for the servant capable of committing such an offence will make no scruple of stealing money on his own account, and may in a short time go so far as to assassinate his master, or blow him up with gunpowder, as

was done at that time by the valet of the ex-minister of marine. In general, the open employment of force and of authority in stormy times is much less hurtful in its consequences than the use of bribes and secret corruption, which sap the foundations of morality, are unsafe, and when they fail, diminish the respect due to the government. When violence in matters of this kind does not succeed, its boldness at least saves it from contempt; and if it be successful, it acquires a sort of grandeur, which, in the eyes of the vulgar, effaces the feeling of its injustice.

The Marquis de Chauvelin had then the reputation of being too *liberal* to please me; I do not admire *ultras* of any kind, unless it be those who are truly religious; and I call by this name those who are equally Catholic, apostolical, Roman, and *evangelical*—who do not think that the unity of the church is broken by the *Gallican liberties*, since those liberties have been conferred by the supreme heads of the church, by the popes, whom religion ordains us to believe infallible, and consequently always sincere in matters of faith. In short, I call those men sincerely religious who, obeying the precepts of the gospel, (which forbids falsehood of the most trivial kind) do not think it is permitted to do a small evil to bring

about a great good; an admirable precept which condemns the violent and thoughtless zeal that leads to fanaticism! To return to M. de Chauvelin, I thought from his public conduct, that he was fond of violence and noise; and this is a foible of vanity that leads men a long way in factious times, for when they aim at *effect*, they always leave the public good somewhat out of view.

Shortly after the first, a second edition of *Palmyra* was published. The review given of it in the *Journal des Debats*, was again written by M. Dussault, and was extremely favourable; but the writer of the article brought a strange charge against me; he assumed that I had said *that all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain were given to dissimulation.* In the passage alluded to, it is not said that they are *all* so; and in the second place it is not I who make the charge. At the time spoken of in the work, I was myself one of the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, since I resided in the Rue de Grenelle, in the house of M. de Puisieux, at the Hotel de Sillery. I have placed this satirical phrase in a letter from a man who calls *sensibility* the feeling of a dupe, and *innocence* the feeling of a fool, of a man who never uses, in speaking of the three most virtuous characters of the novel, any other names than hypo-

crites and Tartuffes. Thus, the reproach addressed to me by Dussault was the height of injustice, and if the review had, in other respects, been unfavourable, this charge might have been justly called a calumnious falsehood, particularly as it raised up against me all the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain, though they had already read my work with delight; but the phrase of M. Dussault changed their views, and they said that I must have felt the worst intentions, since such a distinguished literary character had given so much praise to the rest of the work, and had spoken so unfavourably of this part; and this is the way the world judges, and that praise bestowed upon me turns to my disadvantage.

I wrote a reply to this article: it was full of mildness, moderation, and respect for the author. I sent it to Maradan to get it inserted in the *Journal des Debats;* but M. Dussault, to whom Maradan showed it, was extremely vexed at the circumstance, and came to request me to make a great many changes. I was tired of all this disagreeable discussion, and told him to make what changes he thought proper.

I reflected afterwards, that if he did not possess the probity I thought he had, (I scarcely knew him personally,) and had been gained over by my

enemies, he might have made my reply so as to have injured me for ever in public estimation, since I had put my signature to it, (though the work remained behind to contradict any thing of the kind.) I was convinced, however, that he was incapable of such perfidy; but I ought at least to have asked to see the changes made in the letter before it was printed. Years and experience have been unable to correct me from being disposed to excessive confidence and openness, which render all my first feelings extremely imprudent; but I had no reason to be dissatisfied on this occasion, for I read my reply in the *Journal des Debats*, two days afterwards. My confidence in the honourable character of M. Dussault was not disappointed; nothing was changed but two or three expressions which somewhat weakened the force of my reply; but this I had permitted, and had even authorized much greater alterations, so that I had reason to be fully satisfied with M. Dussault, and the promptness with which he inserted my answer; it was sufficient to quiet the agitation of the ladies of the Faubourg St. Germain. It is singular that these ladies should have been so ready to be displeased with me, when their mothers and grand-mothers endured with so much coldness and indifference the scandalous,

ridiculous, and unfounded descriptions given by Crebillon the younger, Marmontel, and Duclos, of men of the world, of the court, and society.

It is universally admitted that I have successfully refuted these extravagant falsehoods; I have particularly ridiculed them in *Adele and Theodore*, and in my tale called *the Two Reputations*, where I review the pretended moral tales of Marmontel; that literary character was then alive, but made no reply to my remarks, though (as I think I have already stated) he expunged the following phrase from the preface to a new edition of his works he published some years afterwards: *These tales have no merit, if they are not a correct representation of the great world.*

I have the hardihood to believe, that in this respect, my works will remain the sole literary monument that can give a just and perfectly correct idea of the society, the manners, and the habits of the eighteenth century, and of the first twenty years of the present age. I have lived at court, and in the great world; I have been able to observe, and to describe what I have seen without severity, without exaggeration, and with the most rigid impartiality. I have defended the courtiers and society in general from numberless

charges of folly and meanness attributed to them by men of letters; yet these very writers excited no resentment in men of the world, whilst my works have produced a great deal of hostility, resentment, and ridiculous calumnies. True descriptions containing some critical sketches, wound all those who recognize themselves in the picture; this is the reason why the characters of La Bruyère excited so many enemies against the author; his contemporaries loaded him with abuse, but he will always be admired by posterity. The inseparable characteristic of truth is durability.

To return to the injustice of which I have been the victim, not only on the part of literary characters, but of men of the world and of my own rank. I shall terminate this digression by an incident that shows that even personal goodwill cannot hinder people from judging me with this extreme rigour.

A woman of great talent, who has always seemed to feel an affection for me, when conversing about my works a short time ago, spoke very highly of my *Little Emigrants*, and then all at once added: but I am extremely sorry that you have so ill-treated the emigrant nobility. This charge confounded me, for it is altogether extra-

vagant, as I have made every effort in that work to display the virtues, courage, and excellent sentiments of the emigrant nobility, and have not represented one of them as intriguing, envious, or vicious; yet there were some of that kind among so great a number; but what Madame de * * * called *ill-treating the emigrants*, was because I described a lady of the court as talking ridiculously on politics, and spelling badly. I represent this lady in other respects as a very good and honourable person, and contrast with her a royalist full of knowledge, talent, and virtue. Were we to believe some liberals of the present day, every individual of the old court was ignorant, arrogant, and silly; and in giving this fine judgment, they only admit of two or three exceptions. The fact is, that, in general, the higher classes were by no means destitute of knowledge, and that a very small portion of their number could be instanced for their shameful ignorance; but still there were some; and some years before the revolution there was a great deal said in society about the letters of two great ladies, whose spelling was so ridiculous that it became almost proverbial; one of those ladies was travelling in Switzerland, and wrote from Schaffhouse that she

had just seen in the *envi-ronds une belle chute de reins.** The whole of this letter (which is written in the same manner) was shown to several persons and copied.

I often dined with Lord Bristol; I was one day along with Mr. Canning, who seated himself beside me, and highly pleased me by his conversation; he possesses great talent and wisdom, two pleasing and valuable qualities when combined in the same individual.

I was charmed with seeing again the learned and deservedly celebrated traveller, M. de Humboldt; he was at table beside Mr. Canning; I conversed a great deal with him; he has seen so many things, talks of them so well, and has such profound learning and such an excellent disposition, that one is never tired in asking him questions, and in listening to his conversation. He confirmed the account I had read in the works of my friend Dr. Alibert of the fine experiments of M. Mutis on the different kinds of Peruvian bark. M. Mutis, the most indefatigable of botanical explorers, has spent thirty-five years in South America in studying botany, particularly

* The blunder here arises from the similarity of pronunciation between *Rhin* and *reins*, and the phrase *chute des reins (fine shape.)* —(*Translator.*)

the properties of various species of bark. He died a short time since in that country where science had naturalized him. M. de Humboldt also confirmed me in my opinion of the marvellous effects of guaco, that admirable plant, which serves as an antidote to the mortal bite of the most venomous and most formidable of serpents; if some drops of the juice be taken into the system, one may be bit by the serpent with impunity; but without it a single bite of the reptile would cause death in a few seconds; it is with its venom that the savages poison their arrows, the wounds of which cause instant death, if guaco have not been previously employed. These poisoned arrows preserve their murderous properties during a great number of years.

The discovery of this plant is of the very highest importance, and contributes to increase our admiration of providence, which at all times and in all situations, places the antidote beside the disease.

M. de Humboldt asked permission to visit me before his departure for new travels, for he intended to set out immediately for Persia; this indefatigable traveller has such an excellent constitution, that he has never felt a single attack of fever. This is a gift of heaven very happily bestowed for the interest of botany and the sciences. I wish to boast in this place of the suffrage with

which he honoured my work entitled *Historical and Literary Botany;* I had been informed by several persons that he had spoken highly of it, and had expressed his *astonishment* (that was the word he used) at the prodigious researches that work contains. His approbation, at all times so honourable, was doubly precious to me, as it had not been addressed to me in compliment; and I was extremely satisfied when I found an opportunity of thanking him for his kind indulgence.

At this dinner I also saw a very celebrated character, Sir Sidney Smith; in one of his distant voyages twenty years ago he had saved the life of an Egyptian pacha, who, after the lapse of so many years, remembered the benefit, and recollecting that Sir Sidney Smith was a learned amateur of antiquities, he had at this time sent the great English admiral a very fine remnant of antiquity, that had been found in digging under the ruins of an ancient pagan temple; this consists of two large plates of pure gold, with Greek inscriptions, in perfect preservation, stating that they were deposited in the ground along with the foundations of the temple by Queen Berenice, wife and sister of King Ptolemy the founder; this instructs us in a practice of the ancients, of which we were hitherto ignorant, and which has come down to our days,

since, in laying the foundation-stone of a public building, we always deposit a medal along with it, containing the date and the name of the founder and architect. Sir Sidney Smith had brought these gold plates in his pocket to show them to me; though he had a collection of curiosities, he did not place them in it, but presented them to the British Museum, which is a generous action for an antiquarian. Let us return to literature.

I believe I have well described women in my novels and tales, but I have nowhere given my opinion of them except in a short discourse intended to form an introduction to one of my works. But as it does not form a part of the work, and the opinions expressed seem to want neither originality nor correctness, I cannot resist the temptation of giving it here, but it will be the only repetition that will be found in the whole of my works.

Men of letters have an actually existing superiority over female authors that is perfectly evident and indisputable; all the works of women put into one scale, will not weigh some fine pages of Bossuet or Pascal, some scenes of Corneille, Racine, or Molière; but it must not be concluded from this, that the mental constitution of women is inferior to that of men. Genius is composed of

all the qualities they are admitted to possess, and which they may be endowed with in the highest degree—fancy, sensibility, and elevation of soul. The want of study and education having at all times kept women apart from the career of literature, they have shown their greatness of soul, not by describing historical facts in their writings, or by bringing forth ingenious fictions of fancy, but by real actions; they have done better than describe, they have often by their conduct furnished the models of sublime heroism. No woman in her writings has described the lofty soul of Cornelia; what matters it, since Cornelia is not an imaginary being? Have we not seen in our own days, during the tempests of the revolution, women equal the heroes of old by the energy of their courage, and by their greatness of soul? *Great resolutions spring from the heart;** and from the same source, (where there is no obstacle in the way,) ought to flow the same effects.

To prove the inferiority of women, it is repeatedly asserted, that none of them has written a good tragedy, or a fine epic poem. Numberless men of letters have written tragedies, yet we have only four great tragic poets, and that is a great deal,

* Vauvenargues.

for no other nation can claim so many. We have only one single epic poem, and it must be admitted to be vastly inferior to *Paradise Lost* and *Jerusalem Delivered*. Only five women amongst us have attempted to write tragedies, and not only have none of them, like so many authors, felt the pain of a shameful defeat, but all their tragedies were very successful at their first appearance.* Young men at college are imbued with the writings of the Greeks and Romans, and almost all write poetry; and if they have any portion of talent, they generally form the ambitious desire of writing works for the theatre. It must be admitted, that such an idea would not suggest itself so naturally to the inmate of a convent, or to a young lady about to enter the world. Will it be said, that none of our kings, great captains, or statesmen, have been men of genius, because none of them has written a tragedy, though some of them have been poets? Will it be said that the Swedes, the

* *Arrie et Petus*, by Mademoiselle Barbier, was performed sixteen times; all her other pieces were likewise received with great applause. *Laodamie*, by Mademoiselle Bernard, was performed twenty times. *Brutus*, by the same author, twenty-five times. The *Amazones*, by Madame de Bocage, was likewise very often performed. Her epic poem, the *Columbiade*, was very successful, and was translated into several languages.—(*Note by the Author.*)

Danes, the Russians, the Poles, or the Dutch, these intelligent and polished nations, have a mental constitution inferior to that of the French, the English, the Italians, the Spaniards, or the Germans, because they have produced no great dramatic poets? We cannot obtain excellence in any art until this art be generally cultivated in the nation to which we belong, and in the class of society in which heaven has placed us. The Romans, the most celebrated people in history, had no good tragic poets. Millions of porters, and thousands of nuns and mistresses of a family might have written excellent tragedies, had their situation and education been different. The power of feeling and of admiring what is great and beautiful, and the susceptibility of emotion, are the same in both sexes, so that mental equality is perfect between them.

But if too few women, (for want of study and boldness,) have written tragedies and poems to be be put on an equality with men in this respect, they have often surpassed them in works of another kind. No man has left a collection of private letters that can be compared to the *Letters of Madame de Sevigné*, or those of Madame de Maintenon; the *Princesse de Cleves*, the *Peruvian Letters*, the *Letters of Madame Riccoboni*, the novels

of Madame de Staël, of Madame de Souza, the two last of Madame Cottin, are infinitely superior to all the works of French novelists, without even excepting the novels of Marivaux, and still less the tiresome and voluminous works of the Abbé Prevôst. *Gil Blas* on the other hand, is a work of another kind; it is a picture of the vices and foibles produced by ambition, vanity and cupidity, and not a developement of the natural sentiments of the heart, love, friendship, jealousy, filial piety, or other emotions. The author, so witty, and often so profound in his satirical remarks, had never studied or become acquainted with any characters but those of men of low intrigue, and the ridiculous effects of pride and vanity; when he leaves his satirical vein, he becomes trivial and common; all the episodes of *Gil Blas*, that he attempted to make interesting and affecting, are insipid and badly written.

Madame Deshoulières has no rivals in the line of poetry of which she has left such charming models. Those whose applause marks out the different ranks of literature, since they dispose of its honours, and distribute its high places, from which every woman is excluded, often confer celebrity upon men of very ordinary talents. For instance, had d'Alembert been neither a mathema-

tician nor a member of the Academy, notwithstanding his violence against religion, his contempt for kings and for France, his writings are so cold and destitute of grace, of thoughts and feeling, that he would have been forgotten at the present day. A woman who should have had the misfortune to write the greater part of his academical *eloges*, would have appeared to every one nothing but a *precieuse ridicule, (blue stocking,)* yet the academy received d'Alembert as the most eminent literary character. The author of *Ariane* and the *Comte d'Essex*, brother of the founder of our tragedy and comedy, was not elected till after the death of the great Corneille; but the Marquis de Saint-Aulaire was received for having written a madrigal; while the son of the great Racine, the author of a fine poem, was never admitted into its bosom! The same academy most unjustly criticised the *Cid*, the first masterpiece that honoured the French stage, and went into mourning for Voiture! . . . If an academy of women existed, it may be safely asserted that they might easily conduct themselves with more dignity and judge more correctly.

It is difficult to make the universal opinions entertained respecting women agree together, for they are either contradictory, or void of sense.

It is admitted, that they possess great sensibility; and it is even said to be stronger than that of men, and yet they are not admitted to possess energy; but what is extreme sensibility without energy? that is, a sensibility that renders the individual capable of making every sacrifice, and of feeling the utmost pitch of devotedness? And what is energy, unless that strength of mind, that power of will, which well or ill applied, gives inflexible constancy in struggling for a desired object, which risks every thing, obstacles, perils, and death itself, for the object of a ruling passion? The pertinacity of the will of women for whatever they ardently desire, has become proverbial; so that it is not denied that they possess that kind of energy which requires extreme perseverance. Who would not see in them the energy that requires heroic courage? Did that unfortunate princess want courage,* who rushed into the midst of the flames to save the life of her daughter. Among so many noble victims of faith, among so many martyrs, who have persisted in their belief with such sublime energy, in spite of the terror of horrid cruelties, were there not as many women as men?

* The Princess of Schwartzenburg.

It is pretended that women by their natural constitution are endowed with a delicacy that men cannot possess; this favourable opinion does not seem to me to be better founded than those to their disadvantage. Several works written by men of letters prove, that this merit is not the exclusive property of women, but it is true that it is one of the principal characteristics of almost all their works. This ought to be the case, because education and the laws of propriety enjoin them to restrain and keep within themselves almost all their feelings, and always to soften their expression: hence arise those delicate modes of expression, this habitual delicacy, that allows one to understand what they dare not openly tell. This is not dissimulation; for that art does not in general consist in concealing what is felt, but on the contrary, its highest perfection is in giving one to understand their meaning without explicit language, or the use of any word that can be remembered afterwards as a positive assertion. Love chiefly renders this distinction ingenious; it gives women an affecting and mysterious language that has something celestial, for it is only formed for the heart and the imagination: the words pronounced are nothing, the secret meaning is every thing, and cannot be fully understood but by the

heart to which it is addressed. Independent of all the principles that render modesty and self-restraint so indispensable to a woman, how many beautiful contrasts spring from this timidity on one side, and from this boldness and ardour on the other—how many graces are possessed by a young and beautiful woman, when she has those qualities she ought to possess! Every thing harmonises in her frame; the delicacy of her features, of her form, and of her language; the modesty of her demeanour and of her flowing dress; the sweetness of her voice and of her disposition; she is not disguised, but is always veiled; whatever she says of an affectionate nature, is infinitely more endearing, because, far from exaggerating what she feels, she ought to express it without violence; her sensibility is more profound than that of a man, because it is more restrained; it is discovered, but does not display itself: in short, to comprehend it fully, it must be imagined. She fascinates by the attractive lure of curiosity as much as by her charms. No taste can be more wretched than that of unveiling all this mystery, of annihilating all these graces, by holding out to us in a novel or a dramatic work, a heroine without modesty, expressing herself with all the violence of the most impetuous lover; yet this is what we have often

seen for some years past. By giving this character to women, the writers thought they gave them energy, but they were mistaken: not only cannot they be despoiled of their natural graces without losing their dignity, but this violent and *impassioned* language takes from them every truly fascinating quality they possess.

If we reflect upon the situations and scenes which produce the greatest effect in works of imagination and upon the stage, we shall always find that their chief effect is produced by partial concealment and repressed sentiments, that is, sentiments that the characters dare not openly express, or would wish to conceal.

When Orosmane says—

"Je ne suis point jaloux; si je l'etois jamais . . ."

he makes us shudder, because he addresses our imagination, which immediately calls up before us in vague perspective, terrible revenge and unparallelled excesses; but if Orosmane had declared that he would be capable of killing his mistress, he would have made no impression at all.

The fine line respecting the Trojan women—

"Ces farouches soldats, les laissez vous ici?"

makes a strong impression on the mind, merely because the mother trembles for her son, whom she

has just concealed, and dares not openly ask for the removal of the soldiers; she restrains her fear not to betray her secret, and we shudder at her situation, for the spectator who knows it, thinks he reads her heart; he discovers in it a heart-rending anxiety which no language can fully express.

In *Bajazet*, when Roxane says—

"Ecoutez, Bajazet; je sens que je vous aime,"

it produces infinitely more effect than if she had employed the most empassioned language. If she exclaimed, *I adore thee*, the spectators would remain cold and unaffected; but it is seen, that being desirous of intimidating Bajazet, and afraid of arming him against herself, her object is to conceal her passion, and even in the emotion that betrays it, she restrains its expression: this simple expression, particularly in a woman naturally so hasty and violent, *I feel that I love you;* is a thousand times more dramatic than could have been produced by the return, and the most violent transports of love.

In *Phedre*, the interest of the fine scene between Hippolytus and Theseus, is solely founded on the constraint put upon himself by the young prince, who does not wish to defend himself by accusing Phedra.

One of the finest scenes of *Zaïre* is that in which Orosmane wishes to conceal from Zaïre his jealousy and rage.

It would be easy to give instances without number of this kind, proving that restraint and forced concealment of feeling, which on so many occasions give infinite grace to the display of sentiment, can also give them much more energy than the strongest passions, and the most impassioned language. The natural character of women offers all these resources, all these dramatic means; and in addition, presents the most affecting contrast to that of men; hence it is the extreme of folly and mismanagement to spoil these natural feelings, and displays profound ignorance of the art of pleasing and of creating emotion. It is thus that the ancients and the moderns of the ages of taste have never held out women as speaking vehemently, except those capable of committing crimes, or born in rude and uncivilised countries, as Hermione, Phædra, and others. But, how soft is the language employed in the most trying and appalling situations, as those of Andromaque, Iphigénie, Josabet, Zaïre, and many others—how profoundly they loved—how deeply they felt! . . . . . Josabet fears for her religion and for the child she loves with exclusive affection; but what an admirable con-

trast would have been lost, if her language had displayed the force and the vehemence of the high priest!

Men will return to truth and nature; and it is always from want of taste and reflection that they leave their easy paths. Here an objection offers itself: *Are women, whose situation amongst us is so different from what it is among savages—are they really what they were intended by nature to be, or what they ought to be?* Yes, because savages live only in a state of degradation and anarchy. God, who has made nothing in vain, has not given man so many mental powers that these admirable powers should remain useless or concealed. To develope and to extend them, is to fulfil the intentions of nature. Man is evidently made to live in society, to have a fixed religion and laws, and to apply himself to the cultivation of the arts and sciences. Among savages, all the laws of nature are openly broken, every claim of right obtained by chance, because all rules are disregarded; profound reflection, the experience of ages, the unanimous agreement of all civilised nations, have established certain fixed opinions upon the true destination of women, and consequently their station in society.

Women being naturally weaker than men, and destined to the production of children, are unfitted

for warfare or the use of arms; and whoever cannot *defend*, is not fitted to *command*. For the same reason, they have a claim to protection; strength and generosity ought to compensate their inferiority by all the respect and deference of power, refused to them by strict judgment. Many princesses have governed with genius and success, but they would have acquired still more glory had they been men. The graces are so necessary to a being whose real empire is founded on love, that neither morals nor politics will ever prevent women from attaching the greatest importance to this frivolous advantage: perhaps not one would be found of the age of twenty,* who is possessed of dazzling beauty, and would agree to lose it (if the exchange were possible) for the possession of a throne. What pernicious consequences this frivolity may give rise to in a sovereign! It was rivalship in person and accomplishments that led Elizabeth, queen of England, to violate the most sacred rights of hospitality, of justice, and of royalty, in bringing to the scaffold after nineteen years' captivity, the unfortunate queen who had voluntarily put herself into her power, and demanded from her an asylum.

It must then be granted that in general women

* With the exception of nuns.—(*Note by the Author.*)

are not fitted for governing, or for interfering with the important interests of politics. Is it to be concluded from this that eminent talent is a misfortune to them? No, surely, since as wives and mothers, they can make an important use of it by the influence of love and friendship and by maternal authority. In short, why should they be forbidden to write and to become authors? I know all the arguments that can be brought forward against this kind of ambition, and have myself employed them in former times with that feeling of justice that often makes impartiality go the length of exaggeration; now, at the end of my long career, I can speak more freely on the subject, because I am conscious of being perfectly disinterested in a cause that I no longer consider as my own.

The least profound, the most common, and the strongest argument in general opinion against female authors is the following: that the taste of writing, and the desire of celebrity make them careless and disdainful of the simplicity of domestic duties. But, as these duties, in a well ordered household, can never occupy more than an hour each day, the objection is absolutely futile. In an age in which literary characters lead a most dissipated life, in an age in which so few laborious

authors are seen, it is pretended that it is requisite for the cultivation of literature that men should study without intermission from dawn till midnight; persons of active and moderate dispositions without difficulty find the means of making their duties go hand in hand with the prosecution of noble and advantageous studies. If it be necessary that a woman, after having settled her accounts in the morning, and given her orders to her servants, should think of nothing else during the remainder of the day, then must she not only be forbidden to cultivate the arts, but even debarred from reading. It is not sedentary tastes that can lead women away from their duties; they may be allowed to write, if they give up for this amusement the theatre, gaming, balls, and frivolous visits. These are the dangerous modes of dissipapation that bring ruin and confusion upon families. The abuse of any thing always throws men into the opposite extreme. It was attempted, at one time, to make every young lady a celebrated artist; at the present day it is held that absolute ignorance suits them best.

We doubt if this method of simplifying educations shed many charms over the interior of a household; the gifts of nature are so precious, that none of them ought to be rejected; hence,

every real predilection, every evident aptness for a particular art is worthy of being cultivated, because we are then certain of bestowing an accomplishment in all its perfection, that is to say, the noblest of resources in adversity, and the most agreeable and most innocent amusement in every situation of life. Let musical teachers be given to those young ladies only who have a musical voice, an ear and a feeling for music; let drawing be taught to those only who have a taste for the art, and the number of amateurs would be infinitely diminished, and we should no longer meet with that crowd of women with trifling acquirements and high pretensions which throws so much ennui over the surface of society. The same rule may be applied to those pupils who give indications of distinguished talent. Particular care should be bestowed in forming and adorning their memory, and even in teaching them the learned languages. They would probably become authors, in more mature life; but, at any rate, they would enter upon this career with the immense advantage arising from a judicious course of study. Ignorant and untalented women would not dare to contend with them with such an evident inequality; they are not compared to men, for they care not for their superiority; but they would fear that of

persons of their own sex, so that the alarming number of female authors would be greatly reduced, and the ridiculous ones would disappear. But women ought to know upon what conditions they are allowed to become authors; first, they ought never to be hasty in publishing their productions; during the whole period of their youth, they should fear every sort of *eclât*, even of the most honourable kind; secondly, all the rules of propriety enjoin them to show in all their writings the utmost reverence for religion, and the principles of the strictest morality; thirdly, they ought not to reply to criticism unless when a false quotation has been made, or the remarks have been founded on an imaginary fact. A woman who should adopt in her reply, the violent tone of anger, or should allow herself to make use of the smallest personal reflection, would act with much more impropriety than a man, because her sex enjoins her more delicacy, modesty, and mildness. I do not advise women to assume the character of victims; on the contrary, I call upon them to seize an immense superiority over modern critics, by a noble and serious manner when irony is ill-founded and by that respect towards others, and that respect for propriety which would be very remarkable in the literary discussions of the present day.

Women, by the keenness of observation with which they are endowed, by the graces and light touches of their style, would themselves become (with study and application) excellent critics of works of fancy; but this branch has, like every other, its peculiar rules, which it will not be uninteresting to notice shortly in this place.

Criticism at the present day is nothing else but a continual system of sneering and ridicule, more or less witty, and more or less worn out; for since the *Provincial Letters*, the model and the master-piece of this kind of criticism, authors have felt such a predilection for ridicule, that they have adopted its manner, even in their own works of fiction. Voltaire and his imitators cannot relate a story without ridiculing their own narrative, their characters, their heroes, and their own principles. This manner may be somewhat graceful in a short narrative; but such a continual shower of irony becomes so monotonous in a long series of tales, that nothing but the wit of Voltaire could have saved it from animadversion.

As it would be equally thoughtless and rude to laugh at a person whom we esteem, it is not more polite nor suitable to adopt this insulting tone in speaking of a valuable work, which we acknowledge as such. Critical remarks ought, in this case,

to be given seriously; severity is not offensive, but ridicule is always so; irony, that is, contemptuous criticism, is never well-founded but when speaking of a work written in a ridiculous manner, which contains dangerous principles, or when the author, in speaking of himself, displays an impudent and shameless arrogance; for, as an ancient writer quoted by Pascal, says, "*Nothing is more due to vanity than contempt.*" With the exception of these three cases, it is unjust and displays very bad taste to add ludicrous remarks to well-founded praise; but critics are desirous of being eternally *piquant*, adopt but one manner, and consequently produce no effect.

With the exception of abusive language, nothing hurts criticism more than a tone of ill-will, and this is always given by irony. The more criticism is delicate and polite, the more does it seem moderate, and the greater effect it produces. The reader goes much farther than the critic, if he thinks he acts fairly and mildly towards the author whom he criticises; a slight shade of exaggeration in the praise given would add still more weight to the authority of the critic, and the criticism would be much more effective if praise and blame were skilfully mingled. I do not advise the adoption of an insidious art, but propose to adopt

in critical writings, the gracefulness, urbanity, and politeness, with which nothing can dispense in society and conversation.

It is singular, that, in a rank of society in which education has been more attended to than in any other, men of respectable birth and distinguished by their talents and learning, should permit themselves in their writings to say what they would blush to do in conversation, and which, in fact, could not be tolerated in good company. If a profession existed in which the liberty might be taken with impunity of publicly abusing every one whom the writer does not like, of attacking without moderation those whom he has no reason to complain of, and of showing a want of respect for every one around him, that profession would be very contemptible; but happily there is none such. The profession of a journalist is very honourable and advantageous to literature, and requires as many moral qualities as literary qualifications. It is even necessary that a journalist should be well acquainted with the world, that he may be able to oppose without rudeness, give his opinion without being dogmatical, and criticise without insulting; he will keep his keenest weapons in reserve to ridicule vice and bad taste, will employ ridicule and scorn against proud and presumptuous

fools, and will find plenty of opportunities of putting them in practice.

Good taste, and the rational principles of literature would suffice to establish among literary characters a respect and delicacy for others which would have great influence over the public feeling; respect for one's self and private interest would adopt them; talents and learning would gain by the practice, and even morality and public manners. The author who is criticised without being insulted, would be forced to reply without ill-will; we should see no more of those vulgar, ridiculous, and scandalous quarrels take place, which give an opportunity of triumph to fools, who are always delighted in being able to persuade themselves that men have neither politeness nor knowledge of the world from the moment they devote themselves to literature.

Among all civilized nations, the power of forms prevails in society almost always over the nature of things. It seems that our modes of action, springing from example and received principles, are less our own than the manners that are peculiar to us. It is thus that gratitude and friendship spring less from benefits than from the manner by which they were accompanied; and for the same reason, it is not criticism that

hurts and irritates us, but the manner in which it is conveyed.

Shall I not dare to speak of the peculiar consideration that literary characters, that *Frenchmen*, owe to those women who have entered upon the same career? Why should I fear to do so? These reflections may be easily made by a person who writes for more than half a century. I ought to be accustomed to the tone of the criticism of which I am the object. I acknowledge with pleasure that I have often had reason to be satisfied with it; so that I shall have no difficulty in leaving myself out of view in the notice I am about to give.

In a journal I read this strange sentence against female authors: that *they are not worthy of any consideration, because, by becoming authors they abjure their sex and renounce all their rights.*

This sentence is the more astonishing that it is formal, unconditional, without softening or exception . . . . . What! did Madame de la Fayette, Madame de Lambert, Madame de Graffigny, these charming ladies, of such spotless conduct, of such distinguished talents, did they abjure their sex by becoming authors, and become no longer worthy of regard? Men did not think thus in the times in which they lived. What, then, ought those female

authors to expect who have neither their uncommon merits, nor the personal rank they enjoyed? They will surely be persecuted, abused, and held up to scorn, without pity and without relaxation! And what would be the fate of those who should be so unfortunate as to write bad works, or to publish culpable errors? They would in all likelihood be stoned to death.

If we were to say that he who pronounced such a sentence against women, had at that moment abjured his sex and his country, such a rigorous judgment would be approved of by every Frenchman.

A woman who has written nothing but moral and useful works, and obtained popularity, merits all the respect due to her sex, and all the consideration that cannot be refused to worthy writers; a woman who should be led astray by her imagination, and should publish an improper work, would doubtless merit less respect, but even in criticising her writings, it ought always to be recollected that the author is a woman; she would not have abjured her sex, for an error is not an abjuration.

In short, it is endeavoured to show that, from the moment a woman leaves the beaten path that lies before her, even should she do nothing but

what is of the most honourable kind, and preserve all the virtues of her sex, she ought no more to be regarded than a man, and has no claim to particular consideration; so that, Madame Dacier, who translated Homer with such profound erudition, the Marechale de Guébriant, who fulfilled the duties of an ambassador and bore the title, were in fact nothing more than a sort of *monsters!* . . Of all careers, the one that least suits women is assuredly that of arms. Yet the heroes of old thought it their duty to show themselves more magnanimous towards female warriors than towards enemies of their own sex. Hercules, who conquered the Amazons, paid them the highest honours; in the literary contests of our day, we see nothing that has any resemblance—journalists have neither the club of Hercules nor his generosity.

In the age of Louis XIV., in which were seen so many men of eminent talent, in which shone all those sublime geniuses that have given immortal illustration to French literature, in that age in which manners were infinitely graver than they are in our days, there was an infinite number of female authors of every rank and in every branch of composition; and not only did literary men not show hostility to them, or declaim against female

writers, but they delighted in holding up their talents to public admiration and in rendering them the homage of esteem and gallantry. This mode of acting contains nothing that ought to surprize us. At that period, no literary rivalship could spring up between men and women, and it is known that incontestable superiority is always indulgent, and that acknowledged power is always generous.

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